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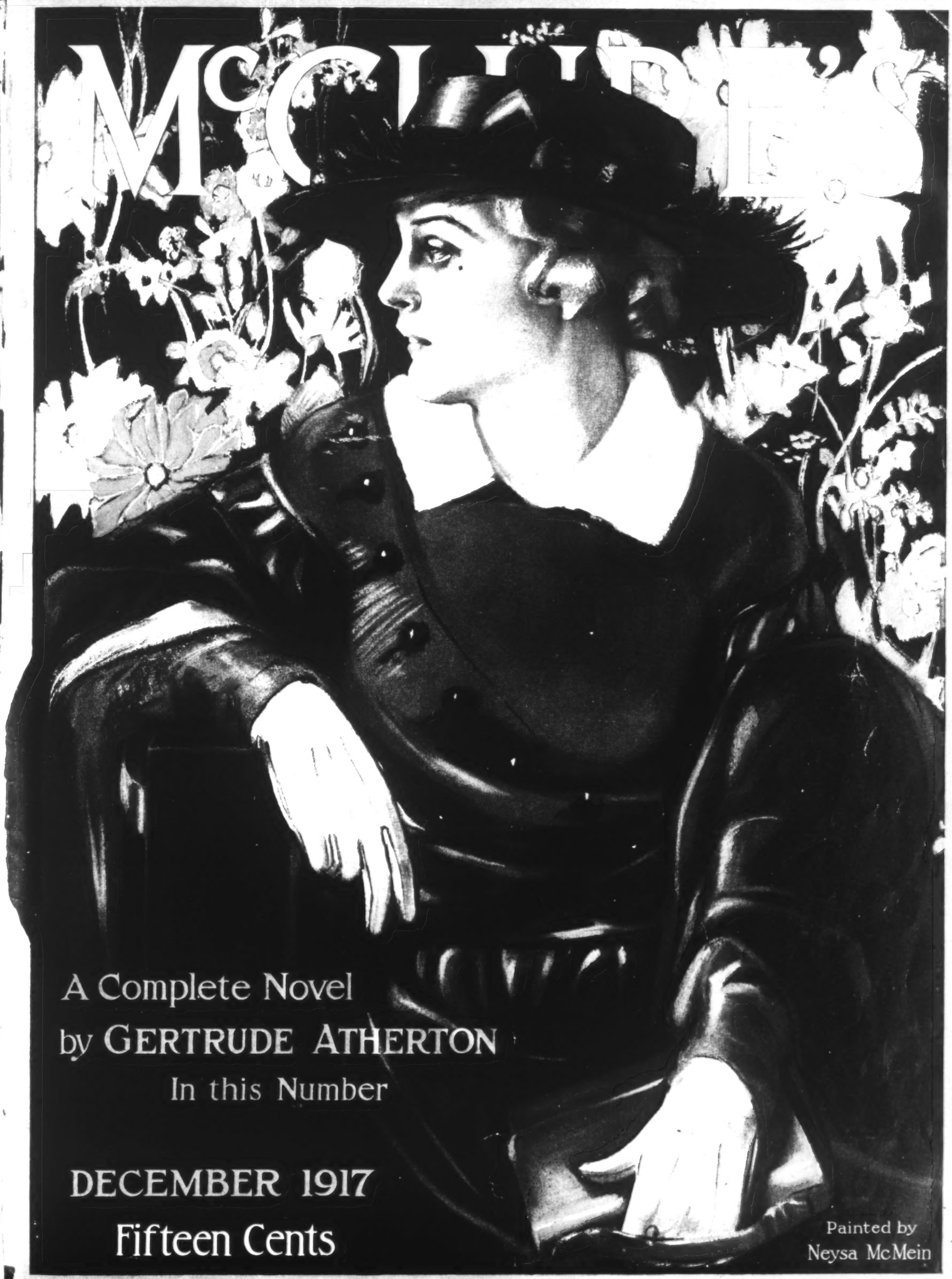

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In this Number

DECEMBER 1917
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THE McCLURE PUBLICATIONS, NEW YORK

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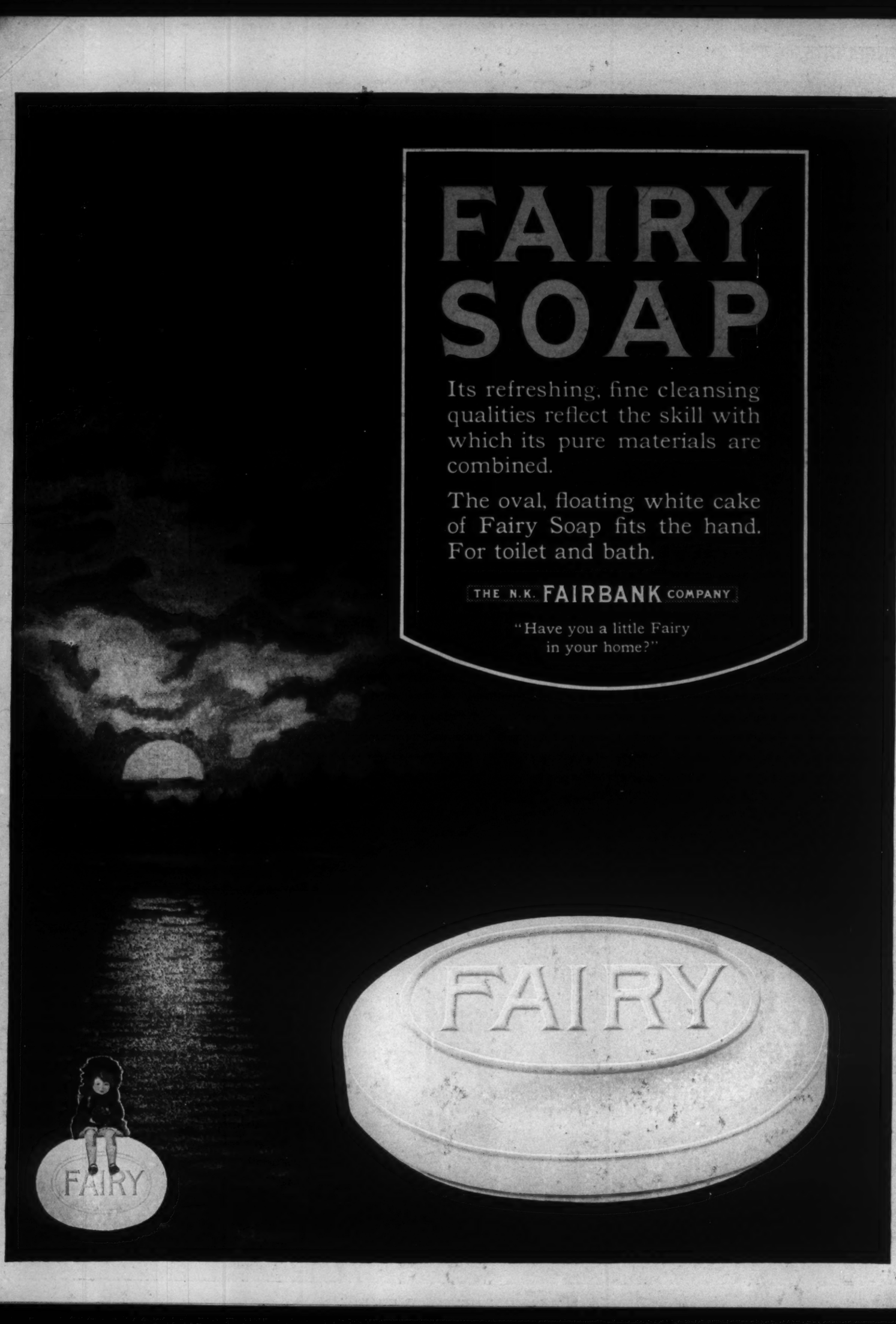

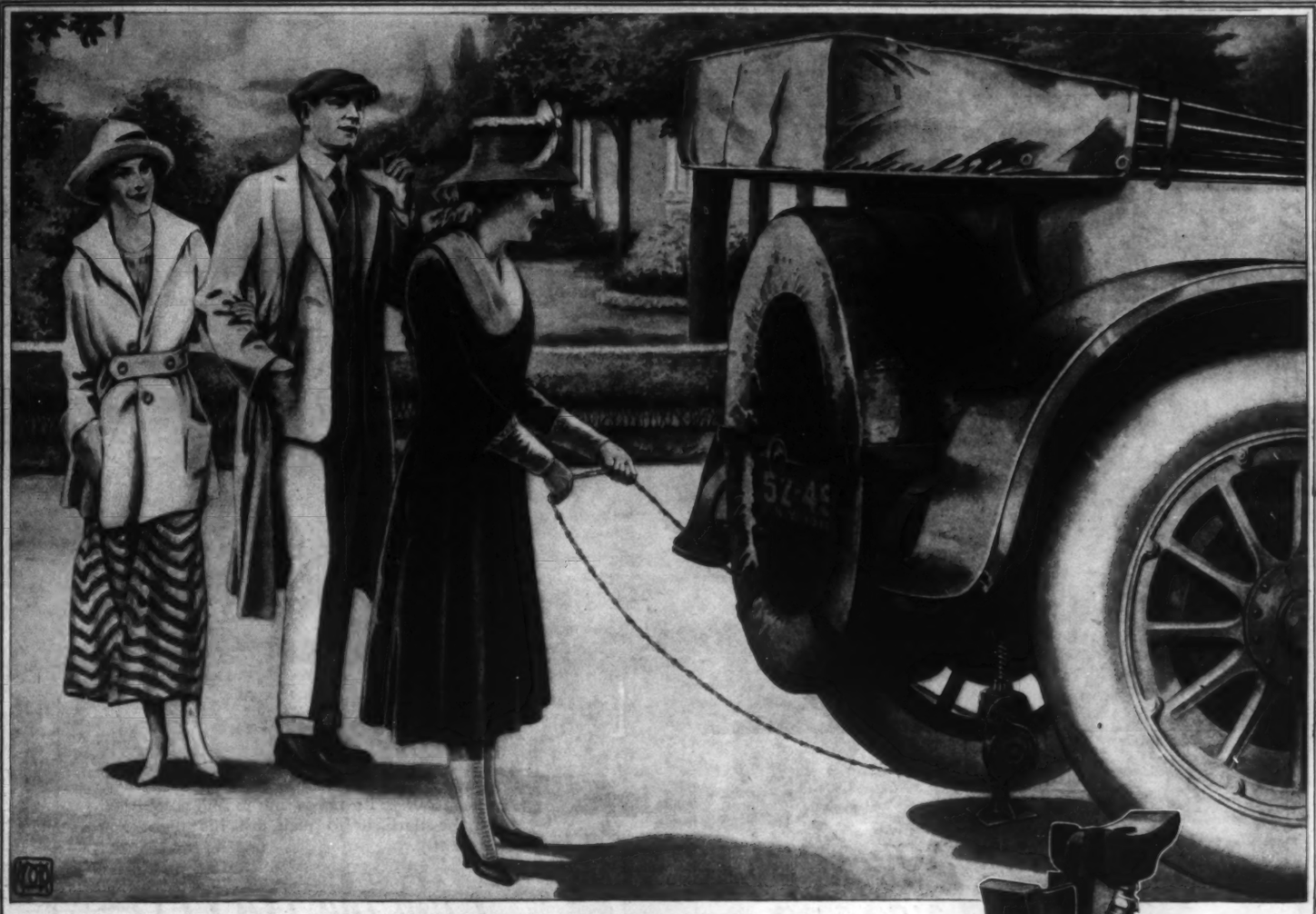

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The light that says "There it is!"

I am the DAYLO–

that slips into his vest pocket, out of his way except when he needs me to find a coin lost in the dark, or to pick out his night key instantly.

I am the DAYLO–

that mother needs to guide her safely down those dark cellar stairs or about the dusky attic. And nightly I will stand guard beside her bed to answer with her the baby's call.

I am the DAYLO–

that brings the motorist's trouble to light, for I bring light to the trouble. There's a handy place for me in one of the side pockets of his car.

I am the DAYLO–

for the guest chamber, as ornamental as an old-time candlestick, but safer and many times more useful. No dainty dimity curtain can take fire from my incandescent glow.

I am the DAYLO–

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ARTHUR S. MOORE, *Treasurer*

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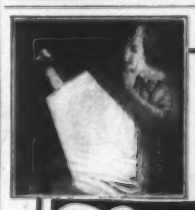

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One of the pleasantest ways of earning from $5.00 to $25.00 in the next month is to collect and forward to us the magazine subscriptions of your friends. McClure's will distribute more than $60,000.00 this Fall to those who do this. Write us for particulars. We furnish everything without cost to you.

TO MAGAZINE AGENTS

A fifty thousand increase in four months shows how fast McClure's is selling. Attractive clubs like these make quick sales. Quick sales plus liberal commissions and generous rebates make big profits. Write us for particulars.

First aid in every household —Musterole

Cough, cough, cough. How it racks little Dorothy and passes on to mother and grandma and holds a croup danger for all the little ones!

Hurry, there, with the Musterole, that pure, white ointment that is better than a mustard plaster — and it will not bring a blister. Massage it gently over the chest and neck. Feel the tingle, then the cool delightfulness as Musterole searches down. It will penetrate, never fear. It will rout that old congestion clear away.

Musterole is a pure, white ointment made from oil of mustard and a few home simples! The effect of Musterole searches in under the skin down to the heart of the congestion. There it generates a peculiar congestion-dispersing heat. Yet this heat will not blister. On the contrary you feel a relieving sense of delightful coolness. Rub Musterole over the spot. And you get relief while you use it; for Musterole results usually follow immediately.

On no account fail to have a jar of Musterole handy. For coughs and colds and even the congestions of rheumatism or lumbago Musterole is wonderful.

Many doctors and nurses recommend Musterole. 30c and 60c jars—$2.50 hospital size.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio

MUSTEROLE
WILL NOT BLISTER
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Cheeona
Evan's
NON-INTOXICATING
Ale

NO GOVERNMENT LICENSE REQUIRED

A BEVERAGE that conveys a tangible expression of the eternal fitness of things—and intrinsic worth—pleasure with certain bodily benefits—Adds its quota to the comfort and enjoyment of life—Non-intoxicating, appetizing and bone and body builder.

Up-to-date Grocers, Druggists and Dealers

C. H. Evans & Sons, Estab. 1786 **Hudson, N. Y.**

McClure's December Bulletin
of Pure Foods and Toilet Preparations

THE following food products, beverages, and toilet preparations, advertised in McClure's, have been investigated and approved by Professor Lewis B. Allyn, Food Editor of The McClure Publications. In recommending these goods to McClure readers through this bulletin each month we believe that we can help you safeguard your buying. All have been advertised in McClure's Magazine within the past year. Others will be added to the list each month. Watch this list and use it as a buying guide.

Baby Foods

Borden's Condensed Milk Co
Great Valley Mills Whole Infant Foods
Mellin's Food (Page 5)

Baking Powders

Royal Baking Powder

Beverages

Walter Baker & Co.
"Checona"—Evans Ale (Page 5)
Horlick's Malted Milk
Instant Postum (Page 39)

Candies and Confections

Dean's Cough Drops
Lowney's Chocolates
Luden's Cough Drops (Page 55)
Smith Brothers' Cough Drops
Sterling Gum
Whitman's Chocolates (Page 42)

Cereals

Grape Nuts
Post Toasties
Quaker Oats Co.
Shredded Wheat (Page 40)

Crackers and Biscuits

National Biscuit Company

Fish Products

Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes
Frank E. Davis Fish Co.

Fruits

Atwood Grapefruit Company

Miscellaneous Food Products

Genesee Pure Food Co. Jell-O
Heinz 57 Varieties (Page 43)
Hills Bros.
Holcomb & Hoke Mfg. Co.
Lea & Perrin's Sauce (Page 65)
Swift & Co.
Van Camp's Pork and Beans (Page 33)

Soups

Campbell Varieties (Page 31)

Tonics

Malt-Nutrine
Pabst Extract Co.
Sanatogen (Page 55)

Toilet Preparations

Baldpate Hair Tonic
Bauer & Black (Page 54)
Carmen Powder
Colgate's Products
Cuticura Soap (Page 54)
Depree Chemical Co.
Fairy Soap (2nd Cover)
Freezone (Page 71)
Hinds, A. S. (Page 44)
Ice Mint
Ivory Soap (Page 6)
Lambert Pharmacal Co., Listerine (Page 3)
"Lash-Brow-ine"
Mentholatum
Mülhens & Kropff Products
"Mum" Mfg. Co.
Newskin Company (Page 48)
"Nujol"
Oakland Chemical Co.
Packer's Tar Soap
Palmolive Products
Pebeco Tooth Paste (Page 36)
Pompeian Night Cream
Resinol Soap (Page 41)
Paul Rieger's Perfumes
Woodbury's Facial Soap

Miscellaneous

Musterole (Page 5)
Pompeian Olive Oil
Pompeian Salad Dressing
Vapo-Cresolene (Page 3)

All food products and beverages advertised in McClure's Magazine must conform to the Westfield standard as follows:

The McClure-Westfield Standard of Pure Foods

Foods shall not contain added ALUM, COPPER, FORMALDEHYDE, SULPHUROUS ACID or its Salts, BORIC ACID or its Salts, BENZOIC ACID or its Salts, FORMIC ACID or its Salts, HYDROFLUORIC ACID or its Salts, SALICYLIC ACID or its Salts, nor any other non-condimental preservative.

Foods shall not be colored with COAL TAR DYES, nor with poisonous VEGETABLE COLORS, nor be contaminated with inert fillers, nor shall any substance be taken therefrom or added thereto, so as to injuriously affect their quality, strength or purity.

Foods shall be packed and sold under sanitary conditions and package goods shall bear no DISHONEST LABEL nor labels bearing any EXTRAVAGANT or OBSCURE STATEMENTS.

Prof. Lewis B. Allyn (Food Editor of the McClure Publications) has made Westfield, Mass., nationally known as "The Pure Food Town," and his exacting food standards can likewise make your home "A Pure Food Home."

The Westfield Pure Food Book, compiled by Prof. Allyn as chemist for the Westfield Board of Health, will give you a complete list of products that have been analyzed and certified as safe, pure and wholesome — over fifteen hundred of them. By special arrangement with the Westfield Authorities we offer you this book at its cost to us.

Fill out attached coupon and mail to-day with 10c. in stamps or silver. The use of this book will keep impure foods out of your home. Your grocer can furnish you many of the certified brands under any classification. *Send for it today.*

Pure Food Department, McClure Publications, 251 Fourth Avenue, New York City (McC)
Enclosed find 10c for which you will please send a copy of The Westfield Pure Food Book to

Name _____ State _____

Street _____ My grocer is _____

P. O. _____ Address _____

Typical
Mellin's Food Babies

Donald S. Proctor,
Wilton, N. H.

Happy and contented with the good health that naturally follows the use of Mellin's Food and cow's milk.

Dorothy M. Pfeiffer,
Fond du Lac, Wis.

On request we will be pleased to mail you a copy of our book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants," and a Free Sample Bottle of Mellin's Food.

Mellin's Food Company
Boston, Mass.

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PERHAPS no article in home furnishings is selected with such care, thought and deliberation as a rug. And it is equally true that no article receives so little worth-while attention after it comes into the home. Sweeping, or at the best, vacuum cleaning, must suffice while almost everything else not only is dusted but kept as bright as new with soap and water.

Most people hesitate to clean rugs because they think the work requires special skill and secret methods. This probably is true if the rug is dirty through and through. Usually, however, only the surface is soiled. Then, as with numerous other seemingly impossible tasks, the cleaning can be done at home as often as necessary without professional help and at nominal cost by the judicious use of Ivory Soap.

To Clean Carpets and Rugs

Sweep thoroughly. Then, beginning at the corner farthest from the door, scatter Ivory Soap Paste (see directions inside wrapper) over not more than a square yard at a time. Scrub vigorously with a stiff scrubbing brush. Scrape off the paste with a metal-edged ruler or a piece of zinc. Wipe thoroughly with a cloth wrung out of clean, lukewarm water. Work with—not against—the nap. Use water sparingly.

No matter how delicate the colors may be, this treatment can do nothing but restore them to their original beauty. For water, used sparingly as suggested, will not injure them, and Ivory Soap cannot harm anything that water itself does not harm.

IVORY SOAP . . . . .

IT FLOATS . . . . . 99 44/100 % PURE

Volume L
Number 2

McCLURE'S

DECEMBER
1917

FREDERICK L. COLLINS, *Editor* CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, *Managing Editor*

She was utterly in his power if he awakened and chose to exert it. . . . All feeling ebbed slowly out of her

The White Morning

A Torrential Novel of Modern Germany—Complete in this Number

by Gertrude Atherton

Pictures by W. H. D. Koerner

COUNTESS Gisela Niebuhr sat in the long dusk of Munich staring over at the beautiful park that in happier days had been famous in the world as the Englischergarten, and deliberately recalled on what might be the last night of her life the successive clauses that had led to her profound dissatisfaction with her country as a woman. She was so thoroughly disgusted with it as a German that personal grievances were far from necessary to fortify her for the momentous rôle she would play with the dawn; but in this rare hour of leisure it amused her naturally introspective mind to rehearse certain episodes whose sum had made her what she was.

When she was fourteen and her sisters Lili and Elsa sixteen and eighteen they had met in the attic of their home in Berlin one afternoon when their father was automatically at his club and their mother taking her prescribed hour of rest, and solemnly pledged one another never to marry. The causes of this vital conclave were both cumulative and immediate. Their father, the Herr Graf, a fine looking junker of sixty-odd, with a roving eye and a martial air despite a corpulence which annoyed him excessively, had transferred his lost authority over his regiment to his household. The boys were in their own regiments and rid of parental discipline, but the countess and the girls received the full benefit of his military (and Prussian) relish for despotism.

In his essence a kind man and fond of his women he balked their every individual wish and allowed them practically no liberty. They never left the house unattended like the American girls and those fortunate beings of the student class. Lili had a charming voice and was consumed with ambition to be an operatic star. She had summoned her courage upon one memorable occasion, and broached the subject to her father. She never even hinted at her poor little ambitions again. The best instructor in Berlin had continued to train her voice, as nothing gave the Graf more pleasure of an evening than her warblings.

The household, quite apart from the Frau Gräfin's admirable management, ran with military precision, and no one dared to be the fraction of a moment late for meals or social engagements. They attended the theatre, the opera, court functions, dinners, balls, on stated nights, and, unless the Kaiser took a whim and altered the routine, there was no deviation from this programme year in and out. They walked at the same hour, drove in the Tiergarten with the rest of fashionable Berlin, started for their castle in the Saxon Alps not only upon the same day but on the same train every summer, and the electric lights went out at precisely the same moment every night — the count's faithful steward manipulated a central stop. They were encouraged to read and study, but not — oh, by no means! — to have individual opinions.

Perhaps the rebellion of the Niebuhr girls would never have crystallized had it not been for two subtle influences, quite unsuspected by the haughty kammerherr. They had an American friend, Kate Terriss, who was "finishing her voice" in Berlin, and their married sister, Mariette, had recently spent a fortnight in the parental nest.

The count despised the entire American race, as all good Prussians did, but he was as wax to feminine blandishments outside of his home, and Miss Terriss was pretty, diplomatic, alluring. She wound the old martinet round her finger, subdued her rampant Americanism when in his society, and amused herself sowing seeds of rebellion in the minds of "those poor Niebuhr girls." As the countess also liked her she had been "in and out of the house" for nearly a year.

But it was the visit of Mariette that had brought matters to a climax. She had left her husband in the garrison town that she had married with the excellent young officer, making a trifling indisposition of her mother a pretext for escape. On the night before her departure the four girls had huddled in her bed after the opera and listened to an incisive account of her brief but distasteful period of matrimony. Not that she suffered from tyranny. Quite the reverse. Of several suitors she had cannily selected a young man of pleasing appearance, good title and fortune but quite without character behind his fierce upstanding mustache. Inheriting her father's rigid will, she had kept the young officer in a state of abject submission. She stroked his hair in public as if he had been her pet dachshund, and patted his hand at kindly intervals as if he had been her dear little son.

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"But Karl has the soul of a sheep," she informed the breathless trio. "You might not be so fortunate. Far, far from it. How can anyone more than guess before one is fairly married and done for? Look at papa. Does not he pass in society as quite a charming person? The women like him and if poor mama died he could get another as quick as a wink. But at the best, my dear girls, matrimony — in Germany, at least — is an unmitigated bore. And in a garrison town! Literally there is no liberty, even with one's husband under the thumb. We live by rote. Every afternoon I have to take coffee at some house or other when all those tiresome women are not at my own. And what do you suppose they talk about — but invariably — *Love!* Nothing else, barring gossip and scandal; as if they got any good out of *love!* They discuss the opera or the play for its love element only, or the sensual quality of the music. Let me tell you that although I married to get rid of papa, if I had to do it over I would accept parental tyranny as the lesser evil. Not that I am not fond of Karl in a way. He is a dear and quite harmless. But garrison society — *Gott!* — How all we German wives would rejoice in a war. Think of the freedom of being a Red Cross nurse with all the men at the front. Officers would be your fate, too. Papa would not look at a man who was not an officer. He despises men who live on their estates. So take my advice while you may. Sit tight, as the English say. Even German fathers do not live forever."

Lili and Elsa were quite aghast at this uncompromising picture, but Gisela whispered: "We might elope, you know."

"With whom? No Englishman or American ever crosses the threshold, and Kate has no brothers. What escape if you marry a German? The students have no money and no morals, a burgess or a professional would be quite intolerable, and no man of our class would consent to an elopement. Germans may be sentimental but they are not romantic when it comes to settlements. Now take my advice."

They were taking it on this fateful day in the attic. They vowed never to marry even if their formidable papa locked them up on bread-and-water. "Which would be rather good for us," remarked the practical Elsa. "I am sure we eat too much and Gisela has a tendency to over-plumpness. But your turn will not come for four years yet, dear child. It is poor us that will need all our vows."

After some consideration they concluded to inform the countess of their grim resolve. Naturally sympathetic, a pregnant upheaval had taken place in that good lady's psychology during the past year. Her marriage, although arranged by her family, had been a love match on both sides. The Graf was a handsome, dashing and passionate lover and she a beautiful girl, lively and companionable. Disillusion was slow in coming, for she had been brought up on the soundest German principles and believed in the natural superiority of the male as she did in the House of Hohenzollern and the Lutheran religion. She manufactured interests for herself as rapidly, and as various, as possible, preserved her good looks in spite of her eight children (the three that followed Gisela died in infancy), cultivated society, dressed far better than most German women, gave four notable musical evenings a season, and was devoted to her sons and daughters, although she never opposed her husband's stern military discipline of those seemingly typical *mädchens*. It was her policy to keep the martinet in a good humor, and after all what better destiny than to be a German woman of the higher aristocracy? They might have been born in the middle classes, where there were quite as many tyrants as in the patrician class, and vastly fewer compensations. Life was life.

Six months before Mariette's marriage and shortly after the birth and death of her last child Frau von Niebuhr suddenly took to her bed, prostrate, on the verge of a collapse. The count raged that any wife of his should dare be ill in bed. But he had a very considerable respect for Herr Doktor Myers — a rank plebian but the best doctor in Berlin — and when that family adviser, as autocratic as himself, ordered the Frau Gräfin to go to a sanatorium in the Austrian dolomites alone — but alone, mind you! — and remain as long as he — I, myself, Herr Graf! — deemed advisable, with no intercourse, personal or chirographical with her family, the head of the House of Niebuhr angrily gave his consent and sent for a sister to chaperon his girls.

The countess remained until the eve of Mariette's wedding, and she passed those six months in one of the superlatively beautiful mountain resorts of Austria. She was solitary for the most part, but she did an excessive amount of thinking. She returned to her duties filled with a deep disgust of life as she knew it, a cynical contempt for women, and a profound sense of revolt.

When the three girls, their eyes very large, and speaking in whispers, although their father was at a yearly talk-fest with his old brothers in arms, confided to their mother their resolution never in any circumstances to adopt a household tyrant of their own, she nodded understandingly.

"Leave it to me," she said. "Your father can be managed, little as he suspects it. I'll find the weak spot in each of the suitors he brings to the house and set him against all of them."

"And my voice?" asked Lili timidly. But the Frau Gräfin shook her head. "There I cannot help you. He thinks a public career would disgrace his family, and that is the end of it. My assistance must be passive — apparently."

The Gräfin, true to her word, had quietly disposed of the several suitors approved by her husband, and although the autocrat sputtered and raged that his remaining daughters bade fair to be on his hands forever, he ended always by agreeing that the young officers were unworthy of an alliance with the ancient and honorable House of Niebuhr.

The battle ended abruptly when Gisela was eighteen, and a fat young Uhlan, suing for the hand of the youngest born, and vehemently supported by the Graf, had just been turned adrift. The Graf dropped dead in his club. He left a surprisingly small estate for one who had presented so pompous a front to the world. But not only had his sons been handsomely portioned when they entered the army, and Mariette when she married, but the excellent count, to relieve the increasing monotony of days no longer enlivened by maneuvres and boudoirs, had amused himself on the stock exchange. His judgment had been singularly bad and he had dropped most of his capital and lived on the rest.

The town house must be sold and the Gräfin and her daughters retire to her castle in the Saxon Alps. As there were no portions for the girls the haunting terrors of compulsory matrimony were laid.

The four women took their comparative poverty philosophically. The countess had been as practical and economical as all German housewives, even when relieved by housekeepers and stewards, and she calculated that with a meagre staff of servants and two years of seclusion she should be able to furnish a flat in Berlin and pay a year's rent in advance. Then by living for half the year on her estate she should save enough for six highly agreeable months in the capital. Perhaps she might let her castle to some rich brewer or American; and this she eventually did.

Lili was given permission to study for the operatic

"In America?" His brain, a fine, concentrated Teutonic organ, strove to grapple with two

stage and spend the following winter in Dresden where Mariette's husband was now quartered. It was just before they moved to the country that the Gräfin said to her girls as they sat at afternoon coffee in the dismantled house:

"You shall have all that I never had. You may go on the stage, write, paint, study law, medicine, what you will. You have been bred as aristocrats, and aristocrats you will remain. No liberty could make you vulgar and common. I, too, purpose to get a great deal of life now that my fate is in my own hands. By the summer we shall even be able to travel a little. I shall never marry again — *Gott im Himmel*, no!"

Gisela had no gift that she was aware of, but she was intellectual and had longed to finish her education at one of the great Universities. As she was not strong, however, she was content to take a year's rest in the country; and then, robust, and on a meagre income, she went to Munich to attend the lectures on literature

ideas at once. "You have been in America?"

and art and to perfect herself in French and English. She took a small room in an old tower near the Frauenkirche and lived the students' life, probably the freest of any city in the world. She dropped her title and name lest she be barred from that socialistic community, and called herself Gisela Döring. After she had taken her degree she passed a month in Berlin with her mother, who already had established a salon, but she was determined to support herself and see the world at the same time. Herr Dr. Myers found her a position as governess with a wealthy American patient, and, under her assumed name, she sailed immediately for New York.

The Bolands had a house on upper Fifth Avenue and others at Newport, Aiken, and Bar Harbor, and when not occupying these "palatial residences" were in Europe or Southern California. The three little girls passed the summers at Bar Harbor with their governess.

It took Gisela some time to accustom herself to the position of upper servant in that arrogant household of many servants, but she possessed humor and she had had governesses herself. Her salary was large, she had one entire day in the week to herself, except at Bar Harbor, and during her last autumn in the United States Mrs. Boland had a violent attack of "America First" and took her children and their admirable governess not only to California but to the Yellowstone Park, the Grand Cañon, and Canada. They traveled in a private car, and Gisela, who could enjoy the comfortless quarters of a student in Munich with all that life meant in the free and beautiful city by the Isar, could also revel in luxury; and this wonderful autumn, following as it did the bitter climax of her first serious love affair, seemed to her all the consolation that a mere woman could ask.

It was during her first summer at Bar Harbor that the second determining experience of her life began, and it lasted for three years. She dwelt upon it tonight with humor, sadness, and, for a fleeting moment, thrilling regret, but without bitterness. That had passed. She was virtual mistress of the house at Bar Harbor, and as the children had a trained nurse and a maid, besides many little friends, she had more leisure than in the city with her one day of complete detachment. She met Freiherr Franz von Nettlebeck when she was walking with her charges and he was strolling with the little girls of the Howland family. The introductions were informal and as they fell naturally into German there was an immediate bond. Nettlebeck was an attaché of the German Embassy who preferred to spend his summers at Bar Harbor. He was of the blond type of German most familiar to Americans, with a fine slim military figure, deep fiery blue eyes, and a lively mind. His golden hair and mustache stood up aggressively, but Gisela was accustomed to that. Her rich brunette beauty was now as ripe as her tall full figure, and she was one of those women, rare in Germany, who could dress well on nothing at all. She too possessed a lively mind, and after the long New York winter was feeling her isolation. Her first interview with the young diplomat of her own class and land visibly lifted her spirits, and she sang as she braided her heavy mass of hair that night.

Franz, like most unattached young Germans, was on the lookout for a soul-mate, and this handsome, brilliant, subtly responsive and wholly charming young woman of the only country worth mentioning, entered his life when he too was lonely and rather bored. It was his third year in the United States, and he did not like the life nor the people. Nevertheless he was trying to make up his mind to pay court to the dashing Miss Howland, who showed him a decided preference, and whose fortune eclipsed by several millions that of the high-born maiden selected by his family.

Here was a heaven-sent interval, with intellectual companionship in addition to the game of the gods. Being a German girl, Gisela Döring would be aware that he could not marry out of his class, unless the plebeian pill were heavily gilded. To do him justice he would not have married the wealthiest plebeian in Germany. An American — that was another matter. If there were such a thing as an aristocracy in this absurd country which pretended to be a democracy and whose "society" was erected upon the visible and screaming American dollar, no doubt Miss Howland belonged to the highest rank. In Germany she would have been a princess, possibly of a mediatized house, and — he confessed it amiably enough — she looked the part more unapologetically than several princesses he could name.

So did Gisela Döring. He sighed that a woman who would have graced the court of his Kaiser should have been tossed by a bungling fate into the rank and file of the good German people, who were so laudably content to play their insignificant part in their country's magnificent destiny.

Gisela never told him the truth. Sometimes, irritated by his subtle arrogance, she was tempted. Also, consuming love tempted her. But of what use? She was without fortune and he must add to his. He had a limited income and expensive tastes, and when a young nobleman in the diplomatic service marries he must take a house and live with a certain amount of state. Moreover, he fully intended to be an ambassador. But now he was care-free and young, and love was his right.

Gisela understood him perfectly. But if she understood she was also romantic. She forgot her vow to live alone and dreamed of a moment of overwhelming madness which would sweep them both up to the little church on the mountain. There like a true heroine of old-time fiction she would announce her own name at the altar. This moment, however, did not arrive. Franz, too, was romantic, but his head was as level within as it was flat behind. He never went near the church on the mountain.

There was no verbal love-making during those first two summers, nor in the winter when he came over from Washington on her Wednesday as often as he could and they lunched and had tea together in byway restaurants. They were both fascinated by the game, and they had an infinite number of things to talk about, for their minds were really congenial. Of course they talked their German souls inside out. At least Franz did. As time went on Gisela used her frankness as a mask while her soul dodged in panic. She believed him to be lightly and agreeably in love with her, and she was appalled at her own capacity for passion and suffering. She plunged into a furious study of the country, reading innumerable newspapers, magazines and elucidating literature of all sorts, for she was deeply responsive to the freedom of the individual in this great whirling heterogeneous land, and as her duties at any time were the reverse of onerous, it was necessary to keep her mind as detached from her inner self as possible. But at the back of her mind was always the haunting terror that he would never come again, that he was really more attracted to Ann Howland than he knew. There were days and weeks when she was tormented by a sort of a sub-hysteria, a stifled voice in the region of her heart threatening to force its way out and shriek. There were times when she despaired and thought of her vigorous youth with a shudder, and at other times she was so angry and humiliated at her surrender and inner lack of control that she was on the point more than once of breaking definitely with Franz Nettlebeck, or even of going back to Germany. If he missed a Wednesday she slipped out of the house at night and walked in Central Park for hours.

Then he would come and her spirits would soar, her whole being possessed by the spirit of recklessness to enjoy the meagre portion of happiness that fate allotted her; and for a few days after he left she would give herself up to blissful and extragavant dreams.

But Franz was by no means lightly in love with Gisela Döring. During the third summer, partly owing to the increased independence of her growing charges, partly to his own expert management, they met in long solitudes seldom disturbed. Gisela dismissed fears, ignored the inevitable end, plunged headlong and was wildly happy. Nettlebeck was an ardent and absorbed lover, for he knew now that his time was short, and he was determined to have one perfect memory in his secret life that the woman who bore his name should never violate. Miss Howland had meted the portion his dilatoriness invited and married a fine upstanding young American, and his family had peremptorily commanded him to return in the autumn and marry the patient Baronin Irma Hammorwörth.

Gisela tonight turned her mind hastily from that parting. She had never dared to dwell on it, nor on the week that followed. Her strong will had rebelled finally and she had literally forced the details of her tragic passion out of her memory, and had even reveled in the sensation of deliverance from the slavery of love. Simultaneously she was swept off to see the great natural wonders of the American continent and they had completely restored her equilibrium.

The following spring she had returned to Germany and paid her mother another brief visit.

There all was well. Frau von Niebuhr, who had not developed a white hair, was enjoying life and had a delightful salon. Elsa was a Red Cross nurse. Lili, having discovered that her voice was not for grand opera, had philosophically descended to the concert stage and was excitedly happy in her success and independence. Mariette was also living in Berlin. She had no children and was amusing herself in ways disapproved by her mother, who, however, forebore even a word of advice.

Gisela met Franz von Nettlebeck at a court function and had her little revenge. He was furious, and vowed, quite audibly, that he would never forgive her. But Gisela was merely disturbed lest the Obersthofmeisterin, who stood but three feet away, overhear his caustic remarks. Distinguished professors (without their wives) might go to court, but others who had received money for services rendered might not. Her independent mother, still a favorite, for she was exceedingly discreet, would have incurred the imperial displeasure if the truth were known. However, their brief conversation passed unnoticed, and Franz, whatever his shortcomings, was a gentleman and kept her secret.

The next episode, to her grim humor, was wholly amusing, although it played its part in her developing sense of revolt against the attitude of the German male to the sex of the mother that bore him. She returned to Munich after a month in Berlin, for by this time she had made up her mind to write, and the city by the Isar was the most beautiful in the world to write and to dream in. Moreover, she wished to take the course in drama at the University.

The four years in America, during which she had, in spite of her racking emotional adventures, studied diligently every phase that passed before her keen critical vision, developed her imagination, and her head felt full of unwritten stories.

She attended the lectures, practising on short stories, meanwhile, devoting most of her effort to becoming a stylist, that she might attain immediate recognition, whatever her matter. She lived in a small but comfortable hotel; for not only had she saved the greater part of her salary, but the Bolands, however oblivious socially of a paid attendant, had a magnificent way with them at Christmas, and had given her an even larger check at parting.

In Munich she was once more Gisela Döring, once more led the student life. There are liberties even for people of rank in Munich, and many nobles, exasperated with the rigid class lines of Berlin and other German capitals, move there, and are, or were, the happiest people in Germany. Here Gisela could sit alone in a café by the hour reading the illustrated papers and smoking with her coffee, attracting no attention whatever. She joined parties of students during the summer and tramped the Bavarian Alps, and she danced all night at student balls. Nevertheless, she managed to hold herself somewhat aloof. She was much admired for her stately beauty and her style, and if the young people of that free-and-easy community were at times inclined to resent a manifest difference, they succumbed to her magnetism, and respected her obvious devotion to a high literary ideal.

It was during her second winter that she met Georg Zottmyer.

He was a tall, thin, narrow, angular young man with a small clipped head and preeminent ears. His narrow face was set with narrower features and his eyes were very bright and were the windows of his conceit. Although his income was minute he boasted a father of note in the University of Leipzig, and his mother had traveled and written a scathing satire on the United States of America. He had not a grain of originality or imagination, but he too was taking the course in dramatic art. He met Gisela in the lecture room and immediately became her cavalier.

At first Gisela endeavored to get rid of him by an icy front, but this he took for feminine coquetry and his own front was serene. As he had made up his mind to be a dramatist merely because the career appealed acutely to his itching ambition, so did he in due course determine to marry this handsome brunette (what hair he had was drab) who bore all the earmarks of secret wealth in spite of the fact that she lived in a small hotel.

His wooing was methodical. He not only walked home with her after every lecture, but he gave her a series of teas in his high little flat, and he really did know "people." His parental introductions had given him the entrée to the professional circles, and he cultivated society both semi-fashionable and ultra-literary. He knew no one who had not "arrived."

He chose an unpropitious day for a tentative declaration of his intentions. It was very cold. White mufflers protected his outstanding ears, a gray woollen scarf was wound about his long neck and almost covered his tight little mouth. He wore mitts and his nose was crimson. Gisela, in a new set of furs, sent her for Christmas by Mariette, and a smart gown of wine-colored cloth, looked radiant. Her dark eyes shone with joy in the cold electric air of that high plateau, her cheeks were red, her warm, full-lipped mouth was parted over her even white teeth. They walked from the university down the great Leopoldstrasse, one of the finest streets in Europe, toward the Café Leopoldt, where he had invited her to take coffee.

There was little conversation during that brisk walk. He was frozen, and she was not thinking of him at all. At the café he selected an alcove as far from the noisy groups of students as possible. All the "trees" were hung with colored caps and the atmosphere was dense with smoke.

Zottmyer, who, after all, was young, soon thawed out in the warm room, and after he had cheered his interior with a large cup of hot coffee and lit a cigarette, he brought up the subject of matrimony. He had no intention of proposing in these surroundings, but it was time to pave the way — or set the pattern of the tiling; he cultivated the divergent phrase.

"It is time I married," he announced, and, not to appear too serious, he smiled into her glowing face. She looked happy enough to encourage a man far less fatuous than Georg Zottmyer.

"Yes?" Gisela's eyes had wandered to the nearest group of students and she was wondering if they might not have made handsome men had they permitted their duel wounds to heal instead of excoriating them with salt and pepper. "Most German men marry young."

"I am not conventional. I should not dream of marrying unless I found a young lady who possessed everything that I demand in a wife."

"Ah? What, then, do you demand?"

"Everything."

"That is a large order. What do you mean, exactly?"

"I mean, of course, that I should not marry a woman who did not have in the first place beauty, that I might be proud of her in public, besides refreshing myself with the sight of her in private. She must have beauty of figure as well as of face, as I detest our dumpy type of German women. And she must have style and dress well. It would mortify me to death,

Photo by Clara Petzoldt

Mrs. Atherton, who knows Germany through and through and writes of it fearlessly

particularly after I had made my position, to go about with one of those wives who seem to fall to the lot of most intellectuals. Soft-waisted, bulging women," he added spitefully, "how I hate them!"

"Your taste is admirable. Our women are much too careless, particularly after marriage. And the second requirement?"

"Oh, a small fortune, at least. I could not afford to marry, otherwise, and although I shall no doubt make a large income in due course, I must begin well. I prefer a house, as it gives an artist a more serious and dignified position."

"Indeed, yes."

"And of course my wife must be of good birth, as good as my own. I should never dream of marrying a Venus in this Bohemian class. That sort of thing is all very well —" he waved his hand, and arched an eyebrow, and Gisela inferred she was to take quite a number of amours for granted; much, for instance, as she would those of a handsome officer who sat alone at the next table and who looked infinitely bored with love and longing for war.

"She must — it goes without saying — be intellectual, clever, bright, amusing. I must have companionship. Not an artist, however. I should never permit my wife to write for the public. And she must have the social talent, magnetism, the power to charm whom she will. That would help me infinitely in my career."

"Is that all?"

"Oh, she must be affectionate and a good housekeeper; but most German women have a talent for both. Naturally, she must have perfect health. I detest women with nerves and moods."

Gisela had been leaning forward, her elbows on the table, her little square chin on her hands, and if there was wondering contempt in her eyes he saw only their brilliance and fixed regard.

"And what, may I ask, do you purpose to give her in return for all that?"

He flicked the ashes from his cigarette. "What has that to do with it?"

"Well — only — you think then that in return for all — but all! — that a woman has to offer a man — any man — you should not feel yourself bound to give her an equal measure in return?"

"I have not given the matter a thought. Naturally the woman I select will see all in me that I see in her. Shall we get out of this? I feel I have taken a cold. Fresh air is a drastic but efficient corrective."

He escorted her to her hotel, although he gazed longingly down his own street as they passed it. His head felt overburdened and it was awkward manipulating a handkerchief with mitts.

Within half a block of the hotel Gisela, who had been walking rapidly, bending a little against the wind, paused and drew herself up to her stately height. Cold as he was he thrilled slightly as he reflected that she possessed real distinction; almost she might be hochwohlgeboren — yes, quite.

"Herr Zottmyer," said Gisela, and her tones were as crisp as the air blowing down from the Alps, "you must permit me to give you a note of introduction to my mother when you go to Berlin next week. I hope you will find time to call on her."

Zottmyer's eyes snapped at this covert encouragement, although it was rather forward in a German girl practically to ask a man his intentions. "I shall be delighted to call on Frau Döring ——"

"Countess Niebuhr. I have practised a little innocent deception here in Munich — for obvious reasons. Also, during my four years' sojourn in America ——"

"In America?" His brain, a fine, concentrated, Teutonic organ, strove to grapple with two ideas at once. "You have been in America?"

"Rather. I feel half an American. You have no idea how it changed my point of view — oh, but in many ways! The men, you see, are so different from ours. The American woman has a magnificent position ——"

"Ridiculous, uppish, spoilt creatures ——"

"But how delicious to be spoilt! You will call on my mother?"

Zottmyer almost choked. "I hate the Prussians, above all that arrogant junker class. And the name of Niebuhr! — why, it stands for all that junkerdom means in its most virulent form."

"I am afraid it does. My brothers are junkers unalloyed. But I can assure you that my mother is as democratic as one may be in Berlin. She has quite a number of friends among the intellectuals ——"

"Would she consent to your marriage with a — a — *mere* intellectual?"

"What has that to do with it? It would never occur to me to marry out of my own class. That is always a mistake. There are, you see, well — subtle differences that forbid harmony ——"

"You are a snob. I might have seen it before this. You give yourself airs ——" He was now so torn between fury and disappointment, mortification and Teutonic resentment at being obliged to diverge abruptly from precisely thought-out tactics, that he forgot his physical discomfort — and incidentally to use his handkerchief.

"A snob? When I am true to the best traditions of my race? Did you not tell me that you would not marry a Venus if she happened to be born outside of your own class? But it is rather cold here — not? Shall I send the note of introduction to your flat?"

"I would not put my foot in any supercilious junker house and I never wish to see you again!" He whirled about, burying his nose in his handkerchief, and tore down the street.

Gisela laughed, but with little amusement. Her sympathy for German women took a long stride. But she forgot him a few moments later at her desk.

[*Continued on page 40*]

"You've told me almost nothing about yourself," he reminded her. "And we have 'ages to talk over'"

ORCHIDS

by Dana Gatlin

Illustrations by Gardner Soper

HE edged a little closer to the window of his section and stared out at the flying landscape. It was not yet quite dark, and hints of mauve and rose lingered from the June sunset. This fact did not prevent the porter, down at the end of the car, from starting to make up a section for the night. The porter was noisy at his work. And some late diners, just returning from the dining-car, talked and laughed in loud voices. But Hugh Wilgus, staring out the window, was conscious of none of them. He was hearing other voices speaking and laughing out in that dusky void; was seeing hands beckon, then vanish. He was communing with ghosts.

It is the price a sensitive, sentimental man must pay for his temperament. He does things, and can never forget them; he touches people, and can never shake off the touch. He thinks he has forgotten, and then! — in the loud confusion of after years suddenly falls a silence; and less-than-shades, with echoless feet, tread to outsound the tumult around him. Evasive shades sprung from space, bringing forgotten moods; voices reheard he knows not why; deeds relived which long ago frayed themselves out — vanished dead things which rise to hinder clear thinking. Other men whom he knows are not bothered in this way — practical, sensible men who can leave behind what's past.

Twelve years before this evening of June, on another June evening when the west painted just such a sunset as now, Hugh Wilgus had met a girl whom, now, he could see as clearly as that first time; and till his last day, he knew, the image might rise without reason.

That was the summer vacation after his second year at college, and he had gone over to his brother Hal's to meet the young visitor just arrived from the East. He already knew her name was Cecilia Shires — a beautiful name, he thought. She was the cousin of Hal's wife. Hugh dreaded what Hal's wife might tell her to make himself appear ridiculous. For he had just had another disagreement with his sister-in-law. Harriet was "difficult." She had the quick tongue which often accompanies reddish-brown hair and reddish-brown eyes. Hugh considered Harriet very handsome and really liked her, but he never knew when she was going to "catch him up." And when she caught him up, he always found himself saying something he hadn't meant to say — something he didn't mean. Then, for a time, there would be a slight coolness between them.

When he reached Hal's house, they were all sitting out on the porch: Hal, a big, unmoving, silent bulk marked by the glow of his inevitable pipe; Uncle "Doc" equally big but, somehow, making even the shadows about him turbulent; interweaving, as usual, national politics and local gossip, ancient anecdotes and shafts of original satire, punctuating the whole with booms of his bass laughter; Harriet, revealed rocking in a bright beam of light from the window;

and, over there in the deeper shade of the honeysuckle trellis, the dim outlines of a girl in white.

He couldn't see what she looked like but, as she responded to the introduction, he was fascinated by her voice, a soft and throaty sound with a queer minor quality — a sound which might have been a part of the big June night.

Hugh, from the steps, looked at her and wished he could see her better.

"You must watch out for Hugh, Cissy!" said Harriet, rocking back and forth in the light.

Harriet was beginning again! Over in the honeysuckle corner he could see dim shapes of hands moving up to touch hair he could not see. And the exquisite voice:

"Why?"

"He breaks all the girls' hearts in Cherryvale."

"Oh! — *do* you?" He felt unseen eyes regarding his own, was sure they could see, through the dark, the hot blood in his cheeks. He was searching for an answer, when the voice continued:

"What do you do with them — the broken hearts?"

Then Uncle Doc boomed in: "He ties 'em to that curly black forelock of his — haw-haw-haw-haw! Hugh and Charlie Meyers are our champion lady-killers."

"Thanks for classing me with that fresh drummer," mumbled Hugh in repressed fury.

"But," put in Harriet, "Charlie's work is coarse compared to Hugh's. Hugh has the gift."

Uncle Doc laughed again. Harriet added her gurgle, and the strange girl a little brush of melody. Only Hal was silent, but Hugh knew that he, too, was smiling into the darkness. Hugh would have liked to get up and march off home. But he didn't want to go without seeing the girl. Besides, she might think he was humiliated.

So he sat and continued to listen for her voice, and watched her white hands moving through the dusk; he was glad she used her hands when she talked — they were as graceful as moths fluttering.

Not until it was time for him to go did she rise and come out into the light. Hugh never forgot that first vision of her: a lovely fragile creature, moving like the June creatures which, on gauzy wings, came and went through the moonlight. She had brown crinkly hair, and deep eyes with long lashes curling up.

Then Hugh awkwardly got out the remark which he had intended — provided he approved of the visitor's looks — to put gracefully earlier in the evening:

"By the way, do you like to dance?"

"*Do* I?"

"Well, some of the fellows are giving a party in the Fraternal Aid Hall Friday. If you'd care to —"

"Oh, I'd *love* to!" She brought her hands together at her breast.

Then Harriet's voice cut in:

"Remember I *warned* you, Cissy!"

Hugh's primary sensation, that night, was of rage against Harriet; self-love was still his first love.

Before the dance he saw Cissy several times, by sunlight and gaslight, young and impish in a middy-blouse or light and lissom in organdy; but each time prettier than the last.

By Friday morning they were chums, calling each other by their first names.

"What shall I wear tonight, Hugh?"

"I don't know — anything."

"What kind of flowers are you sending? That'll help me decide."

Hugh swallowed a breath. He hadn't thought of flowers; in Cherryvale they sent flowers only to funerals. But Cissy was evidently reared under another tradition; she mustn't suspect his defect. So, mentally calculating the chances of a loan from his mother, he answered promptly:

"I'd thought of violets."

"Oh, lovely! I can wear my cream net."

The picture of Cissy in her cream net, that night at the dance, was another which Hugh was to carry through life. She danced as he had known she would dance; she was like the wind blowing across the lake at sunset. It was after he had danced with her several times himself, when he was watching her dance with one of the other fellows, and when he noted the violets at her belt — *his* violets! — that the fancy struck him, so suddenly and sharply that it was almost a pain, that she was to him a violet to wear upon the heart. The fancy impressed him as peculiarly beautiful and appropriate.

Hugh, of course, did not yet know he was in love; he was too young and inexperienced to realize. All he knew was that, when he wasn't dancing with Cissy himself, he liked to stand where he could observe her; she was a winged spirit flying and free — always he would have her be thus. And when the dance was over, he would go up to her possessively, and take her silly little fan and fan her flushed cheeks; and she would glance up at him from under those up-curling lashes; and laugh; and weave spells over him with her restless white hands.

He was superlatively happy. He was proud that all the fellows should see him with such a bewitching being for a partner. And he was proud that she, in turn, should see the success of the party he had helped to achieve. He was glad Budd's Orchestra was playing so well, because *she* heard it; he was glad the bunting and colored electric bulbs were effective, because *her* eyes saw them.

One drawback to his managerial position presented itself when, about the middle of the evening, something went wrong with the lights which flared up high, darkened, wavered a moment, and then went out utterly. It was necessary that someone should go down to the basement and see what was wrong with the connection and, as Hugh had done the wiring, he knew it his duty to go. He wished he might see Cissy and reassure her, explain to her, before he went; but she was somewhere the other side of the crowded, black floor.

It was dirty and hot work down in the basement, and took him longer than he had anticipated; and, upstairs again, a visit to the dressing-room for repairs was imperative.

When he finally got back to Cissy, her manner had subtly changed. She still smiled, and fluttered her hands when she talked, but when he made a move to take her fan she drew it sharply back.

"Don't bother! I can fan myself."

"Why, what's the matter, Cissy?"

"Matter? What makes you think anything's the matter?"

"Why — I don't know. You act so queer."

She laughed. "How interesting! — that was just what *I'd* been thinking about *you*."

"*Me* — queer?" inquired the bewildered Hugh.

Cissy looked at him; something in the studied attentiveness of her regard disturbed him.

"Perhaps not so queer after all," she said slowly. "You see, I never knew a lady-killer before."

He was hearing other voices speaking and laughing out in that dusky void

"What under the sun are you driving at?" he demanded, forgetting to choose his vocabulary.

Cissy remained sweetly calm.

"You see, I thought it queer — just at first — for a young man to cut dances with his own guest and leave her among strangers — *three* dances."

"But, Cissy —"

She interrupted with a laugh. "Don't bother to explain. I'm not the kind of girl that asks to be explained to."

"Just *listen* till I —"

"Don't you see you're wasting words? Oh, here comes that nice Mr. Little — he took care of me while you deserted me. Don't you *dare* say a word in his hearing!"

Poor Hugh did not dare. And when, later, he approached Cissy to claim a dance, she turned on him with a sudden glow in her eyes that quelled speech.

"Don't you come near me again, Hugh Wilgus!" she whispered fiercely. "When it's time to go home, I'll go with you to save appearances — for your family's sake."

The latter half of that party Hugh did not enjoy — the less so because Sid Little, who had "stagged it," evidently enjoyed it so much.

When it came time to start home with Cissy, Hugh had resolved to act with a calm superiority which would make her see reason.

"I'm awfully sorry it happened, Cissy, but you see —"

He got no further.

"I don't hear you," interrupted the girl, not turning her head.

"Nevertheless I'm talking to you. I want you to know —"

"I don't want to know anything *you* want me to know. If you were the *least* part of a gentleman, you'd comprehend that!"

"Very well, then," said Hugh stiffly.

They walked on for several blocks in heavy silence. They had come to the corner of Hal's yard when, with a swift movement, she tore the violets from her dress.

"Here!" she said. "Your flowers."

"I don't want them!"

"All right!" She sent them spinning across the yard.

Then she laughed, that low, peculiar laugh of hers, like a brush of elfin melody.

And then, before he knew what he was doing, because he was nervous, and chagrined, and wished to do something — something defiant, Hugh, not knowing why he did it, kissed her. It wasn't an expert kiss; it landed on her nose. And scarcely had it landed when he felt a smart sting across his own face. She had put all her strength into the slap.

"So *that's* the way you do it in Cherryvale!" she mocked.

Then, running fleetly as a scared rabbit, she was away across the lawn, out of sight in the house.

When Hugh was half-way home, he paused, hesitated, then turned back toward the scene of his punishment. At the corner of Hal's yard, first he walked slowly about, peering, stooping; then he got down on his hands and knees. But he did not find the violets.

Next morning when he appeared at Hal's house, his heart quaking, Harriet told him Cissy was sick in bed with a headache.

"Oh, don't look so concerned!" she said kindly. "Cissy's always been given to headaches. She'll be all right tomorrow."

So Cissy hadn't told! But Hugh hardly cared what Harriet might have thought of him, so engrossed was he with fears of what Cissy was thinking.

Next day he found out. For next day, true to Harriet's prediction, Cissy was "all right."

When Hugh appeared at Hal's house soon after breakfast, unable to stay away longer, he found Cissy in the sitting-room, dusting. In that enveloping gingham apron, he thought her lovelier than ever. He was afraid how she might greet him, but he was not prepared for the way she did.

"Ah!" she said, smiling at sight of him in the door.

Hugh eagerly approached. She had a little spray of violets pinned on her apron!

"Don't come nearer! Shoo!" She brandished her dust-cloth at him.

"Why not?"

"You might break my heart!"

Hugh turned and walked heavily out to the side-porch. Cissy followed him to the door.

"I see," she said pensively, "I've made you angry with me. Is it because I said you might break my heart?"

Hugh didn't reply.

"Do forgive me for that fearful lie!" And she went down on her knees.

"You can make fun of me if you want to," said Hugh miserably, "if you'll only let me explain —"

At that she swiftly rose and came out to him.

"Don't worry about *that* any more, Hugh," she said in a changed voice. "Harriet told me about the lights. I'm sorry I was so mean."

She looked soberly at him from under the lashes that curled up. How sweet she was!

"You couldn't be mean," he said, wishing he could think of something finer to say.

"*You're* a nice boy to say that," she repaid the compliment. Then, perhaps lest he be spoiled by unreserved praise, she added wickedly: "That is, nice for a — heart-breaker."

He gazed at her reproachfully.

"Don't look so melancholy," she laughed. "Will you promise to look happy if I say, without limitations, you're a nice boy?"

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Photo by Campbell

Peggy Wood, this season in Rida Johnson Young's charming operetta, "Maytime"

Photo by Campbell

Clever Florence Nash is featured in a clever play by two women — Fannie Hurst and Harriet Ford

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Billie Burke, who comes back to New York in Clare Kummer's new play, "The Rescuing Angel"

Photo by White

Maude Fulton wrote "The Brat." Then she acted in it. Both as playwright and star she is a success

Photo by White

Jane Cowl, whose vogue as a playwright is second only to her popularity as an actress

Lady Broadway

How the Woman Playwright Has Captured the Great White Way

by Anna Steese Richardson

THE lady playwright is strutting up and down Broadway.

Figuratively speaking, of course! The lady playwright we have had with us always — or almost always, but with oh, what a difference!

Time was that she slipped in and out of the side streets abutting on and appertaining to the Great White Way, catching at the flying coat-tails of managerial moguls, pleading with stars, agents, and friends of private secretaries, yea, even with office-boys, to secure a reading of her play.

At pitifully rare intervals, a manager would yield to these importunities, usually because she was clever enough to hide behind a nom de plume of male persuasion. If he announced his intention of producing the piece, someone had to break to him the hideous news of the dramatist's sex, whereupon he would amend his decision. A male playwright must be engaged to inject the necessary "punch" into her dramatic weakling!

I write whereof I know. During long, lean years, I was a theatrical press-agent. Many an office-boy have I heard warned that neither the manager nor his Man Friday was ever at home to ladies bearing manuscripts. The lady playwright was regarded as the pestiferous fly in the ointment of those men who were building up the first great theatrical fortunes. And this was not more than ten years ago.

Today the lady bearing plays has as good a chance as her male competitor. Not that this is saying much for playselling as a means of coping with the H. C. of L. The function of the average manager is to make the playwright, irrespective of sex, reputation and former literary output, climb "over the top," and face the gas of indifference and the liquid fire of contempt which the man of quickly acquired wealth feels or pretends to feel for mere creative work.

Then having bought the play, the manager literally defies its author to score a success with it. Usually on the opening night he offers to sell it to the highest bidder, in the presence of the distressed playwright, and if by any chance the play goes over, the manager disappears rather than admit to its author that success is his.

This in passing, so that all who read may recognize the persistency, patience and courage which go into the making of a successful playwright.

The season of 1917-18 presents the most promising array of women dramatists in the history of the American stage. And this applies not only to the quantity, but the quality, of their offerings.

Perhaps this is because they have become hardened to managerial snubs. Perhaps because this is the day when men watch the progress of women with tolerant amusement, little dreaming that instead of smiling they might well be up and doing if they are not to be outstripped. But more likely the lady playwright is coming into her own because she has learned how to write *good plays* — particularly for her own sex.

For while I am loyal to my own sex, I must admit that most of its early efforts at playwriting were unreal creations of sentiment, devoid of humor, often maudlin, almost always nauseatingly saccharine. Its heroines were insufferably hysterical or prudish, and its heroes insufferably heroic.

Today, the woman playwright comes nearer presenting life as most of us live it, because she knows life. Her mind is individual, not a mere reflection of the books she reads and the man to whom she happens to be married. Moreover, experience, sometimes bitter, has taught her that men prefer plays — and women — that entertain. They do not patronize plays which, like some women, take themselves too seriously.

Consider the successful plays by women this season.

"Mary's Ankle," improbable but delectable farce by May Tully.

"Maytime," exquisite sentiment with delicate humor, book by Rida Johnson Young.

"The Land of the Free," comedy with an occasional catch in its voice, by Fannie Hurst and Harriet Ford.

Another conglomeration of nonsense for Fred Stone by Anne Caldwell.

A brittle comedy for Emily Stevens by Fanny (and Frederick) Hatton.

Three comedies by Clare Kummer, "A Successful Calamity," "Good Gracious Annabel," and "The Rescuing Angel," for Billie Burke.

"The Brat," comedy by Maude Fulton, produced in New York last winter and now on tour.

A comedy by Rachel Crothers written for Cohan & Harris and said to be a worthy successor of her delightful hit of last season, "Old Lady 31."

The single exception, the one deadly serious play, offered so far this season from the pen of woman, is "Daybreak," by Jane Cowl and Jean Murfin. But then what can one expect from the fair lady who wept her way through "Within the Law" and "Common Clay"?

NOW for the personnel of these lady playwrights who are conquering Broadway!

Both Maude Fulton and May Tully are graduates of vaudeville. Their plays bear the earmarks of rapid-fire work in the varieties.

Maude Fulton came out of the West some ten years ago. Her début in a typical summer revue was marked by a tragic event — the murder of Stanford White by Harry Thaw on the Madison Square Roof Garden. Miss Fulton's refreshingly breezy personality had made a decided impression on the critics during the first half of the revue, but no reference was made to the performance in the next day's papers. The tragedy on the roof-garden practically crowded all other news from the metropolitan dailies.

Miss Fulton was next heralded as the dancing partner of William Rock. Next, "somewhere on the Pacific Coast" she was discovered by that intrepid explorer for fresh dramatic material, Oliver Morosco, writing plays. "The Brat" was tried out in his Los Angeles theatre, and later enjoyed a prosperous run at the Morosco Theatre, in New York. It has some of the crudities of the vaudeville sketch which must get its story across in twenty minutes, but it is a good story, well told, and the playwright enacts her own heroine, thereby being assured at least that the character she meant to draw is presented to her audiences.

MISS TULLY is known wherever "vaudeville" shines in electric lights — big time, little time, two a day, three or four, not forgetting Sunday-night concerts, more or less sacred!

She has long been recognized as the over-time worker of the vaudeville world. Her record would damn her hopelessly with the I. W. W. Some years ago — (never mind how many, for a woman is only as old as she looks, and Miss Tully looks younger every night she watches the ticket sale for "Mary's Ankle") she began to write her own sketches for vaudeville, engage her own people and stage her acts. She did so well for herself that the United Booking Company, Big Chief of all vaudeville managers, offered Miss Tully the post of sketch writer and producer at its pet New York theatre, the Palace. Right blithely, Miss Tully signed a contract to produce forty sketches a year. Then she advertised for sketches. They came by every mail. She read five thousand. Three were passable. After producing seven sketches, most of which she had to write, she asked Mr. Albee, head of the booking company, to release her from her contract, beaten by the real lack of actable material.

She is, perhaps, the most businesslike of all the lady playwrights, and keeps regular office hours with her partner, Miss Rosalie Stewart, in a Broadway theatre building. They are still producing vaudeville sketches, though Miss Tully admits that the royalties of a legitimate play are rapidly weaning her from her first love, the varieties.

Miss Tully believes that the lady playwright will establish new standards not in acting nor life behind the scenes, but in the types of women drawn for the stage. To be a successful playwright, a woman must be strongly individual, therefore she will make her women characters individual. Her heroines will accomplish big things, not as mere sweethearts, wives and mothers, sacrificing all for the old-fashioned standards of womanhood, but as individuals, living down their mistakes as men do, rising above mere sex-relations, to accomplish their part in the world's work.

She also holds that the more success women playwrights attain, the higher will be the standards of production. Just as women create atmosphere in real homes, so will they invest with an atmosphere of reality the homes presented on the stage. There will be better interiors, more artistic decorations and dressing, and better interpretations of rôles when women playwrights direct the rehearsals of their

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"You — Monster — you Kaiser!" she cried out; and the epithets seemed to give him pause

One of Ten Million

A Story of the First Days of the Draft

by Wallace Irwin

Illustration by Clarence F. Underwood

THE Hamiltons, Mary and Bob, lived in the sort of flat that a young struggling married couple can afford. Which is as much as to say that there was no elevator in their apartment-house, that a maid came in for a part of the day, that their dining-room looked rather crowded when they entertained another married couple for dinner, and that Mary did as much of the work as she was able and knew how to do. Mary occupied a mild social eminence in the neighborhood because it was understood that although Bob was still a sub-bookkeeper in the tool-works which employed him, she was the daughter of a moderately well-to-do lady who might intervene in a pinch and who would, in time, exalt her daughter according to her deserts.

The Hamiltons had a young eye for pleasure, all this short careless little year of theirs. A big, clean, inexpensive moving-picture theatre, two blocks up the Avenue, filled the dull evenings when Bob began to yawn after dinner and showed an inclination to take down the telephone and "start something" with the Sid Taylors across the street. The Hamiltons and the Taylors were as thick as spies these days. Ann Taylor, though less than a year older than Mary, was already a full-blown beauty with a talent for wearing her clothes prosperously. Sid, who was in the automobile business, called her a "window dresser" and merited her plump slaps for his impertinence. The Hamiltons, of course, couldn't afford a car; but a six-cylinder monster went with Sid's job and it was away, on an average of twice a week, to "The Glades," a wakeful spot on the eyelids of the town, where they would all drink beer at Bob's expense and the Taylors would impart the newest steps to the less sophisticated Hamiltons.

Mary was, then, about the average happy young married woman, wholesomely in love with her husband, a raw-boned chap of twenty-five who came shambling home from the tool-works every evening whistling softly to himself, a copy of his favorite sporting page folded under his elbow. Mary's dream pretty well centered in Bob and she considered the jokes he brought home to her, gathered from what he had heard that day over his desk, as the satisfactory summit of witty narrative. Mary knew she wasn't very clever and she rejoiced that her mind was so nicely keyed to that of her husband, whom she adored. Her chiefest wish was that he should "get ahead" and that he should have risen to the management of the factory by the time her boy — for she was sure that it would be a boy — had grown to collegiate age.

It was about this time that War, after belching his black smoke over European thrones, reddening bleak Russian marshes and blowing the villages of sunny France into evil piles of shattered bricks, walked into the economical street where the Hamiltons lived. The women-folk persisted "He isn't here," and went on with their housework. The men-folk continued business as usual, went down to their jobs with wonted regularity and took it out in throwing an occasional stone at a pacifist. A few adventurous souls joined the National Guard and spoke swaggeringly of some possible trouble with the Kaiser. Bob came home one night and announced that pudgy, good-natured Hal Smith, down at the Works, had enlisted in the marines. Mary had always regarded this Smith boy as a trifling individual and she gave the news of his heroism the sniff of dismissal which, she felt, it deserved.

"Tomorrow'll be the fifth," Bob had said rather sheepishly on that occasion, "and I've got to register."

"Oh, yes," smiled Mary, hoping that Bob had something amusing to tell in connection with this political move. She was busy sewing on a pile of small garments and quite unable to divert her mind toward man-subjects which, it was her boast, she didn't understand. The President, as she supposed, was elected to do just such work as making proclamations and she was gratified to know that he was doing his duty.

"Of course," he pursued, folding his evening paper over to the page where Aztec Archie anticked over the upper half, "it's just a matter of getting down the names of all the men inside the age limits."

"You haven't enlisted or anything, dearie, have you?" she asked, faint with a sudden nervousness which her condition exaggerated.

"It ain't a matter of enlisting," he told her carelessly on that occasion. "It just means that the President is going to pick half a million men to go to war."

"My goodness, Bob!" she had cried, more frightened than she liked to remember. "They aren't going to send you ——"

"Oh, don't worry, Tots," he assured her, showing an appreciation of the fact that this was no time to give her unnecessary worry. "They won't get me. I'm a married man, and I work for a factory that makes tools useful for carrying on the war. I'll claim exemption."

He said this lightly, sought out the adventures of Amorous Amos, his favorite flanneur, and without another thought dismissed the matter from the blithe atmosphere of the Hamilton apartment.

You see, they had been married only a trifle over a year; and Mary — nothing having been demonstrated to the contrary — believed absolutely in Bob's ability to get in or out of complications at will. Mary lived according to the old-fashioned notion that a wife should keep her nose out of her husband's affairs. Business bored her, politics bored her. Her cherished life-plan was that their home should remain intact, that they should move into a larger flat each year, gathering Colonial furniture as they went; that Bob should wax fatter and fatter in the commercial world; that their first child should be a boy and their second a girl.

Therefore, during the weeks that followed Registration Day, she closed her ears against any discussion of military possibilities and man-power. She was preparing herself body and soul for the ordeal which was to add another man-child to the peaceful population.

Things didn't go easily with Mary. She was ill a great deal those several weeks preceding the climactic event of her life. The doctor had told people to make things as pleasant as possible for her; and discussion of the war she considered among the unpleasant things. Bob went about showing his registration-card as proud as though it had been something unique; and Mary indulged this weakness in the assurance that the newspapers had included married men with children among the many to be exempted from military service.

IT was less than a week before the child was born that Mary's mother, sweet spirit sent to smooth the troubled way, had drawn down her mouth until the creases showed deep in her long upper lip.

"Mary," she had begun impendingly, "I suppose Robert has done everything possible to keep himself out of that awful Draft."

"Why, yes, Mother — what do you mean? He claimed exemption, or whatever you have to do — on the day of registration."

"There, there, darling! Don't fuss yourself all up. I'll talk to him and settle everything."

"Is there something else he has to do?" asked Mary Hamilton, plucking her mother by the sleeve and fixing her with distended pupils.

"Robert must know all about it. He's a business man and wouldn't get himself into any scrape like that."

"Scrape?" Mary almost screamed it. "What do you mean? Mother, you're making me so nervous!"

"I'm sorry, child. I won't talk about it any more."

To make matters worse Mrs. Braley had gone home at once, leaving the air surcharged with mystery. And when Bob came home that night Mary called him to her at once and said:

"Bob, are you certain you've done everything you should to get out of that awful Draft?"

"Why, Tots," he assured her, wide-eyed — a trifle too wide-eyed, she thought — "didn't I tell you I claimed exemption on the fifth?"

"Yes, but isn't there something else to do?"

"Who's been talking to you?" he asked abruptly, a sudden seriousness hardening his face.

"Mother. She said you'd know what to do."

"Well, Mother was right, at that!" He brought back his cheerful smile and set about patting her hand and spoiling the arrangement of her yellow curls.

"Because, Bob, I — couldn't spare you. I couldn't bear to think of your going away to some horrid country to be shot."

"Oh, forget it, Mary. Uncle Sam needs quite a batch of soldiers and someone's got to be tagged, you know."

"Yes, but it mustn't be you. It mustn't, it mustn't, it mustn't!"

"Now, honey, don't get excited! Didn't I tell you I claimed exemption? And what if I should be picked to go? Somebody's got to, or we'll just all stay home and invite the Kaiser over here."

"What do I care about the Kaiser?" She clenched her fists and suddenly voiced her passionate rage. "We didn't make the war. We were perfectly happy as we were. It's just the newspapers and the steel people who want the war. What have we got against Germany, you and me? We just want to be let alone. . . . And Bobby. . . ." as abruptly she threw out her slender arms and drew his head down to her shoulder, "you've promised me, haven't you?"

"Yes, dear," he assured her. "It'll be all right. You'll see."

MARY was very ill that night, and next morning she stayed abed. Bob came home to lunch, as usual, and after he had kissed her and gone his way, Mary found a crumpled newspaper sheet which he had carelessly dropped at the foot of her bed. It was only a page, lacking news items; but it was prominently adorned with a disgusting cartoon which thrilled her too deeply and gave her a horrible start. The picture was called "He's Looking Toward America," and showed William the Kaiser in the form of a sort of machine-made dragon, created of steel and iron and armor-plate, with forty-two centimeter guns belching flame from his nose. Under his gigantic claws, which were hinged and riveted like contrivances of structural steel, he was crushing down cities and towns, converting whole populations into dripping masses of meat. On the head of the monster was the Kaiser's long cruel face and imperial helmet.

Mary threw the page on the floor, but it alighted face-up, just beyond her reach. It lay there, charming her evilly, a white crumpled patch on the corner of a yellow-bordered imitation Turkish rug. Mary had always hated that rug; its glaring zig-zag design and its crude yellow coloring offended her, and today, as she fixed her hot gaze upon the ugly thing, she began to associate it with the Hohenzollern monster on that printed page which she was too languid to get up and destroy. Her eyes kept straying toward the picture, devouring it morbidly.

Newspapers were such sensation mongers, she reflected, and clutched the bed-clothes. Was it true that the Germans were so wicked? And what was it to her, if they were? . . . She didn't make the war, she told herself over and over again. No. And Bob didn't make it, either. They had had nothing to do with it. They had done no harm to anyone. They had been wonderfully happy on their small salary and high hopes this married year. What two straws did they care whether the French held a place called Verdun or handed it over to the Crown Prince and saved a lot of bother for everybody? What was all this talk about hating the Germans? She had rather liked the few Germans she had known. Bob had spoken of some Germans down at the works as "good scouts" and "Indians." Of course there had been a lot of stuff in the newspapers about Belgium and Serbia. Bob always read the papers; why, Mary could not see. There was never anything in them about anybody they knew, and she hated them, especially the Sunday ones because they made the place so untidy. Of course, if it were true, as they said, that the Prussians behaved like maddened swine in captured provinces. . . . Mary thought nervously of thousands of little girl babies being born in homes like hers all over the country. Morbidly now she turned in her bed and glanced again at that abominable cartoon, cluttering the edge of that hideous rug. Twilight, thickening in the room, seemed to endow with Jabberwockish life the face and figure of that steel-clad worm the artist had created. She shuddered between the sheets and vowed that Bob should not be sent across the sea against that devouring brute.

For a long time Mary Hamilton lay enmeshed in these reflections. The shadows deepened in the corners of the room. She wished that Bob would come home

The paper on the floor had faded to an indistinct gray patch, yet the pen-drawn monster seemed to stand out with sickening clearness. . . . My God, it was squirming out and coming toward her! She struggled to rise and realized what a shocking pain had come upon her. . . .

The child was born early next morning. After the ordeal, she had rested as nervelessly as though her soul had gone forth with that shriek of martyr-joy which gave a new life to the world. Within, she was very happy to know that it was a boy; but she didn't tell anyone, because the effort of speech was too great for her. She was aware of Dr. Sherman's well-fed person standing comfortably near; she could hear his quiet jocularities which conveyed to her an impression that she was very ill. The specter of her mother, pale and worried, passed in and out at intervals. And when she beheld Bob's homely, rugged face bending over her, all shiny with tears he could not conceal, she wanted to comfort him — yet still she wondered if she were not already dead, and her spirit, perched at the head of the bed, reviewing the whole scene.

She had a dim memory of asking for her baby, but she was not sure they heard her. If he, too, were dead, she argued, he would be sitting beside her upon her spiritual perch. He wasn't there. . . . At some vague, later hour her mother came in, carrying the little bundle in a pink blanket. She crooked her elbow to receive it — it was the first time she had moved. The touch of the puckery, shapeless roll of tender flesh seemed to bring back to her some of the vitality she had lavished so freely to make real her dream. She pressed her baby close and smiled away into sleep.

They kept her very still all that week and the next. Intervals of blissful interruption came to her trance-like calm when her mother brought in little Robert — he was called after his father, of course — and she could hold him to her breast or let him lie beside her while she indulged herself in imaginings. His eyes were milky blue like a puppy's and she was sure that the impudent nub above his upper lip would develop into a beautiful aquiline nose, just like his father's. When he cried he looked like an angry little old man, and Mary's mother was very proud of his lung-power.

"He has the Braley temper," she would assure her daughter, determined that the Hamiltons should not get the better of the argument. At the suggestion Mary hoped that he wouldn't be quarrelsome. If men, she thought, would govern their tempers and stay home more and keep out of politics the world would be free of that wholesale licensed murder they call war. She didn't speak to her mother about this, because inner fear sealed her lips of any reference to the thought that was obsessing her. The picture of the machine-made monster of Berlin seemed forever to be lying on the floor beside her bed. Once she asked her mother to take away the rug.

She was secretive with Bob, too. Conscientious Dr. Sherman allowed him only half-hour visits twice a day; and Mary's husband passed this time slouching on the side of the bed, talking with a sort of guarded jocularity, shunning the disagreeable, cultivating the frivolous in conversation. He had a lot of "new stuff," as he called it, setting forth the eccentricities of Tony Welt, the office Yorick. Mary often laughed at these jokes even though she was at the moment looking steadily into his eyes and wondering if he, too, had something on his mind.

A current of black fear was running under Mary Hamilton's days of torpor and ecstasy. In the few weak moments when she permitted herself to think she had a feeling that War was waiting right across the street; that if she should go to the window and look out she would see it reddening the horizon just above the brick apartment where the Taylors lived. These imaginings gave her a feverish thirst for a talk with Ann Taylor, and Mary conveyed her wish that afternoon to Dr. Sherman, who said:

"Young lady, because you're getting stronger is no reason for abusing your strength. Oh, well, a five minutes' chat will do you good."

Mary experienced a thrill of envy at the sight of Ann Taylor's bright complexion and modish clothes as the latter breezed into the room. Sid was making money in the automobile business, and the neighborhood gossiped of his wife's little extravagances.

"My dear!" chirped the fashionable Ann, leaning down and kissing her friend ever so lightly. "You lucky, lucky girl! What wouldn't I give to be in your place?"

And her face, which usually seemed string-controlled like that of a pretty automaton, became suddenly soft with a look of human wistfulness.

"Ann, I've been wondering," said Mary impulsively, "he's so darling . . . it seems such a blessing — and yet — what's the use of bringing fine beautiful children into the world, and spend all your life and all your energies to raise them for slaughter, like sheep?"

"Oh, my dear, it isn't so bad as that!" comforted Ann Taylor, sitting very stiff in her tight-bodiced gown. "After all, our men are going to fight so as to make war impossible for the future. At least that's what Billy Swanson said when his name was drawn ——"

"Drawn!" Mary brought herself up on her elbow. "You don't mean to say that the Draft has already taken place?"

"Oh, Mary, I forgot you'd been so ill. I thought Bob had told you. It happened ten days ago and ——"

"Was Bob's number drawn?" asked Mary Hamilton, inflexibly.

"Why, didn't Bob tell you?" The elusive turn of her saucer-blue eyes was as good as an admission of the worst. "It all took place about ten days ago."

"Was Bob's name drawn?" Mary repeated, staring hopelessly.

"Well, what if it was?" asked Ann Taylor, biting her lower lip. "I'm sure he's gone about getting exempted the way Sid told him ——"

"How?"

"Oh, it's a lot of red-tape. The husband signs a paper and hands it to the board, and then a prominent business man signs another paper, and then the wife has to fill out a blank swearing that everything's true ——"

"The wife? Bob hasn't said anything to me about it."

"He hasn't?" Mary was aware that her friend was stroking her shoulder, going through a comforting formula. "There, there, don't worry! Bob's got common-sense enough to fix it all. Don't you worry."

Mary Hamilton lay back on her pillows and stared blankly for a long time before she at last turned her head and asked:

"When do all those papers have to be presented to the board?"

"I don't know — let me see — something like ten days after the draft, I think Sid told me. I don't remember, exactly, my dear. But it doesn't matter. Bob ——"

There came another long silence. Mary wanted to be polite and say something nice to Ann as the latter rose stiffly and went toward the door. Yes, she should have said good-by when Ann did. She was intending to call after her, but she lay supine, her throat perfectly dry. Presently her mother came in, and Mary managed to croak in a lifeless voice:

"I want Bob."

"He'll be home in about an hour, dear."

"Now!" demanded Mary Hamilton. Mrs. Braley, casting a scared glance over her shoulder, hurried out of the room. Distantly Mary could hear the click of the telephone receiver coming off the hook, then the staccato of her mother's hurried appeal.

Over and over, in that distressful pause of waiting, the stubborn thought had pounded at the sick woman's brain. Bob should not go and leave her and her baby! She seemed fighting in a sea of tears, but no moisture came to her eyes. It wasn't that the nation needed half a million men, it wasn't that the President had dedicated his life and his nation to making the world safe for democracy; it was the case of Bob Hamilton and Mary Hamilton and little Bob Hamilton, who at that moment squalled from his bassinet in the next room.

Mary lay in her brass bed, which creaked whenever she moved. How long he was in coming to her! And then she was overwhelmed with the sureness that he would never come again, that some malign power had already seized upon him and put a gun in his hand and smuggled him away to a military camp to become a numbered Bob, an itemized Bob, an inhuman Bob, tagged for a sort of personal benevolent shooting.

Again she heard her baby crying. It came faintly this time, this only music that she could appreciate; superficially it sounded like the short persistent creaking of a rusty hinge. It diverted her a moment from her indignation — then the injustice of life and law again rushed over her. They shouldn't take her husband away!

Unexpectedly she heard the soft booming of his voice coming from the next room.

"Bob!" she called weakly, but only the buzz-buzz of hushed dialogue came back to her. She could hear her mother's pathetic quaver breaking in at intervals; once she thought her mother was angry. Why were these two, her nearest, whispering together like a pair of conspirators? She and Bob had always been such partners; he had always told her everything.

"You don't think I'd be leaving for the fun of it?" she heard him say, his voice incautiously raised.

"But the law allows for a wife and children ——"

"I didn't have any children on registration day. . . . There's plenty more in the same boat . . . don't want me to be a moral slacker. . . ."

"Bob!" This time Mary Hamilton sat straight up in bed and put all her strength into the call.

"Yes, dearie!" His clumsy feet came running toward her and she saw his tall form looming over her, and felt his arm as it went around her waist.

"Bob, what's the matter — what's all this . . . all this trouble . . . about?"

"Now there, dearie, don't get excited," he pleaded in a falsely levititious key. "I wa just kidding your mother about the war. She thinks we can can the Kaiser by staying home and hammering a typewriter."

"But, Bob, you aren't even *thinking* of going?" She struggled away from him and lay back, helpless and cold.

"Somebody's got to go, you know," he replied with a curious solemnity. Yet all the time he was regarding her with a foolish, set smile.

"I don't know what you mean," she replied dully. "On the day you registered you claimed exemption ——"

She gazed at him open-mouthed as he sat on the edge of her bed, the same foolish smile on his lips. She felt that she must scream out, but she managed to hold her voice to the same hard pitch as she asked:

"Bob, didn't you — didn't you claim exemption?"

He cleared his throat as if to speak, and finally shook his head.

"Why did you lie to me?"

"Mary, you've been in pretty bad shape and you were awfully nervous. I wanted to tell you, but I just plain couldn't. You see, I didn't have anything really to claim exemption for. I wasn't doing anything for the Government — we didn't even have a baby in June when the cards were made out."

"Didn't you say that you had a wife dependent on you for support?" she persisted in her cross-examination.

"No. I knew that your mother could take care of you if I had to go."

"I see." It was a very matter-of-fact utterance as she made it.

"Mary, don't — please! If you only knew what a man's up against nowadays. I simply couldn't try to worm out of it. I'd seen too many slackers and cry-babies snooping around for an excuse to dodge service. I couldn't bear to be put among the girls."

Her look must have frightened him, for he clutched at her hand and went on:

"The regular fellows down at the office haven't tried to dodge duty by a quibble. They've done just as I did. There's Grant — he's got two kids — and Herb Baum — his folks are German and he's got a baby, too. They've stood up to the racket when their numbers came out of the wheel. Oh, Molly, darling, don't look at me that way!"

He had knelt beside the bed and was clutching her rigid body — the body from which, she felt, life had already gone. Then she reached out her arms and clasped him tightly around the neck.

"Don't talk about duty!" she cried passionately. "What about your duty to me . . . to your baby? If you go away from me I shall die. They want men like you, big, fine young men. Cheat them — do anything, but don't let them take you."

"Mary, if you knew how I felt," he was pleading brokenly. "Hal Smith came into the office yesterday. He's a corporal now in the Second Artillery. He looks like a different man. There's something bigger about him ——"

"And you want an excuse to put on a uniform and desert us so that you can look big." She was perfectly inflexible.

"But, honey, it isn't that. Don't let's be selfish. Let's look at what America needs — what the country's got to have."

"We didn't make the war."

"But it's here. Can't you [*Continued on page 57*]

WHAT are you giving for Christmas? Think of McClure's — a gift that endures the whole year round. The magazine will be bigger and better than ever before during 1918. Isn't this number an indication of that? So send your friends McClure's. They will like it. Handsomely decorated announcements of the gift will be mailed, in the name of the donor, to reach the recipient on Christmas morning

His information was large and accurate and he seemed to be equipped with an enormous experience of life

Fraud as a Fine Art

by Melville Davisson Post

Illustrations by W. J. Enright

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the first of a series of three articles by Mr. Post. They make mighty interesting reading. The names of persons and institutions are, of course, fictitious.

All the queer people in the world arrive at Monte Carlo.

In this strange company I have seen no more extraordinary persons than the Prince Valdimir Lykoff and his daughter Nina. Everything about Prince Lykoff was unusual. He was a huge man with a square, black beard, massive features and pale eyes like faded slate. He had a livid, shark-belly color and his whole body seemed lacking in the vitality of life.

His habits were even stranger than his appearance. He had no vices; no questionable foibles. The strangest thing about him was that he never played at the gaming tables. He seemed to have a deep-rooted antipathy to every form of chance. He came year after year to Monte Carlo for the climate. He loved the soft air of the Riviera, its tropical color and the sweep of the sea. One found him always in a great chair on the terrace of the Hotel de Paris.

This is a rough outline sketch of Prince Valdimir Lykoff.

The daughter was incredibly the reverse of this queer parent. She was beautiful in the fashion which English-speaking persons imagine to be Russian. She had the thin nostrils and the delicate complexion which seem unsuited to the out-of-doors. In contrast with her father the Princess Nina bubbled over with the vigor of youth. When one is done with description, she was, in simple words, a charming young girl of the period. She had been educated in Paris; spoke five languages and had those little mannerisms that are always to be marked in charming persons. She turned out her thumbs with a queer twist and she had a way of pouting her lips when she undertook to speak a foreign tongue.

In contrast to Prince Valdimir, she was charmed with the casino. The gambling virus was in her blood. The Prince sternly refused to permit her to go into the casino, but she was wholly carried away by the allurement of Monte Carlo, and she was not to be turned aside from the hazards of chance merely because her father would not permit her to approach the tables.

How she got around the difficulty is one of the features of this story.

I would give the reader an improper impression if I allowed him to believe that Prince Lykoff was of a distant or repellent personality. He was, in fact, one of the most interesting persons to be found on the terrace of the Hotel de Paris. His information was large and accurate and he seemed to be equipped with an enormous experience of life; his conversations were not to be equaled by anybody. But he preferred a young and careless audience. He rarely gave any attention to persons of a certain age.

It was youth and its irresponsibilities that appealed to him.

For this reason, and because of the charm of the Princess Nina, there was always a crowd of young men about this extraordinary person. The Prince maintained a sort of salon, a tea, on the terrace of the Hotel de Paris. He took a certain pride in inviting idling young men to his charming circle, and he was always pleased to receive a new acquaintance.

His conversation was delightfully varied.

But with every new acquaintance it always came sooner or later to a discourse on the gaming tables. He said that Monte Carlo was a very good conception of a fairy hell — it was beautiful and poisonous! He said the casino was the most immoral place in the world.

It was not for the reasons set out commonly in the indictment against it — that it encouraged a hope of reward without labor, and that the lure of it led to every form of vice — that the Prince considered Monte Carlo the most immoral place in the world. He said that the prime objection to this great gambling center was that the example of it negatived the postulate of a system of order in events.

The greatest minds that the human race had ever produced had undertaken to establish the fact that everything in the universe was the manifestation of a certain order. These leading authorities had finally convinced everybody that all events moved according to an established order; that the only problem was to discover the laws governing this order.

This discourse of the Prince seemed sometimes difficult to understand until one thought about it; then one presently realized that all human knowledge was in fact based on the primal idea that everything in the universe moved according to certain established laws and it was the business of the human mind to find out what these laws were.

The Prince put this idea more clearly than I am able to do.

One saw as he spoke, that all human knowledge would be, in fact, toppled over if it could be shown that this basic conception of order in the universe was a mere fancy; something the philosophers had assumed.

The Prince said that the gaming tables in the casino struck him with a certain horror because they demonstrated that there was no such thing as order in the vicissitudes of fortune, and, by analogy, that there was no such thing as order anywhere in the universe. He pointed out, that one saw every day the tables crowded with people who were endeavoring by accurate observation, to establish the laws of chance.

Every variety of human intelligence had been at work at Monte Carlo for half a lifetime to discover some system in the hazards of chance.

Everybody believed that the turn of the card or the spin of the ball followed some established laws like everything else in the universe, but not a single person out of the multitude who had studied the subject had ever obtained the slightest evidence to establish this theory. On the contrary, the whole casino was a conclusive illustration of the fact that our impression of established laws in the universe, outside of the human mind, was a mere fancy!

We were all impressed by this discourse and we were impressed that the Prince's horror of the gambling tables was deep seated and not to be affected by any argument. For this reason we were perhaps the more willing to lend ourselves to the little evasions of the Princess Nina.

She was fascinated with roulette and was always trying her fortune at it.

She was not permitted to go into the casino, but any one of the half-dozen young fellows about the Hotel de Paris was quite willing to play for her. She always had money and there was hardly a day when somebody did not play for the Princess in the casino. Sometimes the sums were large, at other times there would be only a few hundred francs; for a day or two it would be the desultory wagering of gold pieces, then she would make a drive at fortune with very considerable sums for a week at a time.

She never had any complicated system.

She always played an even wager with the tables on the black. The result was that she never seemed to get anywhere with her adventures; the result broke about even. On the whole the per cent. of chance was with the casino; she lost a little. But it was a very little. It was extraordinary how she usually came out about even at the end of the season.

One summer we failed to find the Prince and his daughter in their accustomed quarters at the Hotel de Paris.

We inquired about them.

For reply we got evasive shrugs of the shoulder. Monte Carlo is a close-mouthed place; one has a good deal of trouble to discover anything. Finally, however, we got to the bottom of the mystery.

The Prince Lykoff and his charming daughter were, in fact, two of the cleverest crooks in Europe.

The old man was what is known in criminal circles as a "fence;" that is to say, one who disposes of stolen goods. It was the trade of himself and his daughter to dispose of stolen French money. There is always danger in large bank robberies, and the like, that the money may be traced either by knowledge of its issue or by secret marks of identification.

Criminals are well organized in France.

Wherever there was a robbery involving bank notes or coins which might be traced, this money was sent to the Prince at Monte Carlo. It was his plan to get this money exchanged at the gaming tables for other money that could not be traced. It would not do for any one person to undertake to play very much money of this character; consequently it was the daughter's part of the business to get innocent persons to play it.

The antipathy of the Prince to gambling and the devices of the daughter in order to circumvent her prohibition of the tables was all a clever ruse to get the money played by persons who would not be suspected. It is amazing to realize how long the Prince and his daughter were successful at this enterprise. The very success of it was made possible by the fact that into Monte Carlo any sort of person may drift and no eccentricity is questioned.

I ought to add that the pair of "black-birds" were not Russian at all. The "Prince" was a Croatian and the "Princess" a variety actress from East Prussia.

But one is not required to go to the archives of the College of Criminology in Vienna, or the records of the Police Department in Paris for examples of fraud as a fine art. The records of the United States District Court for a Western State disclose an instance which hardly anyone would believe if he did not find it under the authority of a judicial tribunal.

It varies in one of its vital features from the usual schemes of this character.

It is a feature that would escape the attention of the average person; in fact, the clever authors of the fraud described by the United States District Court, worked out a hard place in the usual criminal game dealing with like elements. It is interesting to observe how cleverly the thing was managed and how efficient an old device may become by the mere introduction of a new and unexpected element.

One evening two Scotchmen stopped off in Salt Lake City on their way to California. They had ten thousand dollars in money with which they intended to purchase an orange ranch.

They went out of the hotel after dinner to look at the city.

As they wandered about they finally came across another person who also seemed to be a stranger. This person who looked like the average tourist asked them if they could direct him to a certain address. They explained that they, too, were strangers and could not be of any service to him.

However, he had some general directions which the three of them were able to understand, and, as they were all at leisure, they undertook to find the address which seemed to be near to the point at which they had inadvertently met; in fact, it was apparently some number on the opposite side of the street. They discussed the address and finally the three of them went across the street to see if they were correct in their idea that odd numbers ran in a certain direction on that side.

They had a little difficulty but finally located the house.

The stranger then explained that this was the residence of his brother who was a mining engineer and that he wished to go in to see him. He said that his brother was an authority and that if the two strangers had no other engagements they might be interested to learn about the mineral development of the country. He would be very glad to have them come in with him.

They were at leisure and they went in.

The house seemed to be the home of a well-to-do bachelor. In the library they found the engineer. He was a well dressed, intelligent person. There was a visitor with him, a man whom he introduced as a mine owner. The two men were playing poker on the library table; the game seemed to be one of considerable values.

After introductions the engineer and his friend went on with the poker game. They courteously asked their visitors if they wished to take a hand. The two Scotchmen declined; but the engineer's brother, who had come with them into the house, said he would sit in the game if they were willing to allow a third man to enter. The engineer and his visitor were very polite about it. The brother entered the game, and the two Scotchmen sat down at the table as onlookers.

It was a very interesting game to the two strangers.

They knew something about poker, as amateurs would, but nothing about its more subtle features. They were very much entertained. When he was at leisure the engineer told them all about the mines of that region, the interesting history of fortune and the strange exigencies of chance in the location of mines. The game also developed into a contest over considerable sums of money.

There is a saying in the gambling house that no limit is too high to the outsider.

The Scotchmen began to see what they had read about in American stories; large sums of money hanging on the turn of a card.

As the game progressed the engineer's brother began to complain that he was suffering from a severe headache; he finally said that he would go out to the drug-store, on the corner, and get a headache powder, and he asked one of the Scotchmen to play his hand in the game. The Scotchman replied that he did not understand the game well enough to play it and besides he never played at any game in which he might win or lose money. The engineer's brother explained that the Scotchman quite misunderstood him, that he wished him merely to play the hand for him; that the loss would be his or the gain his; the Scotchman, in

Immediately two policemen entered and everybody sprang up in astonishment

fact, was taking no part in it except to represent the engineer's brother.

The Scotchman was a canny person and declined to take the hand until it was plainly understood that he, personally, was taking no hazard and that he could not be held for any loss.

When this was all made clear to everybody he sat down in the chair and the engineer's brother went out for the headache powder. The Scotchman had fair luck; he won for the principal whom he represented, and presently the engineer's brother came back. But he did not at once take the seat in the game. The cards had just been dealt and he asked the Scotchman to play them before he gave up the place at the table.

Now it is proper to observe that here was an adventure that might have occurred to anybody; so far there was no dangerous or questionable element in it. The Scotchmen had not been induced to stake their money in a card game. It would have been impossible to induce two men of that character to play cards for money with strangers, nor could they have been inveigled into any one of the usual card sharp games. It is true that one of the Scotchmen was in fact in the game but he was in it as a mere courtesy, with no money of his own in the affair and with no danger of a pecuniary loss to himself.

It was at this point that the unusual thing happened.

There was a heavy knocking on the door and immediately two policemen entered. Everybody sprang up in astonishment. The police said they had evidence that it was a gambling house and they had determined to raid it. They put everybody under arrest; took charge of the money on the table and began to search the prisoners. The two Scotchmen explained how they came to be in the house.

They told the truth about it and the police believed them.

The officers took their hotel address and told them that they would permit them to leave the house provided they came to the police station promptly at nine o'clock. They searched them, took their papers and money, for which they gave them a receipt, and allowed them to go out. The other persons in the house they proceeded to put under arrest and handcuff.

The two Scotchmen returned to their hotel, waited until nine o'clock and then went to the police station. There they found the police magistrate but not the policemen who had raided the gambling house. These, with their confederates, the puzzled stranger, the noted mining engineer and the poker-playing visitor had disappeared like Noah's raven!

One morning Mrs. X. of Richmond, got a letter from the Federal Prison at Atlanta.

It was an extraordinary letter, badly spelled, without punctuation and involved. The letter explained that the writer was a life prisoner at Atlanta; an old man; that he had no hope of ever getting out of penal servitude, and that he felt that his life was drawing to a close. He said that he had learned that she was the daughter of General Z, who was killed in the Civil War; that he had been in the General's command, and that there was a thing in connection with her father that she ought to know.

He then went on to say that he had been the General's orderly; that shortly before the General was killed he had gone with him to a house which he believed to be the residence of the family at that time. He described the place, giving certain characteristics of the house and its setting which convinced Mrs. X that it was in fact the residence of her father at the time.

She remembered the condition of the place shortly before her father's death and she was able to verify what the convict said.

The letter went on to say that when the General and the writer arrived at the place, they spent the night there.

The next day the General sent away all the negro servants. He then took up the bricks in the hearth. Under these bricks was concealed a quantity of silver plate and some coin in a tin box. This was the only place in the house from which the writer had seen the officer take up any hidden valuables, but from other places about the house, which he did not see, the General brought into the room a considerable quantity of coin.

He also brought in a pair of saddle pockets that he had carried to the house with him.

The junk dealer looked at her, seemed to reflect, and finally said he did not want to sell the trunk

These saddle pockets contained a quantity of gold coin in cotton bags. The writer seemed to have no very accurate idea of the amount of this treasure but he said that it all filled a good-sized wooden box, which, when it was nailed up, was about as much as the two of them could carry out of the house. He said that the two of them carried it some distance from the house and buried it in the open field.

There were a number of trees in the field, some oak trees and a poplar tree.

He said that he dug a hole about four feet deep, put the box in and covered it up and that while he was engaged with this labor General Z stepped off the direction of the box toward several of these trees and made a diagram on a sheet of foolscap paper. He also made an inventory of what was in the box; this covered several sheets of foolscap paper. General Z pinned these papers together, folded them up and put them into his pocket.

The writer said that he observed this very carefully.

The papers were folded so they made a sort of long packet like a land deed. He was perfectly certain about this as Mrs. X would presently see.

They took a good deal of care about burying the box. He fitted the sod back into place and carried away every particle of earth not put back into the hole. Extraordinary precautions were observed. They had put a bed-quilt down upon the ground before they began to dig the hole and had heaped the earth out of the hole on the quilt, after having first carefully cut the sod and removed it; they were, thereby, able to replace the sod and to carry away every particle of the new earth from the place.

The writer said that no one would have known, when they finished, that the ground had been disturbed at this place.

There was no mark about the place or within several hundred yards of it except these distant trees. It was with the line of these trees that General Z laid out the distances and drew the diagram locating the point at which the box was buried. He had gone back that evening with the General to his command and a few days later the officer was killed under circumstances well known to Mrs. X.

The writer went on to say that he was beside the General when he was shot and that when he found that the man was dead, before any other person arrived, he took the folded sheets of foolscap out of the officer's pocket and put them into the bosom of his blouse. The convict said, in his letter, that at that moment he had not determined what he intended to do; his first impulse was to get possession of the paper before anyone else should see it.

The old convict wrote, in his cramped hand, several badly spelled pages on this feature of the matter. The letter seemed to indicate a long period of moral indecision. The man went through the war. He kept the paper. When the war was ended he seemed still undetermined; he neither went to the place to endeavor to secure what was buried, nor did he tell anyone of his possession of the paper. He said in his letter that the General had considered him trustworthy and that he had always been honest.

Afterward when he had killed a man and been sentenced to the Federal Prison for life, he had put this paper into a trunk that belonged to him. He said that it was an old horse-hair trunk, lined with canvas; that he had taken up the lining and put the paper between the lining and the bottom of the trunk.

He had been permitted to take this trunk, with his personal effects, to the prison at Atlanta.

He said that the prison authorities had promised to keep the trunk for him but that recently, he had learned it had been sold to a junk dealer. He gave the junk dealer's name and the street on which he had a shop in Atlanta. He asked Mrs. X to go at once to Atlanta and get the trunk. She would find the paper with the diagram and the inventory under the lining in the bottom of it.

The writer said that the only thing he asked in return was that Mrs. X would say nothing about the matter. He seemed to think that his reputation for honesty would be injured if the fact came out that he had concealed this paper for so many years instead of turning it over to her It was one of those strange notions sometimes held by the lowest order of criminals; the notion that the crime for which they were suffering punishment was not an infamy but that some other form of crime would be. This man sentenced to life imprisonment for murder was concerned that the world should not believe him a thief.

It was natural for Mrs. X to be excited over this letter. So far as she was able to determine it was perfectly authentic. The descriptions given of the place were correct and all the details about her father's death were accurate. She did precisely what anybody else would have done. She got on the train and went to Atlanta; there she took a carriage and hunted up the address given in the convict's letter.

She found a queer person in a shanty in the negro quarters of the city.

He was a foreigner of some sort, very dirty and very shrewd, with a wagon load of old junk about him. Among this junk she at once marked the horsehair trunk that the convict had mentioned in his letter.

She asked the junk dealer what he would take for the trunk.

He seemed amazed at seeing a woman of her evident station in life coming to inquire about such an article, and he asked her what she would give him. Mrs. X very indiscreetly mentioned a sum several times in excess of what the trunk was evidently worth. The junk dealer looked at her, seemed to reflect and finally said he did not want to sell the trunk.

She offered him a larger sum and he refused.

He said that as the trunk seemed to be worth so much to her it must be worth a good deal to him. Mrs. X asked him to let her look at the trunk. He opened it and when his attention was directed to something else she felt over the bottom. It was lined, as the convict had said, and she could feel the packet of papers under the canvas. This convinced her and she finally bought the trunk for three hundred dollars. She put it in the carriage and took it to the hotel; there she ripped up the lining.

Under the lining there was a folded newspaper!

The whole elaborate business was merely a clever scheme of some crooks to get a few hundred dollars.

The writer has been interested in the history of this criminal device. He has discovered that it has been handed down in criminal organizations for a long period of years. It was a trick of the criminals in the French prisons in the time of M. Vidocq.

The scheme, there, was for the prisoner to write to the descendant of some noble family saying that he had been a servant of the ancestor in exile and that a treasure of the royalists had been hidden. Then the trick took on a number of variations. Sometimes the writer asked the person to use his influence to get the convict out of prison so he could take him to the place; at other times the victims were asked to secretly purchase a little cottage or tract of land where the treasure was hidden.

The Bunk About Bad Luck

As told to James Hay, Jr.

Illustrations by C. B. Falls

EVERY time I hear a man talking about his "bad luck"—regarding his business, his health or his family affairs—I want to get up and say things, explain, make a speech. There is no such thing as "bad luck." And yet, the bunk talk about it and the belief in it have caused more individual money losses, more bad health and more unhappiness than all the tornadoes, earthquakes, fires and floods ever recorded. This is true because a "luck" man is one who has decided that his life is being shaped by influences beyond his control instead of through his own energies and endeavors.

"Bad luck" is a life weakly lived. "Good luck" is a life strongly lived.

I ought to know. For thirty-seven years I was the uncrowned king of the believers in "bad luck." I led the vanguard of those who went by "signs." And during those thirty-seven years I failed in everything I undertook, burnt up a lot of unnecessary energy, hurt my health and, of course, became gloomy and dispirited.

Since I was an "unlucky fellow" I gravitated naturally toward the other unlucky fellows

Also, since I was an "unlucky fellow," I gravitated naturally toward the other unlucky fellows. I met, knew and sympathized with all of them—those who, "for luck," carried in their pockets coins that bore their birth dates; who wore little ivory images of elephants on their watch-chains; who thought that, if they slept in a hotel room numbered "13," the building would go up in flames; who refused to start any undertaking on Friday; or who engaged in more or less elaborate ceremonials to "take the curse off" if they thought something unfavorable was about to strike them.

Looking back on it now, I am amazed at the multitude of men who were characterized by this "bad luck" obsession. They were confined to no particular class or station in life. Some of them were prominent business men, some professional men, and some clerks and salesmen. And every one of them let the bad-luck bogey exact from him a terrific toll in money, decisiveness and time. It decreased, in more or less degree, the working efficiency of each of them.

There are just two kinds of men who say, "I was lucky that time!" One is exemplified by the fellow who really believes in "luck" and comes to the mistaken conclusion that, in this particular venture, his "good fairy" helped him out. The other is the man whose modesty leads him to credit, in the hearing of others, his achievements to outside influences rather than to his own innate ability—an ability of which he is supremely conscious nevertheless.

There is only one kind of man who, having failed in anything, says, "I always am unlucky anyway."

That man is a welcher, a quitter.

This sounds severe. But it is not too severe. Let us face it squarely: The man who blames his failing career, his lack of success, his poverty, on bad luck is merely making an excuse, building up an alibi.

I can say this with equanimity now, because for the last three years—the only three years of my life that I have been free of the bad-luck bunk—I have been eminently successful. While I was ridden by bad luck, I failed in two professions and one salaried job, was always in debt and put upon my wife burdens too hard for any woman to bear.

Since I have recognized the pusillanimity of the gospel of bad luck, I have never lost sight of how utterly impossible it is for a man to realize his best self and his greatest abilities while he is thus held back and chained down.

I do not mean to say that a man may not suffer a great reverse, or even several reverses, through circumstances over which he has no control. Neither do I contend that sometimes there is not a happy combination of circumstances which enriches this man or that man unexpectedly and suddenly.

What I do contend is that the man who, having suffered a reverse, believes himself the "victim of bad luck," crawls then and there into the home of inefficiency and proclaims his cowardice by saying he is unable to withstand the blows and rough deals in the game of life. I also contend that, if the man who has enjoyed an unexpected combination of good circumstances sits back and says his luck will carry him through, he is doomed to ultimate failure as surely as the bad-luck disciple.

To prove all this, follow now the brief narrative of what happened to me while I was "unlucky," of how I became "lucky" and how I have kept myself "lucky."

I am now forty years old. I started out in life with the firm conviction that I was unlucky. I made the acquaintance of bad luck when I was a boy.

The last year I was in high school I lost the debater's medal when the judges awarded it to one of my competitors by the vote of four in his favor, three in mine. At my university I graduated in medicine only after I had been given two "special" examinations, one in anatomy, the other in materia medica. Those events were typical of my school life. There was always something happening! I was always having to do something over again. Nothing I did seemed to be sharp and clean-cut.

Moreover, I was not fortunate physically. Half the time I was worried or laid up by an ailment. I was plagued by headaches. I caught cold too easily. My digestive apparatus got out of order again and again. I was far too nervous for a young man.

It was in this condition that I opened my office in a northern city for the general practise of medicine. I was not thrown at once entirely on my own resources. My father, realizing that it takes time to build up a practise, stood behind me whenever I was threatened by actual want. During my first two years, I called on him frequently.

My third year brought me enough to live on—in a way. I had "settled" in a growing part of the town, and the new-comers took as naturally to a new doctor as they would have to one of the old-timers. They did, at first. But in my fourth year they did not. During that twelve months I took in $400 less than I had in the third year, and the paternal purse had to be tapped again.

I had no luck with the cases that did come to me. A baby died under particularly distressing circumstances. On one occasion I was called to the residence of a man who was suffering intensely from a pain in his left knee. I diagnosed it as chronic inflammation and, when my treatment produced no beneficial results, I resorted to morphine to relieve his suffering. The family finally insisted on having a surgeon called in consultation. He discovered at once an abscess on the bone, operated, and had the man on the street in a short time.

Three days later I found in a medical book such an exact description of that man's condition that, if I had read it before being called to him, I would have recognized it on the spot. There it was again! No luck—nothing but bad luck!

The wealthiest family I had on my list deserted me when one night, although they attempted to call me by telephone again and again, they could get no response from me. That was nothing but my bad luck! I was in my apartment, the telephone was in my room, and I had slept through all the racket. Of course, however, the explanation did not hold water. That family did not care to rely on a physician who could not hear his own telephone.

These cases are just illustrations. By the middle of my fifth year of practise, when I was twenty-eight years old, I had practically no patients at all. Those I had were transients, men and women who drifted into the office for minor troubles, drifted out and, for some reason I could not explain, did not drift back. The suburb had grown enormously, was still growing; and my business, in spite of prosperity all around me, had dwindled to nothing.

I had good manners. I was always more than anxious to please. My rates were not high. I kept my reception room and consulting room attractive-looking. There was, apparently, no reason for my failure. Yes; there was one—my bad luck. I had taken up practise with the knowledge that I was unlucky, that anything might happen to me to make things hard, that this had always been the case.

Looking back on it during that tragic fifth year, I realized that what had come to me was what I had half expected. And I had been pursued by misfortune. The baby's death, which had been talked about and advertised in an unpleasant manner, the abscess on the man's knee and my incorrect diagnosis of his trouble, my failure to answer my telephone—those and a hundred other similar things proved conclusively to my mind that I had not gotten the "good breaks" in the game.

What was the use of a physician who was so unlucky trying to make good? Mine was a profession in which "luck" played a great part. If that luck was against me, I was beaten in advance, no matter what I might do!

By this time, I had met a great many other unlucky men and had talked to them about the inequalities of life, the good things that came to some, the bad things that came invariably to others. I never openly admitted my belief in bad luck. Neither did they in so many words. Our conversation was always in general terms, touching on "misfortune," "hard luck," lack of opportunity, bad health, discomfort, the struggle to maintain bare existence.

But the more I talked and thought about bad luck, particularly my own bad luck, the more the thing crept into my daily life, became a part of me, drove me to foolish things, threw me into the most absurd observances. If I ever stumbled on coming out of my apartment, I went back and made a fresh start—"to get off on the right foot"! I would not have walked under a ladder for a farm. Whenever I made a statement about what I expected to do, I tapped on wood. I would never stop reading a book at a page the number of which contained "13." By the same token I would never charge anybody thirteen dollars!

What I want to emphasize is that the nonsense about bad luck took up a lot of my time, detracted from my powers of thinking, ate into my daily routine, made me as superstitious as if I had lived in the Dark Ages. I remember now that the other "unlucky" people were reduced to the same mental degradation.

I had subscribed to the [*Continued on page 37*]

"Aren't you going to say a word to me, Lynnie?" he pleaded

Painting by C. E. Chambers

Wild Apples

The Big Anonymous Novel by the author of "The Straight Road"

Chapter XIII — Behind Locked Doors

JULIAN looked back on the week he had been at home, and could make nothing of it. He had quarreled intermittently with his mother over the possession of that laudanum bottle. He didn't care anything about the stuff; he thought she knew that he didn't; yet that was what they seemed to be quarreling about.

He had tried to get ready for work with Calkins: numb — his mind was numb — he couldn't command its attention at all. The sense of pressure in the air, that everyone said was the rains coming, seemed part of it.

That first night at the dinner table his father had spoken again about his work with the fire fighters, and his mother answered as though the whole matter was a disgrace.

Today Thatch Dye had been at the house since early after luncheon. He came to bring the Go-devil back with its bearing repaired, and seemed to be staying as a visitor. Mrs. McCulloch breakfasted always in bed; today she had taken her luncheon upstairs, too. Now she came into the music-room where the two young fellows sat, looked at them and just said, "Oh!"

Julian knew that she believed he was keeping Thatch there with him to stave her off. No doubt she was afraid Thatch expected an invitation to dinner, and that he, Julian, would give such an invitation, or the unwelcome visitor might stay without being asked. Thatch used to stay "to meals," as he called it, when he had come up from the ranch, before he was chauffeur for the McCullochs. An hour ago he had proposed an adjournment to the garage; they had gone and tinkered around there and talked autos — and there Thatch's real errand had come out. He wanted to know what Julian thought of his asking Stephen McCulloch to lend him the money he needed. Julian dragged his mind from his own troubles to consider the question. He even promised Thatch that he would speak to his father about it. Still the unwelcome visitor did not leave, but instead followed him back into the music-room. Julian might have thought he had something else on his mind, if he had given the matter much attention.

Every possible subject of conversation seemed exhausted. As Julian sat staring into the fire, brooding, he knew that Thatch watched him uneasily. Miamotu brought in a basket of roses and set it on the stand. The heat of the room brought out their odor. It made Julian vaguely unhappy. After a while his mother came and scolded that the flowers were not in water.

"I wish you'd told me," she said. "You know better — if Motu doesn't. I've got a bit of a headache."

Thatcher Dye, conscious of being in the way, moved awkwardly in his chair and offered, "I guess we'll all feel better after the rain comes."

"I suppose so," Julian answered absently, as his mother made no reply. "Could I help you?" he asked her.

"No, thank you," glancing impatiently at the lingerer by the fire. Thatch returned her look, plainly

paralyzed with the knowledge that she found him in her way; that inability to make a decent exit on such a basis. He got up, went to the window and stood there. He spoke over his shoulder.

"Rain's comin'— good and plenty."

"I'm afraid you'll be caught in it," Mrs. McCulloch said coldly.

"Oh, I have my slicker," awkwardly. "Heh — look at my landlady that used to was, down there hustling to get her washing in before the rain!"

Julian shivered a little and drew closer to the fire.

"Somebody's coming over from the Willis place to help her," Thatcher made talk. "Why — ain't that Lynnie?"

Silence. The noises of the coming storm outside.

"I guess it's not Lynnie," Julian said finally with difficulty. "I don't think she's got back yet."

"Sure it is — and she's not helping get in the wash, neither. She's started up the hill. Watch her scoot!"

Julian took three long strides to the window.

"Where?" he asked. "Where is she?"

In the chill, gray light everything to his eye stood out with unnatural clearness. The trees were beginning to moan a little and swing. The slant of the steep, unpaved street that led up from the dip where the Willises lived made a skyline, and along it blown by the first gusts of the storm, like a little lost thing driven through the twilight, went a girl's figure. Julian stood there grasping the curtain and staring out at her so that he hardly heard what his mother and Thatcher Dye were saying. First the young fellow looking at Lynnie:

"Gee, she's in a hurry — bareheaded, too. She'd better look out — the rain'll catch her."

Then Mrs. McCulloch's even, cool tones:

"Well, I certainly think the rain will catch you, Thatcher, unless you start at once."

Lynnie went out of sight over the hill. It seemed to Julian his very soul followed her. Back of him there Thatch wheeled angrily. Dimly Julian heard him saying:

"Oh, I getcha at last, Mrs. McCulloch. Been worryin' you all afternoon, ain't it? Well, y' might 've said so sooner. A hint's as good as a kick to a blind mule. I guess I'm the blind mule. Good-by, Jule."

Julian never looked around. He was staring where that little figure had disappeared. Thatch tramped across and out of the room, down the little half flight of stairs that took him into the side entry; Julian heard him bumping around there, getting his things.

"My goodness, what a relief!" Mrs. McCulloch said. "I thought he never would go. Julian — I want to be done with this matter. Fetch me that bottle from upstairs — at once. I don't intend to — "

"Wait a minute," Julian interrupted her — an unheard-of thing that made her draw herself up and look at him reprovingly. He paid no attention. He groped vaguely at the idea of getting word to Lynnie. "Wait till I speak to Thatch, mother."

"Speak to Thatch! I suppose you think I've hurt his feelings. I hope I have — at last. People of his sort are very hard to reach. What in the world were you and he talking about all afternoon? I can't have you making a friend of a person like that — practically one of the servants."

For a moment Julian just stood there, hearing all that she said, but making no sense of it. The first clear thought that came up on the tide of confusion was, if she said this of Thatch what would she say if she knew anything about Lynnie?

"I'm going —" he began abruptly, but his mother stopped him with a gesture. She was staring past him to the side window that commanded the wide iron gate and the winding brick drive. When she spoke her tone had fallen to the odd, drained aloofness that through all these years she had held toward her husband's affairs.

"There's your father. Do you know the man with him?"

Julian turned to look. He swallowed before he spoke.

"I — I think that's Willis."

Mrs. McCulloch seemed momentarily to forget the bottle of laudanum, the offensive Thatcher Dye, Julian's determination to follow and speak to him. The strangeness of her husband's return to the house at this hour was increased by the company he brought with him — a man in overalls, a man with curly light hair beginning to be a little gray, its rings lying sweetly around the small forehead. He was shorter than Stephen McCulloch, and he leaned forward a little as he walked, talking fast, seeming to try to aim his remarks up into McCulloch's face. Suddenly his mother looked around at Julian. She put a quick hand on his arm, demanding:

"What is it?"

"Nothing. I don't know."

They could hear heavy steps go around the house, the opening of the side door, men's tones, low, excited, in the entry down there, then Stephen McCulloch's voice raised to a sort of bellow roared out suddenly:

"Jule! Jule! Come here."

Without so much as seeing her, he brushed past his mother and stepped into the doorway trembling a little. The shadow of the coming storm made twilight down there. He could see his father and Willis; past them in the back entry where Thatch stood motionless, one arm half in the slicker he was hunching into, a gleam of light caught on the pool that had dripped from the garment. As he halted there his father's call came again, rasping, peremptory:

"Jule!" and after it Willis's lighter, half-scared utterance:

"There he is. Now, McCulloch, your boy's got to — "

The concluding words were drowned in a sudden clamor. The small, well-like side entry, lit only by its clerestory windows, had so far got little of the storm without; now a blast of wind suddenly burst open the side entrance and rushed through all the passages and rooms, slamming doors, catching up loose draperies, while the trees outside threshed their tops over and whistled and swung. Julian heard the bowl of roses go to the floor with a smash. His mother ran past him on the stairs, as though starting up to close her bedroom windows.

For a moment human affairs took second place while the elements held the stage. Yet even as his father heaved his bulk against the door, pushing it shut, as Miamotu scuttled across the entry to the dining-room, as Thatcher pushed his fist through his slicker sleeve and started into the front hall, Julian was conscious of the man Willis down there glaring up at him, and above the racket he heard again that queer, half-scared, half-defiant voice:

"You — you boy — come down here! I've got something to say to you."

"Hold on a minute!" His father had got the door shut and bolted. He whirled short and looked about him. "Well, in here I guess," he jerked out as he walked quickly toward the library.

Willis was right after him. Julian went slowly down the stairs and followed. His father had stopped, barring the way, letting Willis pass him. He took hold of his son and dragged him inside, then shut and locked the door in Thatcher Dye's face. As he went in Julian's one backward glance found his mother on the landing half-way up the main stairway. Then the door was shut, his father's grip descended on his shoulder, he was whirled around and made to face the two men.

"What's the matter?" he asked finally.

There was no answer. His father's shrewd glance was going from one to the other — his son and his employee. His eyes were narrowed and a little bloodshot. Julian had never seen him look like that. He left it to Willis to speak, and finally Willis began, half plaintive, half belligerent:

"It ain't going to do you any good to pretend you don't know. The other day when you came a-past the factory and stopped to speak to me — Lord, butter wouldn't have melted in your mouth — you was too slick for anything! But Mrs. Jordan's at my house now — she's brought the girl up — and the story with her."

Julian made an inarticulate attempt at a word. It came out like a mumble or a groan. Neither man paid any attention.

"Yes," Willis went on heavily, "she had them shoes and stockings you bought for Lynn. My God! But I'd 've found it out if Jane Jordan hadn't — I'd 've found it out anyhow. I'd 've made Lynn tell if I'd had to beat her to death. I — — "

"Shut up, Willis!" His father's voice was quiet. "You talk like a fool."

"Oh, I talk like a fool — do I?" Willis's tone ran up to a sort of squeak. The rain poured, the storm raved at the windows, but inside the house was strangely silent as though everyone beyond the library door were hushed, listening.

"Yes — you talk like a fool, because you are one." McCulloch was only impatient. "Get down to cases, can't you?"

Willis began to show rather pitiful, his face oddly streaked with color, his eyes wild. It flashed on Julian, Lynnie's, "Father drinks, sometimes, when he's worried."

"Well!" he cried, and the drink he had plainly taken to brace his nerves for the occasion showed in his tones too, "I'm a man that's got a family. I came up here today to — — "

"You didn't come to do a lot of talking," McCulloch cut him off. "There's the boy. If he doesn't deny it — I'll do what I said I would."

Julian didn't ask what "it" was. Neither did he inquire what his father had agreed to do supposing "it" to prove true. He stood looking from one to the other, moistening his lips, dragging hard at the very roots of speech — and unable to get out a word. He could see, much more plainly than he saw the two men before him in the library here, that small, wind-swept figure driven before the storm. Lynnie! When Jane Jordan came up from "Restlands" with her — and the story — what had they done to Lynnie? What was he now expected to say?

It seemed a long time that they stood so. His father's policy was evidently to let the others do the talking. Julian saw that Willis was full up with things he might have enjoyed saying, yet could hardly get out in the very midst of the rich man's mansion. He looked around at the bookcases, the handsome, heavy furniture, glanced fleetingly at McCulloch and Julian.

"What is it you want me to do, Mr. Willis?" Julian spoke for the first time since he came into the room. His father wheeled on him glaring. Even Willis seemed not overpleased at the chance to deal direct. "What is it?" Julian repeated.

"You could marry her." It came out halting, fearful, and Willis added half-heartedly, "You could — — "

"I would marry her."

The depth and resonance of the words were startling. McCulloch had never taken his eyes from Julian's face.

"You stay out of this, Jule!" he roared. Willis seemed more scared than pleased at what he had stirred up.

"I would marry Lynnie," Julian reiterated, a little louder. "I will marry her."

"I — I guess that settles it," Willis looked around him vaguely.

"Settles it?" McCulloch's head had dropped a bit between his shoulders. He rolled it, looking from one to the other with those small bloodshot eyes. He seemed to stand more lightly on his feet. "Think you'll work a shot-gun marriage on this poor boob and get a chance at my money, heh, Willis? Forget it. You'll never make it in this world. I'll pitch him out neck and crop if he marries a girl like that."

Willis cowered before the big man's fury. He looked on the floor and shuffled his feet. Then, seemingly in desperation, he raised his head and met that intimidating eye.

"Well?" he gulped; and then again, "Well? Who's got the say-so — about this boy — anyhow?"

"What?" McCulloch's glance dared him to go further. And though Willis shook all over, he went on:

"From what I hear — Gosh [*Continued on page 52*]

"Mary o' the Moor"

by

Daniel M. Henderson

MARY LANG — the laughing one? Soldier, you'll not find her
If you linger at her gate or tap upon her door;
She is roving, roving, roving, though our hearts would bind her —
Ask the shepherds for the way to "Mary o' the Moor."

So you're Duncan, her betrothed! You're ghostly in the gloaming!
Angus thought he left you dead upon a trench's floor!
'Twas his news that broke her heart and set her feet to roaming —
Cleave the mists and climb the rocks to "Mary o' the Moor!"

Aye, no doubt you can explain — such things befall in battle!
Go and tell her why the post no letters from you bore!
Go and bring her back again from wandering with the cattle —
'Bring us gleeful Mary Lang, not "Mary o' the Moor!"

Shall We Have Prohibition?

Common Sense and Fair Play Must Be Guiding Factors

by Cleveland Moffett

Decoration by Guernsey Moore

IN my bohemian period about twenty years ago, I knew many heavy drinkers and, on going over their names recently, with a friend, we found that out of twenty-five whom we recalled (several of them men of promise), no less than twenty-one are in their graves—most of them under fifty!

I know a New York doctor connected with a great hospital who has had much experience with heavy drinkers and has studied or attended many men, who for years have consumed as much as a quart of alcohol a day. He knew one such case where the man lived to be sixty-five years old, but here, as in the other cases, he is positive that heavy drinking has caused a notable shortening of life.

"I should say that heavy drinkers take at least eight or ten years off their lives by this indulgence," he assured me.

If anyone doubts that a small quantity of alcohol can dull the brain let him try the military aviation test, (standing on one foot with the eyes closed) first when his head is perfectly clear and then after he has taken a single cocktail or even a single glass of beer. The difference in balancing power will be noticeable and, while it is true that many men entirely sober are unable to hold this unstable pose for the requisite two minutes, yet they certainly will hold it longer sober than when they have been drinking. I tried this experiment one night on a group of convivial New Yorkers with amusing results.

How strangely compelling is this alcohol habit!

I have a friend, a man of fifty, kind, intelligent, fairly industrious, who is not happy unless he spends his evenings in one particular corner of a bohemian café, where he drinks a mellowing amount of Irish whisky and then a little more. One particular brand of Irish whisky! For twenty years he has done this, leaving his comfortable home and family at about ten o'clock, riding several miles in the elevated to reach this café, sitting there for a couple of hours over his whisky and then riding home again at one in the morning with brain pleasantly befuddled.

"What a lot of time you have wasted at the drinking game," I said to him once.

"A man must get some pleasure out of life," he answered.

"Don't you realize that whisky has injured your health?"

"Sure it has."

"Shortened your life?"

"No doubt of it. I'm about through now."

Then he made a surprising statement in reply to my question whether, if he had his life to live over again, he would cut out whisky.

"No, sir. I would live the same way. I would drink just as much. I have not made a success of my life. I'm not rich, but I've had a million times more fun *with* the whisky than I could possibly have had without it."

Almost defiantly he said this and wanted to believe it, but, in his heart he knew it was not true. A man does not talk of killing himself (as he has more than once) who considers his life very desirable.

I know a talented and entertaining drunkard (but for this vice he would be a distinguished artist) who made himself so objectionable through alcoholic excesses in a certain New York night restaurant that the proprietor finally instructed the waiters to serve him only soft drinks. In vain the man protested, in vain he tried to bribe attendants with large tips; the order was absolute and he found himself forced either to spend abstemious evenings in his favorite resort or to seek a different recreation ground, which he could not bring himself to do.

So he announced his submission and began to order harmless mineral waters. A bottle of White Rock! A bottle of Vichy Celestin! The management was delighted. His friends were amazed.

Then a singular thing happened. It was observed that this artist, after an exemplary period, began to get drunk as before, in his familiar corner, although he entered the restaurant perfectly sober and ordered nothing but mineral waters. How was this possible?

"Look at him!" exclaimed the proprietor in despair one evening to another customer. "He's as drunk as a boiled owl and yet he has had nothing but Vichy Celestin. I wish you would see what's up."

The customer, puzzled himself, went over and joined in conversation with the artist who presently explained the mystery by producing from his coat pocket, with a wink, a small bottle of *pure alcohol*, from which he slyly poured a generous portion into his glass of mineral water! The color was the same but the effect was very different!

There are men so madly possessed by love of whisky that they will pour it on their food, rub it in their hair, bathe in it, sleep in it, die in it.

I have heard of drinking men, whose desire for stimulation becomes so frantic, when they are deprived of liquor, that they will drink Cologne water, furniture polish, red ink—anything with alcohol in it.

I know of a jeweler, who, regretting his drunken tendencies, finally had a shop arranged in his home so that he might have the benefit of his wife's encouragement. For a few weeks all went well; then the wife was surprised to discover that her husband was getting drunk as usual, although, as she supposed, he had no access to liquor. An investigation showed that the desperate man had finally satisfied his craving by drinking alcohol from the jeweler's lamps! He died some time later in a home for inebriates.

Anyone familiar with modern life will call to mind similar cases of men and women in whom the whisky craving is a danger to the individual and to society. Such persons care more for whisky than for any other thing. They must have it either regularly every day (a quart or so) or periodically in sprees and "souses" which leave them shattered and degraded. Neither duty nor self-interest nor the prayers of friends avail to keep them from this destructive indulgence. For whisky they give their fortunes, their talents, their lives. Why?

Why do men ruin themselves for whisky? Disgrace and destroy themselves for whisky? Why?

I recently put this question to the proprietor of New York's most famous all-night drinking place. For over forty years this man has studied the gilded Manhattan throngs; he has known the famous rounders, sports, drunkards and near-drunkards who have gaily and tempestuously fared up and down Broadway on pleasure bent, usually alcoholic pleasure.

One glance at this popular *restaurateur* showed that he had served the gods, Bacchus and Venus. Pleasant mannered, well-dressed, rich from his catering to pleasure-lovers; but his snow-white hair, his purple-red face with its ominous twitchings, told the story. Here was the type of prosperous high liver and generous drinker, whose end comes suddenly ten or fifteen years too soon. A good fellow! One of the old guard! With hardened arteries, high blood pressure and apoplectic expectations.

"Why do men drink to excess," I asked him. He answered smiling, with a quotation from Carling, last of the Irish bards:

> "Why, liquor of life, do I love you so?
> When in all our encounters you've laid me low?'

"I think it's a mental weakness," he went on, "connected with a sort of alcoholic tendency, a physical craving."

"Are these inherited?"

"I don't think so. They are partly natural to each individual, partly acquired."

"What percentage of the men who come to your place drink to excess?"

"A smaller percentage than you would imagine—not one in ten. And there is much less drinking among men today than there was twenty years ago. Whisky is going out of fashion. I think the out-of-door life that has come through golf, the automobile and the country club accounts for this change."

"Are women drinking less than twenty years ago?"

"No. What I said does not apply to American women. They are drinking more today than twenty years ago. Women take cocktails and highballs now as a matter of course and you will see women drinking with men when the men are not drinking. I mean respectable women."

"Do you think moderate drinking is harmful?"

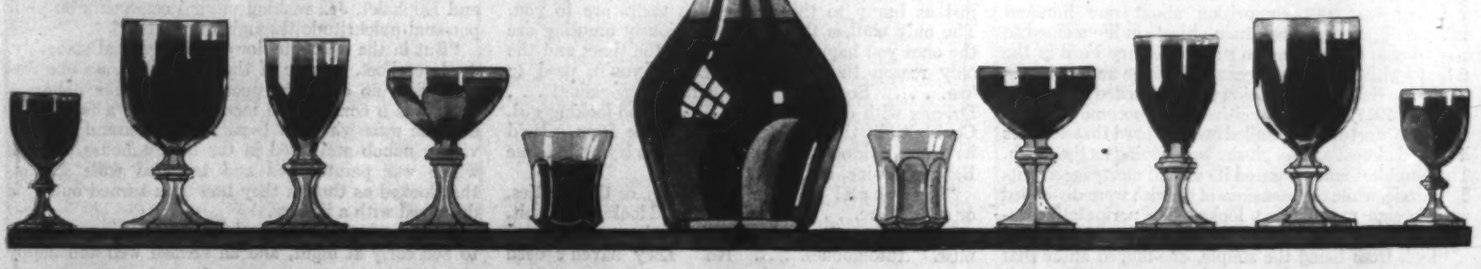
"I do not. I believe moderate drinkers live longer than total abstainers. Men who do not drink are pretty sure to have some other bad habit that is worse than drink."

This statement is quite inadequate, but I call attention to two significant points: first, that the American woman is drinking more today than she did twenty years ago. This is true; there is abundant evidence in support of it, the explanation being, I suppose, that the feminine emancipation movement, in its general conquest of things once forbidden, takes in the bad as well as the good. Thus, a few weeks ago a friend of mine went to a fashionable New York club where ladies are guests and saw a smartly dressed young woman come in and order *four cocktails in succession* while waiting for dinner!

Our *bon viveur* friend also says truthfully that whisky drinking among us is going out of fashion. Thank God for that!

One has only to question any well-informed city-dweller past middle age to find evidence of this. Twenty years ago in the newspaper business, the average reporter was a regular whisky drinker; so was the average editor, and many of these men, often the most talented, would get violently or helplessly drunk every month or two. This was regarded as a natural and inevitable part of newspaper existence and was not very seriously condemned. Now the average reporter or editor is a well-regulated, self-respecting citizen, who uses whisky in great moderation, if at all.

Similarly among railroad men, whether highly or lowly placed, there has been a noticeable decrease in whisky drinking and in drunkenness. In fact, if we observe average citizens, business men, club men, how rarely we come upon cases of drunkenness such as were common twenty years ago. This is the day of moderate drinking when, perhaps a majority of men say quite



sincerely, "I would gladly cut out whisky entirely, in favor of light wines and beers."

Even the purple bohemians, rebels against all restraint, are beginning to see light. How they raged and fumed, these alcoholic geniuses, when the war measure against all-night drinking places was announced in New York City. It was an outrage! A man might as well live in Siberia! And one fierce poet declared that he would leave America, he would renounce all allegiance to the Stars and Stripes if his sovereign right to get drunk when and where he pleased was interfered with.

Two months passed and I met this poet again, pale-faced, serious, no longer tumultuous.

"I've stopped drinking," he said.

"What? You? The joyous reveler?"

"I was full of uric acid."

"The great uncompromiser?"

"I couldn't do any work. Listen! It's a good thing. I know a dozen newspaper men who have cut out booze since Jack's place was closed after one. I hope they keep it closed."

"*L'occasion fait le larron*," says a wise French proverb. It is opportunity that makes the drunkard!

A New York state senator told me a story that illustrates this point. Some time ago he was crossing a dry state, North Dakota, in a private car well stocked with alcoholic drinks. An excise official who boarded the train was surprised when the senator offered him a cocktail.

"No!" said the official. "This is a dry state; it is against the law to have cocktails here."

"That's all right," laughed the senator; "I am on official business for the state of New York. This car is like an embassy in a foreign land, it is protected by the laws of New York State. When you sit here as my guest, you are literally in New York; therefore it is proper for you to have a cocktail."

This was preposterous reasoning, but the excise official did not know it and he finally took an old-fashioned whisky cocktail, quite a stiff one, which the senator poured out.

"It's a year since I tasted liquor," said the North Dakota man, "and I journeyed to St. Paul to get it, six hundred miles." He added that he was now on his way to handle some sixty excise cases for the government; which so amused the senator that he plied his new friend with cocktails until the custodian of North Dakota's morality had absorbed nearly a quart of four-star whisky.

I see nothing amusing in this story and repeat it merely as indicating the power of temptation. Here was a man full of good intentions, who had been sober for a year and would have remained sober so long as whisky was out of his reach, but who could not resist the temptation of a cocktail there before him, smiling in a glass; so he promptly got drunk. There are millions of men and women just like that.

"Lead us not into temptation!"

There is the soundest wisdom that has come upon this earth. No man can safely swim in Niagara river just above the falls, but any man may venture in a few miles up-stream!

I have said enough to prove that I realize the devilish temptations of alcoholism and I hope I realize my responsibility of the pen; nevertheless I must state my conviction that the United States will not for many years, if ever, have nation-wide prohibition (that really prohibits) against all alcoholic beverages. I believe, however, that the war has brought us to a state of mind where we are ready for nation-wide prohibition against whisky and strong drink of the whisky class,—brandy, gin, and all liquors with a high alcoholic content. This is probably the best possible solution of the problem.

I can hear total abstinence advocates protesting that I cannot have received full enlightenment on the drink question or I could not take this compromise position. I would favor "bone-dry" prohibition, including the suppression of light wines and light beers.

In reply to which I say that I have read the full arraignment against alcohol in all its forms. I know that the drinking of parents weakens the vitality of children. I know that the child death-rate is heavier in drinking than in non-drinking families. I know that there are more consumptive and feeble-minded children in families of drinking parents than in others.

I know there is an intimate relation between drinking and immorality. In British reformatories it has been found that the immorality of forty per cent. of the women was due to drink. And in America, drink leads thousands of young women to immorality, especially through the influence of "Family Entrance" saloons.

I have seen the statement by a chaplain of a Western state prison, who says:

"The experience of personal investigation has taught me that eighty-three per cent. of the men who come into our institution can trace their downfall either directly or indirectly to liquor; they were either moderate or excessive drinkers, they were either drinking or drunk when their crimes were committed, or their crimes were planned in saloons."

I know that drink lessens muscular efficiency, and increases fatigue. It impairs memory and mental efficiency. Drinkers have more sickness than abstainers, and they die earlier. Insurance statistics show that two or three times more drinkers than non-drinkers are cut off in the prime of life. Pneumonia, notably, reaps a much larger harvest among drinkers than among abstainers. Also much insanity results from drinking.

I know the huge economic waste that results from drinking. Over a hundred million bushels of edible grain are used every year in America in the manufacture of drink, without counting a hundred and fifty thousand gallons of molasses! All that taken from our food supply!

I know that the quantity of alcoholic drink manufactured in the United States amounts to 2,000,000,000 gallons a year and costs American people about $1,600,000,000!

And I know that the two hundred thousand saloons in America if placed in a line would form a street five hundred miles long, lined with drinking places on both sides.

I know all this, and yet —

I am convinced that it is better for the United States to learn moderation in the use of light wines and beers than to attempt the impossible task of establishing a national régime of total abstinence. [*Continued on page 31*]

Cabaretrogression

by Porter Emerson Browne

Old woodcuts by Rea Irvin

"My friend sighed.

"This war looks bad," he said at length. "It seems a horrible thing to think that you've got to kill half the world to make the other half have any sense," he continued. "But there doesn't seem to be any other way."

He turned.

"Have you by any chance stopped in your mad, or American, career, during the last few years long enough to take a good, long look at things as they really were?"

"I've been terribly busy," I began, "and——"

"That's exactly what I mean," he said. "You haven't, nor has anybody else. You've been too terribly busy. It's only since we ourselves got into this war that you've learned that you had a brain, and have begun to try to use it. Before that time, you were terribly busy ruining your health to make more money than you needed to buy yourself things that you were better off without in the first place.

"But cheer up! You weren't lonesome. You were in a merry company comprising about one hundred millions of people, whose main objects in life seemed to be darkness saving, and to support Henry Ford in the style to which he has so recently become accustomed.

"In the rich, full generation that anteceded the year of our Lord 1917, most of our citizens had become similarly afflicted. Fortune had smiled on us so hard that at times it looked almost as though she were giving us the laugh. The humblest home boasted its second mortgage and its Tin Lizzie, while the mansions of the rich were distended with foreign motors that looked like peripatetic conservatories, and imported indigestion in all its forms.

"Life, from being the simple, one-lunged affair that our fathers knew, had become as complicated as the existence of a Swiss Bell Ringer with the itch. If a man sat down for a minute, he felt that he was missing something; so he got right up again and tried to find out what it was. And the commotion he made in doing it, added to the commotion made by the other ninety-nine million, nine hundred and nine-nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine people who were doing the same thing, made a strike riot look like a Sunday afternoon in a blind asylum. And the lost motion would have built a Panama Canal every three hours of the day and night. But the country thought it was happy; so there was no use arguing with it, any more than with a crowd of college boys that are biting hunks out of one another's straw hats. Both elements think they are enjoying themselves. So what's the use?

"To give one a correct line on anything, whether it's life, liberty, or the pursuit of happiness, there is but one known method. Comparison. Suppose, for the sake of trying to establish the true valuation of the last twenty years, we go back and take a look at the twenty that preceded those. . . .

"Hold onto your hat! It's going to be a quick trip. . . . Here we go! . . .

"What's that? . . . Oh, that's only a horse car. . . . What funny clothes the people wear? . . . All clothes are funny. . . . The clothes you've got on now are just as funny to these people as theirs are to you. The only clothes that aren't hilariously amusing are the ones you happen to have on at the time; and the only reason they aren't is because you're used to 'em. . . . See that chap out buggy-riding! . . . Driving with one hand, too! . . . Good-looking girl. Couldn't do that where we just came from. He'd have on a pair of maroon goggles and be trying to make Bangor, Maine, in three hours!

"Here we are! Back in the eighties, or the nineties, or somewhere. . . . Let's get out and look about a bit.

"Something the matter? . . . I know what you miss. Automobiles. . . . No. They haven't been invented yet. . . . And everything so dark! Electric lights are also still unborn. . . . And so quiet! . . . No trolleys. . . . But it is restful, isn't it? And all the streets look so attractive! That's because the movies haven't been invented, to plaster the walls and the fences with the Dizzy Doings of Dotty, or the Perils of Pearl, or the quaint conceits of the Bloody Hand, or the Mystery of the Hidden Ring.

"And the people? Of course they look funny. The young women have waists that would appear to defy the most penetrating efforts of anything more drastic than spaghetti; while the old ones have comfortable tummies on which to rest their hands in their leisure hours. The men run to skin-tight pants and woven wire whiskers, technically known as lambrequins, or wind-sifters. Some of them wear long, shining mustaches, gracefully arched, like those of a walrus. . . . But their faces are singularly unlined; their movements slow and methodical and unhurried. . . . That's because not yet have been invented, either, those strange and complicated nervous disorders, like neuritis and nephritis and neurasthenia, not to mention plain nuttiness. . . .

"Ah, those dear, dead days! Not that they didn't have their drawbacks, after all. Busting the ice in the pitcher to attain your matutinal ablutions wasn't all it was cracked up to be. Nor was the Saturday-night bath, in the woodshed, just off the kitchen, with Estrella and Hector and Junius Brutus, and Hannah and Eliphalet, Jr., making unkind comments on your personal pulchritude through the keyhole!

"But in the main life flowed sweetly, and smoothly. As I recollect, outside of the large cities, no one was very rich, no one very poor. Twenty-five dollars a week was a comfortable income to raise a family on, and the man who had twenty-five thousand was the village nabob and lived in the largest house in town which was painted red and trimmed with scallops that looked as though they had been turned out by a drunkard with a jig-saw.

"People went to work early in the morning and went to bed early at night, and all seemed well and happy

Grandfathers wore waterfall whiskers

except farmers' wives who, trying personally to take care of the labor problem, occasionally cracked under the strain. Wispish, bent little women, with thin, colorless hair. Strange it seemed for them to be the mothers of those great, freckled, red-fisted boys working in the corn or the potatoes!

"But in the main, contentment and prosperity. Nobody needed much money because so little money would buy such a lot. Eighteen cents a pound for steak. Twenty cents a dozen for eggs. Flour for four dollars a barrel. . . . And father's pants could be cut down for Willy without immediately causing the social eclipse of said scion. Estrella got the first hack at the ladies' shoes, with Hannah a happy second. As to the gents, Hector being the oldest, led. Junius Brutus and Eliphalet followed in turn. You got them last; a little frayed at toe and heel but not so bad but that half an hour at the shoe-polishing box with the paste and the dauber and the other concomitants wouldn't make them quite respectable, and the envy of Buck, and Hank, and Skinny Jones, whom the exigencies of economy forced to go about with their feet clad principally in stone-bruises and rags, on week days, saving their shoes for Sunday.

"Locomotion was slow but sure. Railroad trains dashed along at eighteen miles an hour. Horse-cars were sociably dilatory; they were heated by a coal stove in the middle on the starboard side, and had straw on the floor; and the conductors knew all the passengers personally and would sit down and chat with the ladies at the switches. And pleasure-riding was achieved behind old Dobbin, in the carryall, or if one were young and sportive, one took the colt and the side bar buggy. This was a favorite place for courting; except when the colt ran away; when one was much too busy.

"For amusements, one had, in summer, picnics, bathing in the lake, ocean or creek, boating, strawberry socials, and nice long walks. Occasionally came a minstrel show; and once in a while in the metropolises Booth and Barrett, or Jenny Lind, or Sol Smith Russell, or somebody. And the only thing that kept people up after nine-thirty was sickness or a fire.

Then came the automobiles

"The limits of a respectable debauch in those days was an afternoon's sleighing on the Mill Dam, or who should be first to McGowan's Pass Tavern on runners for a magnum of champagne. There was also the Eden Musée. Nor must we forget Niblo's Garden, which was a scandal in those days although, in retrospect, it would seem as though the ladies of the Kiralfy ballet were actually overdressed to the point of prudishness.

"There was of course Vice, then. But Vice in those days was plain Vice. Bedizened, blowsy and blear-eyed, with run-down heels and shoddy skirts, she haunted the brothels of the cities; and one had to go there to find her. . . . It was not as now, when she may be sitting on your right at dinner, or in the pew ahead, at church. . . .

"And people, somehow, were different.

"Grandfathers, in those days, were old parties that looked like the pictures of Solomon that one sees in the Bible. They wore waterfall whiskers with or without smooth upper lips, and their favorite attitude was sitting down with their hands clasped on the yellowed-ivory handle of an old cane. . . . Grandmothers wore black silks and white caps. . . . They were gentle, and kindly, for the most part. . . . I like to think they all were; and I am not far wrong in so thinking. . . . And they gave one things to eat between meals, and had the most wonderful photograph albums that they kept in the dark parlor, on the marbletop table, right between the wax flowers and the stuffed bird in the glass globe. . . . And these albums were full of photographs of Uncle Henry's first cousin's aunt's sister, and Aunt Elvira's daughter's niece's first husband, all looking very stiff and woodeny and as though the iron fingers of that thingumbob, that the photographer used to hold their heads still, were hurting them. . . .

"And one was never rushed for time. One never hurried. There was plenty of time for everybody—except when, in haying time, it began to look like rain; or when the butter was coming; or when Aunt Jemima started off on her annual visit to her niece and got up at four o'clock to catch the nine-thirty train. Hurry, too, is a modern invention that one can find no trace of in history. Noah took plenty of time to build the ark. Even Marion, the Swamp Fox, used to go home and put in a few months raising yams and things between battles. . . . Hurry was invented right between trolley cars and automobiles, and even the creators of ladies' lace shoes, and dresses that hooked up the back and around the sides and down the middle and inside out, and outside in, have been powerless against it!

"Those were the old days. But then, what?

"First came the bicycle. It had one large wheel, with a little wheel behind, so that when you fell off you lit comfortably on your nose. After this had happened a few times, they put the little wheel in front and fell off backwards. This palling, someone invented the safety bicycle possessing two wheels of the same size. You had to fall off this sideways. It was considered a remarkable achievement.

"Ladies meanwhile accompanied one on a tricycle. It was designed along the lines of a steam roller and weighed about the same, though the noise it made was more like that of a reaper and binder.

"These inventions got people into the habit of hurrying a little. But it was not until the advent of the trolley car that they really began to hurry at all well. The trolley car made people really hurry. They had to, or get run over. Anybody could get out of the way of a horse car or a bicycle; but a trolley car offered new difficulties.

"Then, it was that, imbued with this spirit of hurry, they began to go further afield. And by and by they got in too much of a hurry to wait at switches. So they put in double tracks. And so many people began to travel that the conductor would look in and shake his head abjectly. Practically the whole carload were strangers!

"Then came electric lights.

"Prior to this time, everybody went to bed at sundown or shortly after; the light was so rotten they couldn't do anything else. Only a few extra-adventurous spirits stayed up to play old maid, or knit socks, by the aid of a tallow dip.

"But with the advent of electricity, all this was changed. Why go to bed when by merely turning a button you could get a light almost as good as day? And so began to start the riotous night life of the period — the euchre parties, and the dances at the Armory where they did the York, and the Portland Fancy and the Lancers and the White Wings and the Hull's Victory. Also stores could stay open at night. For the first time in the world's history, you could see what you were buying.

"Then automobiles. With them, Hurry stuck out his chest, and cocked his hat and wouldn't speak to anybody for weeks! Automobile immediately became Hurry's middle name. In the old days, a man taking

There was also the Eden Musée

his family out for a pleasant drive was satisfied to go ten miles at four miles an hour, and have a good time. With automobiles, he had to do a couple of hundred miles, or he didn't know he'd been riding. The carefree and happy smiles that marked the equipagic peregrinations of other days vanished almost overnight. And the family of modern motorists, properly adorned for a pleasant trip, looked like a cross between a bunch of Arctic explorers, and a first-line trench party ready for a gas attack. And finally limousines were invented so that people could ride and hardly know it! Nowadays, when you see a party of the Grossly Rich bound for Newport by motor, you wonder why they don't seal themselves hermetically in caskets and have themselves shipped by express. And the worst of it is that it's so unnecessary. Motoring is one of the keenest delights — if you do it right.

"Thus was all the pleasure removed from riding and only Hurry left.

"Coincidentally, with all the hurry, came the need of more money with which to purchase all the complicated things that one must have to be able to hurry correctly and with proper éclat; for just to rush around like a village Red Shirt at a three-alarm blaze was not enough. Anybody could do that. To hurry properly, one must be equipped. And all this took money.

"Consequently everybody started in to work harder. A man who formerly could make a good living by laboring six hours a day, found out he had to toil twelve. Everybody else was; so he had to, or get lost in the shuffle. A number of gentlemen got together and found out a way to beat this. By cheating a little, in a perfectly gentlemanly way, they could get results beyond those that honest toil would give them. So they hopped to it. And trusts were formed.

"But all this sudden scrimmage for wealth caused a disruption in values. Where so much money was being circulated, money quickly began to lose its purchasing power. And before long, United States currency began to look more like Confederate money than the real thing. It was, "Henry, take a wheelbarrow load of bills and go down and get a [*Continued on page 59*]

Life flowed sweetly and softly

Kimonos and Pink Chiffon

by Ida M. Evans

Illustrations by Alonzo Kimball

"There's only fifteen dollars difference in price," carelessly observed the man. "Better take this"

IN the heart of hearts of every woman lie two costumes.

The thought of either is dearer far to her than the far magnetic blue of heaven to the soaring lark. One of the two is her old kimono, floppy, flowered, restful as the embrace of an old colored mammy, with its accompaniment of old felt slippers, sloppy-soled, but soft to aching feet as the "touch of tired eyelids upon tired eyes." And the other——

The other is a decollete pale pink chiffon-over-silk frock, hand-embroidered, Paris-sponsored, out of which her neck and arms emerge like lovely white marble.

But this must be borne in mind: Beyond the bay of vanity lies the great ocean of psychology.

"There's only fifteen dollars difference in the price," carelessly observed the man. "Better take this." He flecked a forefinger at the pink Georgette crepe gown trailing across Helen Hatmann's outheld black-sleeved, white-cuffed arm; it was marked one hundred and ten dollars.

He was a compactly built, prosperously clothed man with alert hazel eyes and the usual American business habit of often restlessly consulting his watch.

"Very well," sighed the woman, as though in relief that the decision was taken from her. To the chair nearby she tossed the other gown under consideration; also pink, Georgette crepe, marked ninety-five dollars. She was a thin woman, in the thirties, sallow, with temperish, small lips. But her tailored tweed suit had a beauty of line from thin shoulder to thin hip seldom achieved west of New York.

Down the carpeted aisle from the gown section to the elevators the two walked quickly, assuredly.

From an adjoining aisle strolled Irene Budds, tall, rouged, blonde, discontented. "Lordy, some women certainly have it smooth!" with languid bitterness. "Lot of use, though, for a sallow thing like her to sport pink Georgette!"

Helen Hatmann did not say anything; apparently she was busy with pencil and charge book. But her fellow saleswoman's words expressed perfectly her own bitter thoughts, and from under lowered weary lids her eyes looked tensely after the two people.

She was unconscious just how much bitterness, long latent, was rising in her eyes — dark blue, not unattractive eyes.

Waiting beside the woman, the man happened casually to glance back down the aisle and he met Helen Hatmann's tense, tempestuous look.

A hundred times eyes can meet stranger eyes and glance away idly, hardly conscious of the chance encounter. But the hundred-and-oneth time the visual meeting is freighted; something compelling and focusing has leaped from one pair to the other. And the weight of a look cannot be measured by its length. Now Hanecy Garrett stared a long half-second at the tempestuous blue eyes of the thin, brown-haired saleswoman whom before he had scarcely noticed, till warned by an impatient "Down!" that an elevator waited. Helen, gathering up the purchased gown, flushed red; irritably and guiltily half-aware that her secret resentment at certain facts of life had been laid bare to a stranger.

As she turned away to hand the dress to a cash-girl, she caught her reflection in a mirror — sallow, too, in the department-store's required plain black, relieved only by white voile collar and cuffs. Irene, across the aisle, had a delicate, though oldish, blonde prettiness that this black-and-white set off — with the aid of carefully applied rouge and pencil. But Helen was one of the thin women whom black makes sallow and furtive of expression.

She turned with dislike from her reflection and there was something almost of rebellion in her brief haste in pushing the filmy pink gown into the cash-girl's hands.

An hour later she was in an "L" coach, swinging wearily from a strap.

For an hour and five minutes she swung, swaying with weary laxness to the jolting rush of the train. The faint, unconscious frown on her face deepened as the day's fatigue was increased by the strain of hanging by an already tired arm. Inevitably there comes a point when fatigue finds its expression in ill-humor. When at last she got off the car and began to walk the ten blocks (only six of which were paved) leading to her home, her frown was an ill-natured one. And when finally she put her latch-key in the front door of a faded brown-and-khaki cottage set on a thirty-foot suburban lot, her exclamation was mood-revealing — "Oh, heavens, what's the use of living!"

She had scarcely turned the knob and was entering the house when steps sounded on the cement walk and then her husband stepped upon the small porch behind her.

"Guess we must have been on the same train. Tired, Helen?" He spoke tonelessly, as though he too were fagged by the day's work, a jammed "L" ride and the ten blocks' walk.

"Dog-tired," briefly, going inside.

"Shall — shall we go down to the restaurant and not bother to cook supper?" hesitatingly. He was a slight, shabby man; not a man, you could very well see, financially able to buy his womenfolks Georgette crepe gowns. His own suit was cheap blue serge. One underarm was worn very shiny — almost worn through. Frank Hatmann was a bookkeeper.

Helen answered dully that she was too tired to walk to the restaurant or any place else; also they couldn't afford it. She went upstairs to change her dress. Getting supper meant a liability to getting spots — which meant a cleaning-bill. The big State Street store was rigidly particular that its saleswomen should be tidy, trim and spotless.

As she took off her black cloth skirt, she looked longingly at a floppy, flowered cotton crepe kimono hanging in the closet. But Helen's own soul inclined to tidiness, and a kimono is nothing in which to tackle frying-pan and dishwater.

Therefore she put on a neat dark gray percale kitchen-dress, and went down to make coffee and broil a steak. Then she and Frank ate silently — as do couples who are tired, who are depressed, and who moreover have long since said to each other all the interesting things that either one can think of.

Afterward she washed dishes and pans and gave the rooms the tidying touches that time did not permit her to give in the morning. Frank busied himself at the kitchen-sink. A pipe was clogged — with grease or something else. He was not an expert plumber. When he had finished, he ruefully regarded two long streaks down his trousers. The Mewell Stationers' Supplies Company was not finicky about the attire of its employees, but he knew it would not relish such a sartorial display. He applied cleaning-powder, then soap and water, then a pressing-iron. For a while Helen watched him with apathetic, tired eyes. Then she went up to bed.

When he had followed half an hour later, the first animated conversation of the evening took place between them.

"Got notice of a special assessment — street's to be paved," said he, distressfully.

"Oh — *good heavens!*" cried Helen, raising her head from the pillow.

Nothing more was said. Frank lay silent. Silently Helen let her head fall back on the pillow. But for three hours she lay awake, thinking ——

For eight years now they had been paying, via the monthly instalment route, for this home.

This home! They had been married just seven months when they cheerfully, delightedly, shouldered the debt of it. Neither was very young. She was twenty-five. Frank was twenty-nine. Daily work had marked the teens of each. Each had known rooming-house and boarding-house to the last degree of rankling knowledge. This seven-room cottage with its thirty whole feet of frontage had represented — oh, what had it not represented! Comfort, roominess, seclusion, perfect satisfaction — and a haven for their old age. Both had known people who had come to old age with nothing. Positively, rather reverently, they told each other that a home at least would be *theirs*.

It had seemed perfectly wise and greatly glorious to plan — joining their two incomes — how very, very little they need live on in order to compute how much they could make that monthly instalment.

At first — oh, economy had been the grandest of games! Lunches, clothes, recreation — why, skimp those items, cut 'em, pare 'em down to the core. What were they! Trifles — in comparison with the great item — a home.

At first she had been jubilant in that store black. Its color and required plainness eliminated so much that a fancier, smarter wardrobe would demand — laundry bills, time, thought. At first, too, she actually enjoyed cutting down her noon meal to the fewest and plainest items, enthusiastically aware that Frank was doing the same. Dear wise fellow! Food! Let foolish folks fretfully call for lots of food! Brightly she munched her small sandwiches; superiorly she gazed around at other saleswomen, less planful than herself, who extravagantly gobbled meat orders, vegetables, salads and pie, and even the absolutely unnutritious coffee. She very much wanted to remind them of the grasshopper and the ant.

At first it was quite satisfactory to take the long "L" ride to the far outskirts of the city and then, rain or shine, walk the ten blocks. On the long way one could muse so minutely over all one hoped to do to that brand-new, brown-and-khaki, too-many-roomed cottage with its cute little front porch and its dear littler back porch and big cement-floored basement. What a beautiful sensation of roominess those seven rooms, just for the two of them, had given! Both she and Frank positively overflowed with gratitude to the Wulson Home Real Estate Company, Inc., for admitting them to the charmed circle of monthly-instalmenters!

And — at first it was not a bit wearying to get supper after the long ride; then wash the dishes and spend the rest of the evening tidying the house, pottering upstairs and in the basement, chattering, finding every night some fresh joy in the calcimine scheme or mahogany-hued woodwork of window-arrangement or brand-new plumbing pipes. After the first three-hundred-dollar payment down they had left of their combined savings about two hundred dollars for furniture. It was not enough for seven rooms, by far; but they made it reach as far as ingenuity could, and the bare spots were so completely furnished by the rugs, curtains, chairs and pictures of their fancy and the future that they noticed no lack — at first.

Later ——

Brooding this night in bed, Helen could hardly say when it all began first to pall.

She thought it was the second of July — a hot, murky month when the hollyhocks and the phlox that Frank had set out in the back yard withered and died. Neither took any vacation that summer (nor had taken any since). Or was it in August? Anyway, that summer, the cement floor of the basement cracked — which meant an unexpected bill for fixing it. Why? Who can tell the why of the ways of cement!

After that the monthly instalments seemed to get closer together. And the taxes were five dollars higher than they had expected. Also there was the water-bill and a small plumbing bill. Low as they had cut their living and personal expenses, it was necessary to cut them lower.

The second year rolled into the third. By that time they were quite conscious that they had foolishly made the monthly instalments far too large. Neither admitted it in spoken words. Perhaps because of doggedness. Perhaps neither found it possible to confess that so much of the rose had faded, leaving so much unexpected gray. Bills, unexpected bills, came — and came. It seemed hardly possible that a brand-new cottage should need so much repairing!

Frank found a cheaper laundry for his shirts and collars — and wore those articles till they were thread-bare, and after. Helen began to watch her black cloth skirts with dread.

Neither could say just when the Wulson Real Estate Company, Inc., ceased to beam upon their minds as a bright sun of philanthropy and instead began to loom as a two-headed tyrant; one head personated by the dapper spectacled cashier who took their money; the other by the rotund, genial, middle-aged salesman who first led them to the house.

There came occasional weeks when each went without lunch — all week, instead of merely cutting it. There came many evenings — they came faster as the fourth year dragged into the fifth — when both were too wearily dull to talk to each other. In the beginning they had gaily planned that the house should be their only recreation. There came a time when it was no recreation at all — but a burden — a burden that each, too, was doggedly unwilling to complain of.

Tonight, brooding in bed, to her overwrought fancy the house seemed to have been a monstrous leech that had sucked them dry, month by month, of their life-blood.

Looking back, she could see clearly the mistake. They had assumed too much debt. If it had been less — or if either had been willing to say first that they should have paid less — or if either had been willing first to suggest that they rid themselves of it ——

But work, home; home, work — there had been nothing else now for eight years. And the payments had five years yet to run. Five years!

Head lying taut on her pillow, Helen seemed to see the years leering in the dark above her eyes. And she felt that she hated the house — had always hated it from the beginning. And the man lying at her side — for him she had a dull hatred, too. He was a weak man or he would have somehow made their life together different. True, he wore his shabby blue serge patiently; he ate, without complaining, whatever food they could afford; he never voiced any desire for the amusements that other men had. She knew that he was sorry for her, in a tired, helpless way. But ——

But the fact remained — in the dark her lips curled cynically — that the best he had been able to give her was the dubious privilege of helping to pay for a brown-and-khaki cottage whose paint, long since faded, they had not been able to freshen in eight years. And in this same world were men who said to their womenfolks, "Only fifteen dollars difference — take this!" In the world were men who wriggled an alert way out of cheap blue serge; in the world were women who knew neither department-store black nor that dark gray was the most dirt-resisting color for house dresses — women who wore pink Georgette crepe.

With each brooding minute of her sleepless night, bitterness increased in her heart.

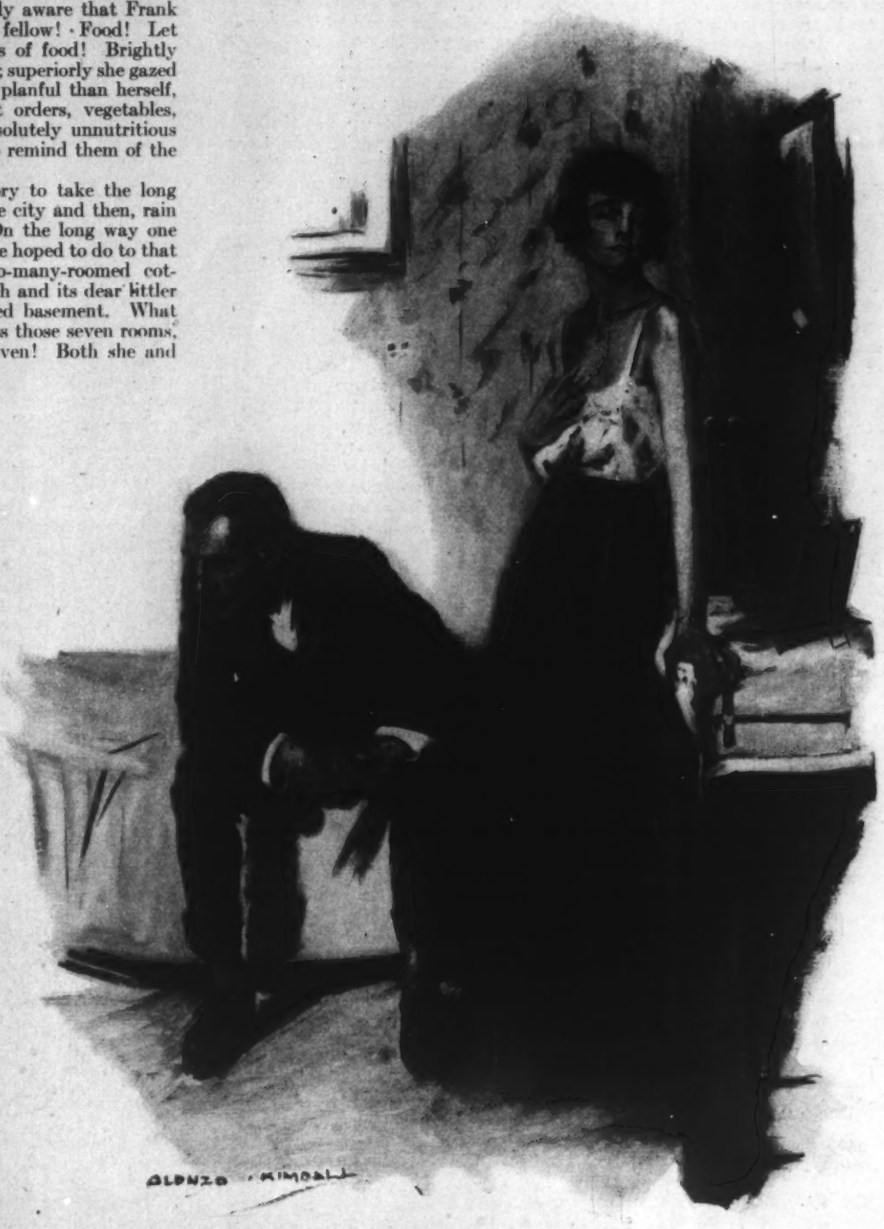
She felt that she could have borne life better if the man at her side had, in the past, flared occasionally into angry, loud complaining. But this dreary, daily yielding to futility ——

Suddenly she felt impelled to wake him, to quarrel with him, to make him share her bitter energy — devastating mood.

She shook his quiescent shoulder. "How can we pay it?" tensely. "My waist is ready to slit under one arm. It'll be fine if I'm discharged because of slovenly clothes! And the furnace won't go another month without a new grate ——"

Only half-awakened, he spoke wearily, distressfully: "I — I know it."

Helen turned on her pillow and said nothing more.



"Helen," he said in a low voice, "I might as well tell you what I found out three days ago"

Three days later Haneey Garrett stopped, as he strolled through the gown section, and engaged Helen Hatmann in conversation. Easy, audacious, acquaintance-seeking conversation. His sister, said he, liked immensely the little pink gown.

At first Helen was stolid as she regarded him, smiling, well-garbed, alert. Her mind was preoccupied. The threat of the under-arm seam of her black silk blouse to give way had at last been carried out, and she was glancing around for a floorman to give her permission [*Continued on page 32*]

Two Wives—*by* Ernest Poole

The Third Instalment of This Powerful American Novel

Chapter VI

Illustration by John Alonzo Williams

ABOUT this time a letter from home brought her a sharp disappointment. Ethel was not a good correspondent, but during the homesick winter months she had written several times to three of the girls she had known in school. Two had gone West, but the other one was still in Ohio, and was planning to come to New York, to take a course of training as nurse in one of the hospitals. In fact, it had been all arranged. And Ethel had not realized how much she had counted on this friend, until now a letter came from her announcing her engagement to a young doctor in Detroit. She was going there to live, and her letter was full of her happiness. . . . Ethel was very blue that night.

But only a few days after this she received another missive that had quite a different effect. It was a long bulky epistle, a "round robin" from the members of the little high-school club to which she had belonged at home. The girls had scattered far and wide. One was teaching music in an Oklahoma town; another had gone to Cleveland and was a stenographer in a broker's office there; a third was in Chicago, the wife of a young lawyer; and a fourth had married an engineer who was working a mine in Montana. It made an absorbing narrative, and she read it several times. At first it took her out of herself, far, far out all over the land. How good it was to get news of them all, how nice and gossipy and gay! It was almost as though they were here in the room; she seemed to be talking with each one; and as they chatted on and on, the feeling grew in Ethel that each was starting like herself and that some were having no easy time in unfamiliar places. She could read between the lines.

But the part that struck her most was the contribution of their former history "prof," a little lame woman with snapping black eyes, who had been the leading spirit in their long discussions. She was an ardent suffragist, and she it was who had brought so many modern books and plays and "movements" into their talk. Chained to her job in the small town, she had followed voraciously all the news of the yeast at work in cities. And to the letters of some of the girls who seemed bent upon nothing but social success, the little teacher now replied by an appeal to all of them:

"Girls, some of these letters worry me. I don't want to preach — you will lead your own lives. But I cannot help reminding you of the things we talked about — the splendid things, exciting things that are stirring in this land today. Oh, what a chance for women — what openings with narrow doors — what fights to make the doorways wide for the girls who will come after you! Keep yourselves strong and awake and alive — keep growing — remember that life is a school and for you it has only just begun. Keep yourselves free — don't marry for money — don't let yourselves get under the thumb of any husband, rich or poor, or of social position or money or clothes or any such silly trumpery. Get the real things! Girls — dear friends and comrades — be strong — and don't give up the ship!"

Ethel read it many times. She could hear the voice of the little "prof," now earnest, scornful, pleading, now obstinate and angry, again light-hearted, mocking. She recalled how their leader had warned them against the bribery of men. Most of the girls had smiled at her then, for they had felt themselves so strong and clear in their aims and desires.

"Oh, Ethel — Ethel — Ethel Knight. How have the mighty fallen! One week in New York and your eyes were glued to the windows of shops. You got ready to dance and find a man."

The thought rose in her mind — "That was Amy's idea." But she dismissed it with a frown. She turned back to the letters and read them all through again. She rose and walked slowly up and down with her hands locked behind her. Then she went to her desk, and to the round robin she added this:

"I am in New York and have nothing to say. I have been a fool. I have spent nearly all my money on a lot of silly clothes. No, not silly — fetching clothes — for they were meant to fetch a man. But in getting them I got nothing else. I have had a shock — a terrible one. My sister Amy suddenly died. I am here now to care for her child. But am I? Nothing of the kind. The nurse does that and I do nothing. I just sit or walk about and scowl at what I am missing. No more from me, girls, until the round robin — the dear splendid thrilling round robin — comes back here on its next yearly round. I swear I'll have a job by then! Good luck and God bless us all! *We're young!*"

Quickly she crammed all the letters into a large envelope, licked it, pressed it firmly down, and addressed it to, "Miss Barbara Wells, Madison, Wisconsin." She stamped it, felt the tears come, kissed the letter a fierce good-by, took it out and dropped it in the mail-chute in the hall. Then she came back to her own room and with swift determined jerks took off the black cloth wrapping of a large old-fashioned typewriter, one of the few belongings she had brought from Ohio. She had purchased it several years ago, and by typing sermons and other occasional documents she had earned almost money enough for the clothes that had cost so little at home.

She sat down and began to pound the keys, but soon she stopped and shook her head. She had never been an expert. Self-taught, her work had been labored and slow and the lapse of months had thrown her out. However, something must be done. And the pounding went on for days and days, hour after hour; and when her fingers, wrists and arms felt like "two long toothaches," she exclaimed impatiently:

"Oh, for goodness' sake stop being so soft! You're a new woman, Ethel Knight, and you're going to earn your living!"

At times, however, stopping to rest and carefully scan her labor for faults, her mind would rove far out into life. She was copying from two books the little "prof" had given her, the "Life and Letters of George Sand," and "The Work of Susan B. Anthony." And as Ethel pounded on, each book in its own way revealed exciting vistas to her eyes of life in great cities both here and abroad, life earnest and inspiring, life bright and thrilling, brilliant, free!

This mood lasted for two weeks. Then as her hand grew more expert, and she scanned the papers for information of employment bureaus, there came some ugly hours when much pounding was required. And she went out and tramped the streets, meeting the town with angry eyes that struggled for self-confidence. And twice, although she had dressed herself with a keen and vigilant eye to her own attractiveness and had gone to the bureau she had selected, with a sinking heart she turned back from the door. But the second time, after leaving, with a scowl she faced about, went back and marched into the office. And a little later when she emerged her face had a stunned and dazzled expression. She still could not believe it! For the woman in charge, after one sharp look and a number of questions, had remarked:

"Why, yes, I think we can place you. I've one position waiting right now." There had been more questioning, but this had seemed rather perfunctory. The woman had not appeared to care very much that Ethel had only one reference — from the old minister back at home; and the brief exhibition of her skill which Ethel gave upon a machine, with her fingers excited, cold and tense, had lasted but a minute or two when the woman had said, "Yes, that will do."

ETHEL scowled as she tried to remember it all. There had been one flaw. What was it?

"Oh, yes, she warned me about men." And here Ethel gave a sharp little laugh, with a lump of excitement in her throat. "Well, I think I can handle myself on *that* point." She recalled with assurance recollections — and there had been not a few — of youths at home who had tried to "get fresh," and had soon been shown where *they* got off!

She was walking very rapidly toward a subway station, and soon she was on her way downtown.

When a few minutes later she was shown into the private office of her future employer, she almost laughed in his fat round face — so absurd in that first moment did all her little qualms appear.

"He's forty and he loves his meals."

And she answered his questions so blithely, with such an anxious friendliness, that the dumpy man who sat at the desk was plainly attracted and easily caught. In fact, in his heavy-lidded eyes and about his thick lips came a look which repelled her a little. "I shouldn't wonder if even you might get to feeling young again," she thought to herself disgustedly. "But I guess I can attend to that!"

"Yes, sir, fifteen dollars a week," she was saying meanwhile in a firm brisk tone of voice. "Of course I know it's just a trial, but I'll do my best, I promise you."

"Vell," said Mr. Greesheimer, "you be here tomorrow at nine and ve'll see." He sighed. "Ve'll see, my friend." He turned back to his desk with an abrupt and businesslike little gesture of dismissal.

And this businesslike air he retained on the morrow. As he explained her work to her, the tone of his voice was crisp and dry. Ladies' cloaks were Greesheimer's "line," and though his business was still new he was increasing it rapidly. He was eager, hungry, almost fierce in the way he snapped off his letters at times; again he was a genial soul, boasting to her of his success and giving forth shrewd homely proverbs that he had learned long ago as a child in some Galician village. But never in those weeks of work did she catch a suggestion of "freshness." He was her boss, and at times her friend in a fatherly fashion — that was all. She worked hard, overcame her awkwardness, was punctual, labored to please him. And he was not slow to praise.

"You're a smart young goil," he said more than once. "Keep on — it's great — it suits me fine."

And despite the monotonous bleak detail of her life in that room, Ethel grew steadily happier there. For she was gaining confidence fast, she was living up to her ideals. Soon she would be ready to leave this funny little man and get a place of a different kind — as secretary, for instance, to some clever woman novelist or noted suffrage leader. She had already put down her name at three employment bureaus, in each of which the woman in charge seemed to look upon her with a favorable eye.

TOO bad poor Joe disliked it so. When she informed him of what she had done, he had appeared quite taken back.

"All right, Ethel, go ahead. I don't want to meddle," he had replied. "Only —" he had scowled at her in an effort to smile — "I don't quite see — well, go ahead."

Plainly it had been a surprise. It was so utterly different from what Amy would have done. It had set him thinking, hurt him. "She wants to get away," he had thought. Ethel had caught his feeling and had pitied him for it. But mingled with this pity had been a vague resentment:

"The minute you show you've made up your mind to be a little independent, they treat it like a slap in the face. All right, Mr. Male Provider, your tender feelings will have to be hurt. There's nothing the matter. I mean to stay here. I'll stick by you just as long as you need me. Only, I propose to be free —!"

Their relations had grown a little strained. He had stayed at the office more often at night. Very well, let him sulk in his masculine way. Only one remark of his had annoyed her. Like the woman in the employment bureau, he had warned Ethel against men.

"When it comes to looks," he had added, "you're one in a thousand. And in this town ——"

"Oh, Joe, for goodness' sake hush up!" she had cried. A bright spot of color had come in each cheek and her strong little mouth had set viciously. "You'll be telling me next that I got my position simply on my pretty face! No brains behind it, of course, no mind!" And she had tapped one foot on the floor in a way which made him look at her in a curious manner, startled and admiring.

"Oh, no, I won't," he had told her meekly. "You've got the makings of more real mind than any girl I've ever seen."

"Thank you," she had snapped at him, but she had liked him nevertheless. So long as one had to live with a man, even as his sister-in-law, it was well to have him in his place.

So her annoyance had died down, and had only risen a little again when one day Joe came to her office. There was some excuse, of course, but his real reason obviously was to have a look at her employer and at the same time show him that she had a male protector. Booh! . . . But Joe had smiled at Greesheimer and had withdrawn quite reassured, leaving her and her job in peace.

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She wrenched away and turned on him eyes ablaze. "You dirty — beastly —" she gasped for breath

As Ethel's business life went on, her self-confidence grew apace. And now that she had proved to herself that she had brains behind her face, she dropped her air of severity and even began to enjoy the glances which she knew were cast her way, on the streets and in the office. Even on old Greesheimer, when he was in one of his genial moods, she would bestow a winning smile. It was good to have both brains *and* face. And she looked at the city with challenging eyes, a self-supporting woman.

And this state of mind might have lasted some time, had it not happened that one sunny day toward the end of April Greesheimer opened a letter with eager trembling fingers, read it swiftly and glared with joy, his big glistening eyes nearly leaving their sockets. Then he whirled around in his chair, and as his eye lit on Ethel, he laughed, and in a harsh queer voice he cried:

"Vell? Now you see? I'm rich already, I'm vell off! I got the Zimmerman contract — see? I can do vot I like! I got it! I got it!" He capered in triumphant glee, laughing again and seizing her arms. "Vell, vot you say? Vy don't you speak? By Gott, I raise your salary!"

"Oh, Mr. Greesheimer!" she cried, half laughing. "It's simply too wonderful for words!"

"Ha-ha!" He still had her by the arms. "All you young goils could love me now — eh? — you could take an old fellah! Ha-ha-ha!" And the next instant, furious, she felt herself hugged violently, kissed! His lips! His fat soft body! Ugh! She dug her elbow into him with a stifled cry and wrenched away. A moment she turned on him eyes ablaze.

"You dirty — beastly —" she gasped for breath, then turned, and seizing her hat and coat she rushed blindly from the room and through the outer office. In the elevator crowded with men she felt a queer taste in her mouth.

"That's blood," she thought. "Biting my lips, am I? — well, bite on. I'm not going to cry — I'm not, I'm not — I'll reach that street if it kills me!"

Meanwhile in his office Greesheimer was still staring first at the door and then at the window, and upon his pudgy countenance was a glare of utter astonishment and honest indignation.

"*Mein Gott!*" he exploded. "I give her a hug — a hug like a daughter — and off like a rocket — off she goes!" And in Yiddish and in Hebrew and Russian and American, Greesheimer expressed himself as he strode swiftly up and down. For seven years without a break he had "kept a goil" more fascinating to his taste than any female in New York. Her name was Sadie, she was a model in a dressmaker's shop uptown, and she owned him body and soul. Their marriage had been put off only until he had bridged the dangerous time in the launching of his business. For Greesheimer had a mother, an old uncle and a sister and two small nephews to support. But this Zimmerman contract, "*Gott sei danke!*" would clear the way for marriage at once. And as that glorious vision of relatives all radiant and Sadie flushed and joyous leaping into his embrace, had burst upon his dazzled soul, his glance had lit on his employee, and he had hugged her in his joy! And she ——

Again did Greesheimer swear! He felt hot, angry blushes rise. And later at his telephone he was saying to a woman friend who ran an employment bureau:

"I got to have a stenographer. See? Und I don't want a goil, I vant a man — a smart young fellah, y'understand. . . . Jewish? Yes! You betcher! No more Christian goils in mine! Dey have rotten minds — plain rotten minds!"

But to Ethel, walking blindly, no such explanation occurred. She could still feel that body, those greedy lips and clutching hands, and out of her disgust and rage emerged another feeling which grew like a load on her shoulders, sagging her spirit and crushing her down.

"Joe was right. It was only my face. That beast was only waiting! . . . I wonder if they're all like that? Probably not. But how can I tell the sheep from the goats? I thought I could. I thought I knew how to handle myself — I thought I knew how to get on in this town! But I don't, it seems — I've done nothing at all! I've just been a little fool! . . . And New York is like that!"

She glared at the city around her, at its tall hard unfriendly walls, the jangling trolleys down below, the trucks and drays and the crowds rushing by her. For all their hurry some of the men shot glances at Ethel that made her burn. One tall thin man even stopped and turned and she felt his look travel right down to her toes! She walked on and on with her bare fist clinched. She had left her gloves in the office. Go back for them? No! Nor to any office, nor any man!

"Oh, yes, I will. I'll go back to Joe — and hear him say, 'I told you so.'"

She reached the apartment faint and sick. Joe had not come home, thank goodness. She went to her room and to her bed, and had a good cry which relieved her a little. And so, after an hour or two, looking steadily up at the ceiling she thought: "After I've had a few days' rest, I'll go to all three of those bureaus and say, 'I'm in the market still, if you please, but only for a woman boss.'"

But later, as she was dressing for dinner, her eye was caught by the photograph of her sister Amy. And the face appeared to her suddenly so strong and wise with its knowledge of life. She remembered Amy's smiles at all new "movements" and ideas and work for women. And Amy seemed to be smiling now, with a good-humored pitying air, and to be saying:

"Now will you believe me? It isn't what you say to men, it's how you look and what you wear."

And Ethel stared at it and frowned, in a disillusioned, questioning way.

Chapter VII

JOE did not say, "I told you so."

It was after eight that evening when he came home from his office, and she was annoyed at the delay, for she wanted to have her confession of failure over and done with. As she waited restlessly, she envied him his business life. How much simpler everything was for a man! Her nerves were on edge. Why didn't he come? At last she heard his key in the door and sharply pulled herself together. "How I detest him!" she thought to herself.

"Hello, Ethel!" His voice from the hallway had a gruff and tired sound; but a moment later when he came in, it was with his usual friendly smile. "Sorry I kept you waiting. I've had a mean day at the office."

"So have I," said Ethel, and with a frown she plunged right in. The sooner this was over the better. But when she had finished and looked up, she detected no triumph on his face. He was watching her so queerly.

"Well," he said, "I ought to be sorry, I suppose — but I can't exactly say I am."

"Why not?" At her sharp challenge he grimly smiled.

"Because this kind of puts us — in the same boat — two of a kind."

"What on earth do you mean?" she demanded. And then with a rueful grimace he said:

"Because I too have bumped my head." At that she felt a swift little thrill of surprise and liking for Joe. He continued, "I've been a fool. You're *always* a fool when you take a chance and aren't able to get away with it. *You're* a fool — because you missed out. *I'm* a fool — because *I* missed out. We both of us took chances. And I got very badly stung. We've got to be poor for a little while." Joe drew a deep breath and smiled again. "I've dreaded this. I've put off telling you for a week — I don't like eating humble pie. But it's all right now, God bless you — we can eat it side by side."

"Why, Joe, dear, how nice!" she sighed. "Go on and tell me. What will it mean?"

He held up his hand. "Hold on a minute, can't you? Let me make my little speech. I've made it so many times in my mind."

"All right, you poor dear, just start right in."

"Well," Joe said, "it begins like this." And his face grew a little portentous, with humor and a deeper feeling mingled awkwardly together. "You've been about as good to me as one fellow could be to another. I know what a hell it must have been, and the stiff upper lip was all on your side. I don't want to talk about it, but — when Amy died the life went out — of my business, too. Later I got back my nerve, and because my job was all I had left I tried to make it more worth while. I've got a few old dreams in me — I mean I've always wanted to build something better than flats in the Bronx. So I — well, I took a chance and failed. I'm in debt and my only chance to scrape through is to cut down here as low as we can. I've figured out our expenses, and ——"

He walked for a moment. She quickly rose, went to him and took his arm and said:

"A very fine speech. We'll go in to our dinner now — and later we'll get a pencil and paper, and we won't stop until everything's right."

There came for Ethel busy days.

The next morning she went to the nursery and told the nurse she would have to go. "I'm sorry," she added and then stopped short, startled by the woman's face. The way her eyes went to Susette made something leap in Ethel's breast. The nurse wheeled sharply:

"What have I done? What's the matter with me?" Her voice was hoarse.

"Nothing. There has been nothing at all." Ethel found it hard to speak. "You've been — quite wonderful with Susette. The trouble is that Mr. Lanier has found he must cut expenses."

"Oh! Then why am I the one?" She broke off and grew rigid, but her thought struck into Ethel's mind: "Why am I the one? Why don't you go? What good are *you* here?"

"I'm sorry," Ethel repeated, her voice now intense and low. "I wish I could keep you, but I can't. I'll have to take care of Susette myself ——"

"You?"

"Yes, and you'll have to teach me how."

"I won't!"

"You mean you'll let her suffer because you haven't shown me things? No, no, I'm sure you'll be sensible. You'll stay on a few days and help me, and meanwhile I'll do all I can to find you a good position. I only hope I can get you back in the autumn."

There were tears in Ethel's eyes as she left the nursery. She went into her own small room. "I wonder if *I'll* ever feel like that about a child?" She stared a moment and added, "*That* was real enough, poor thing." She drew a resolute breath. "Well, no use in feeling like a criminal, my dear. Now for the cook and the waitress."

She rather took satisfaction in that, for she had disliked both of them keenly. She gave them until the end of the week, and in the meantime telegraphed for Emily Giles, who for over five years had helped her keep house for her father at home. Of medium height, spare, thin chested and thin lipped, her hair already streaked with gray, Emily had been less a servant than a grimly devoted friend. Since Ethel's departure, she had been head-waitress at the small hotel. [*Continued on page 50*]

The Social Charm of Good Listening

by **Richard Le Gallienne**

MANNERS today are at a low ebb all round, but in no single respect are they so painfully ill-bred as in what would seem to be a general incapacity for listening. This is particularly true of smart, or would-be smart, society people. One of these will ask the other with every appearance of eager interest to tell him something, but, almost before the person asked has begun to answer the question, he will notice that the other has apparently already forgotten having asked it, is looking around vaguely at some distant point of the compass, and seems equally to have forgotten the person in front of him. There was no necessity to feign an interest he did not feel, in the first instance; and the person addressed had probably no wish to talk at all, but had only attempted a courteous response to a spurious display of sympathy. Almost every other person one meets is like that — a small hurrying egoist, nervously self-absorbed, and without the social grace to conceal his self-absorption. Many otherwise quite nice, and even charming, people are so, but their niceness goes for little or nothing, marred with this defect. One has no pleasure in meeting them, for there is no social give and take in them. You feel that you are merely a receptacle for their breathless self-congratulations.

I am not, of course, referring to great talkers. As a matter of fact, great talkers, being artists, understand the value of pause, and are able to assume the virtue, though they have it not, of inviting you to take your share in the conversation, and of listening to you with skilled and sympathetic attention. And, as for brilliant monologists, one sits down in front of them, knowing what to expect, as one sits down to hear a violin solo, and not dreaming of interrupting them. Listening to such is an esthetic opportunity of which we are only too glad to avail ourselves.

The offenders I refer to are quite other. They are usually well-dressed and wealthy nonentities, who without any selves to speak of—will insist continually on speaking of themselves. Having no interest in others, others, very naturally, have no interest in them. The basis of good breeding is a certain social unselfishness; and a courteous attentiveness to the remarks of another, particularly when we ourselves have invited them, is one of the most important distinctions between ladies and gentlemen and—the others.

Shall We Have Prohibition?

[*Continued from page 24*]

There is an immense difference between light beers with an alcoholic content of from one to three per cent., plus a real food value, and distilled spirits with an alcoholic content of from thirty to sixty per cent. and no food value. A man may take at dinner a glass or two of light wine and water, the alcoholic content being only five or six per cent., with real benefit; whereas if he regularly takes two or three drinks of whisky, the alcoholic content being fifty or sixty per cent., he will do himself harm.

It is strong drink of the whisky class, not light wines and beers, that must be held responsible for evil alcoholic effects upon the individual and upon the nation, and if we can drive strong drink out of the land, we need not worry about anything else.

Speaking personally, on the principle that every normal man is like thousands of other men, I declare myself in favor of light wines and beers, knowing that I have never been harmed by my moderate use of these beverages, but have derived benefit and pleasure from them, and knowing that I was never intoxicated in my life; knowing also that with the passage of years I have experienced no desire either to consume increasing quantities of wine or beer or to substitute stronger liquors for these mild ones.

Let us not be cowards or bigots in these matters. Let us not even deny that whisky has great value as an occasional medicine. I myself would not think of living in a house where there was not a flask of whisky available for bodily emergencies. Whisky should be sold, however, like morphine, on a doctor's prescription, *and in no other way!*

One of the most distinguished and wisest physicians in America, Dr. Abraham Jacoby, says: "Physicians have always found alcohol a valuable and indispensable remedy. . . . It makes your waning pulse return, your fainting attacks pass by, and your fatigued or exhausted muscles recover."

I know an artist of distinction, a man of lifelong sobriety and seriousness of purpose, who assures me that of recent years he has benefited greatly by taking a glass of hot toddy before retiring, and he maintains that persons, upward of fifty, even if they have been total abstainers thus far in life, will do well to begin taking a little daily stimulant.

This is in accord with the saying: "A man is a fool who takes alcohol before he is fifty or who fails to take it after he is fifty."

It is improbable that persons who have never formed the alcohol habit up to fifty will do themselves harm by taking a little after that age, and they may do themselves good. What America needs most in dealing with this alcohol question is common sense.

In his book, "Drink and Be Sober," Mr. Vance Thompson argues charmingly but unconvincingly that the moderate drinker is on the straight road to destruction and that those who cheer themselves in their daily pilgrimage with light wines and beers are inviting a lamentable end, in fact, are in peril of a drunkard's grave. In spite of his long residence in France, Mr. Thompson affirms that the French people have suffered immense harm through their supposed moderate drinking—wine and water at meals, beer at the cafés, comparatively little strong drink except among the laboring classes.

I myself have lived for years in Paris and I totally disagree with this view. I know that statistics show a great increase in alcoholism in France during the decade preceding the war, but there are many ways of accounting for statistics. This increase in alcoholism may be due to economic causes, poverty, inadequate wages, dissatisfaction with life caused by lack of religious belief.

My observation was that the immense majority of middle-class Frenchmen and Frenchwomen drink light wines and beers all their lives without harm to themselves and without any tendency to drunkenness. They drink and are sober, they drink and keep well, they drink and achieve success in life, they drink and are kind, gay, industrious, economical; but they do not drink cocktails, gin rickies, highballs and other whisky abominations such as poison America. The French people drink inexpensive white wine or red wine diluted with water (half and half) at their meals; they may take a mild appetizer like vermouth in a small glass (*one*, not two or three glasses) at five o'clock, and a beer or two (not six or eight beers) of an evening while chatting in a café or listening to music. So their ancestors have done for centuries, so their children will do, and no impartial observer can say that the great French nation, leader of the world in many arts, including that of living, is any the worse for this reasonable indulgence in a reasonable pleasure. On the contrary!

Reasonable indulgence! Reasonable pleasures! That is the point — what is reasonable?

I think we can answer this question very easily. Any pleasure or indulgence which does not harm others and does not interfere with a wise plan of life is reasonable and therefore permissible; and any pleasure or indulgence which does harm others and does interfere with a wise plan of life is not reasonable and not permissible. We know that certain cravings in certain individuals may become powerful enough to sweep aside the best resolutions, the noblest purposes. A man may be so possessed by the gambling passion, the sex passion, the drink passion that he is of no value to himself or to anyone else. He is unable to cultivate industry, thrift, honesty, reliability or any other virtue. He will break any promise, fail in any responsibility, spend his last dollar, betray his best friend and strip himself even of honor in order to gratify his desires. Such unfortunates should totally abstain from pleasures that thus accomplish their undoing, but this does not mean that *all* men are so weak that they can *never* enjoy these pleasures. For some persons — yes, total abstinence is necessary; there are men and women who should abstain from even the mildest wines and beers, just as there are men and women who should abstain from smoking because they are sure to go to excess (I myself am in the non-smoking class for that reason); but such persons are relatively few; the immense majority can use light wines and beers without injury and without progressing in the least on the road to drunkenness. They begin as temperate users of wines and beers and they end in the same way. They *never* develop any desire for strong drink. Witness the historic case of Cornaro, one of the wisest men who ever lived,

"In building for vigor and joy
This keystone I always employ.
Though archly inclined
With a frolicsome mind,
This shows I'm a sensible boy."

The Keystone

Campbell's Tomato Soup fits into your daily menu like a perfect keystone in a Roman arch.

Almost every day you find some occasion where it seems as if this delicious soup was made expressly for that particular use. Its exceptional quality and flavor make it the ideal soup-course for a company dinner or formal luncheon. Again, it provides exactly the wholesome invigorating introduction you want for any family meal. You haven't a food-product in your larder more acceptable and satisfying than

Campbell's Tomato Soup

It is just the nourishing appetizer which the tired men folks crave when they come home "done up" from the day's work. The children thrive on it. And yourself—busy and often fatigued from extra demands on your time and strength—find there is nothing which meets your physical needs more completely than this delightful soup—so nutritious, so tempting, so easily digested; and all ready for your enjoyment any time at three minutes' notice.

Order it from your grocer by the dozen or the case. This lightens delivery cost. And you have the mainstay of a pleasing meal always at hand when you want it.

Asparagus
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo Okra
Clam Bouillon
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Tomato-Okra
Vegetable
Vermicelli-Tomato

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

who rounded out his hundred years of philosophic existence on an allowance of fourteen ounces of wine a day, neither more nor less.

Here is the testimony of M. Lausanne, editor of *Le Matin*, the great Paris newspaper:

"While you do not find in France more than one man in a thousand drinking absolutely no alcoholic stimulants, nine hundred out of a thousand never touch spirits. . . . French people, millions of them, take light wine, and to a less extent light beer all their lives, and drunkenness is unknown among them. . . . I do not see why I should give up the light wine that my nation has taken always, because some few people cannot let whisky alone."

Perhaps the greatest temperance reform that can be accomplished in this country will come through the abolishment of the degrading American saloon with its demoralizing political influence and its hideous value as a recruiting agency for prostitution through its "Family Entrance" activities. Instead of saloons, let us have wholesome cafés where men can bring their wives and sweethearts for the enjoyment of mild drinks and reasonable pleasures, including music, without fear of contaminating influences.

"I wish the Mayor of New York, if he has the power, would order every bar and saloon in this city closed," said the French proprietor of an important New York hotel to me recently. "I would be the first to close my bar; in fact, I have at times closed it voluntarily—for example, when we had our big Defense parade and I saw that some of the soldiers were getting boisterous."

"You favor cafés instead of bars?"

"Exactly; clean cafés such as exist all over Europe, attractive places with little tables, where people can sit down and spend an hour or two in a self-respecting way, where men and women can come for tea in the afternoon or to hear the music in the evening. Seventy-five per cent. of the harm done by drinking in America comes from the way drinking is done, from unattractive and corrupting saloon surroundings; in short, from the bar, where men drink whisky hurriedly, standing up, instead of sipping coffee or beer in a rational way sitting down."

What if our new national alcoholic laws should strictly prohibit whisky and strong drink, but permit the making and selling of light wines and beers? It is certain that our whisky drunkards would worry along somehow until they died. A whisky drinker *can* become reconciled to beer and light wines, but not really to cold water. On the other hand, the younger generation, growing up with only beer and light wines at their disposal, would produce a comparatively small number of drunkards. It is *possible* for a man to get drunk on beer, but the danger is slight as compared with the danger of getting drunk on whisky, especially when the drinking is done in well-conducted beer gardens or cafés.

Even opponents of beer and light wines might admit the practical wisdom of permitting these less harmful beverages, say for a generation after the suppression of whisky —that is, until the whisky craving has died out, at which time it would be much easier to introduce complete prohibition, if that should seem desirable.

But I do not believe that this will ever be either desirable or possible.

Leaving aside all other considerations, there are practical reasons why it will be impossible for us to abolish all forms of alcoholic drinking. The strength of this alcoholic desire is too great and too widespread, the resistance of human nature is too stubborn, the methods of illicit distilling are too well-known and too easy.

If laws were enacted for complete prohibition, within six months they would be dead-letter laws; or if by some miracle they became effective, the result would be a startling increase in graver crimes than drunkenness, notably an increase in the use of cocaine and other devilish drugs; for the truth is, men must have a certain stimulation to make life endurable, only it need not be a harmful stimulation.

Just a word now in explanation of the alcoholic craving; I mean the steady, daily craving (periodic drinking is a separate problem), for, if we can understand this craving we shall know better how to deal with the evils of alcoholism. It appears that regular heavy drinkers drink to be lifted out of themselves; they drink because they are not satisfied with their own personality, as they have made it or inherited it or as life has made it for them. They long to escape from themselves, they long for a different personality and they get this, or think they get it, in the condition of brain ecstasy that results from alcoholic stimulation.

Ecstasy out of a bottle, ecstasy created by poison! Precisely! Wherever men have not learned to get their ecstasy in some better way they get it this way. The fundamental need of ecstasy appears in all human activities, in religious revivals, accompanied by music (which has hypnotic value), in political parades with brass bands, in grand opera, in college societies and all gatherings where there is singing.

Some men find their ecstasy in the pursuit of an ambition; others in the love of a woman, or the love of many women, as when passion is indulged; others in gambling or speculation; a few lift themselves to ecstatic heights by self-sacrifice; immense numbers know only the ecstasy of strong drink or drugs.

After all, the burden of life is heavy; the mere carrying about of body and brain wearies the soul of man. Think what this body is, with its central power-house in the skull, its intricate railroad system of blood vessels, its telegraph system of nerves and its scores of organs like so many laboratories or factories, all working ceaselessly night and day at their various complicated operations. What wonder that the pressure of all this has from the dawn of time driven men to find temporary relief in narcotics and stimulants?

There is no release from this drink slavery but through education and an effort of the developed will; without these all cures are in vain. Somehow each individual must understand his own case and assert his own will before the alcoholic tyrant can be laid low. Often this power of will is aroused through religion. I know several cases where men have been changed from drunken wrecks to self-respecting and successful citizens by Christian Science. I know a clergyman who has reclaimed many drunkards, men and women, by the combined power of hypnotism and prayer. He maintains what he calls a Chapel for Sick Souls where he ministers strangely and effectively to victims of alcohol.

"I want you to relax entirely," he says to a patient, seated comfortably in a massive chair. "Close your eyes, fix your thoughts upon a beautiful light, a kindly ball of fire that is descending upon you to help you. Now it touches your forehead, it enters into you, it spreads itself and pours itself all over you and through you, bringing you strength to resist and do right. You will have no more desire for drink, no more desire for drink! No more desire for drink! The very thought of drink will be abhorrent to you. You will find it easy not to drink. You will experience only joy in not drinking." And so on.

This suggestive treatment is given to patients who have been brought to the hypnotic borderland. They are not entirely unconscious, but they are so passive, so non-resisting, that strength floods into them, their dormant soul-force is awakened and those who sincerely co-operate in these ministrations are freed from their alcoholic craving and are changed back into sober men and women.

More big booze articles are under way, notably "The Alcoholocaust," by the indefatigable Porter Emerson Browne—a new kind of argument, offered in a new way

Kimonos and Pink Chiffon — *Continued from page 27*

to leave her section long enough to buy a new one. Besides, she had never, even before her marriage, been given to flirtations, like many of her sales-sisters — Irene, for instance, whose lid-darkened brown eyes usually were industriously darting here and there in search of a flirtation-opening. But Helen never had been inclined even to the slight, casual affairs which consist mainly of chaffing talk. And she was now vastly surprised at herself when she deliberately paused — and chatted with this man for several minutes.

Irene, seeing, grinned. Later she strolled past Helen and murmured, "Oh, you married women!"

Helen flushed, irritably, defiantly.

"Don't worry," promised Irene, benevolently. "I shan't tell friend husband."

"There's nothing to tell!" declared Helen with unnecessary vigor.

Irene grinned. "Not now — but later!" as she sauntered off to a customer.

Helen walked away to buy the blouse.

Two days later Hanecy Garrett, again strolled through the gown section. Also a week later again. It was not until the fourth time that Helen consented to take luncheon with him — some day.

He came back the next day and called it the "some day." Helen shook her head, flushed, smiled, demurred, flushed more, hesitated, half-smiled, refused, listened while he continued to plead, shrugged again ——

When she returned an hour later, Irene Budds' cleverly penciled eyebrows were elevated congratulatorily. "Say, Hatmann. I'm glad you're getting some sense at last! Believe me, a planked steak tastes better than a saucer of German fried potatoes at the cafeteria — don't it?"

Helen Hatmann flushed. But she evaded reply by making speedy, immediate way to a modish matron who was impatiently looking around for some salesperson to show her immediate attention.

IF Frank Hatmann noticed, during the following weeks, that his saleswoman wife was taking unusual care of her white collars and cuffs, and changing at least one day of each week from serviceable white pique to frailer, more ornate white organdie, this latter being a purchase that was her first extravagance in eight years, he gave no sign.

Perhaps he did not notice. The daily conning of ledgers for several years tends to make for near-sightedness — also for tired-sightedness. He came home quietly at night — sometimes on the same train with Helen, oftener on the one preceding; he puttered around the basement; then, as March gave way to April, around the thirty-by-ninety-six back yard; he cast anxious eyes after plumbing pipes; Sundays he cleaned the furnace out; he put in, rather daubily as regards the putty, a window broken by some mischievous boy; once he said distressfully that he guessed he'd have to keep out two dollars for new shirts.

It did not seem to enter his head that Helen, who was silent evenings and taciturn Sundays, might have become engrossed in seeing the usual sluggish current of her life disturbed by stones suddenly flung into it; said stones being several luncheons paid for by another man than her husband.

For that first luncheon was followed by others. Naturally.

Doubtless, if we had all the records of the first garden, it would be read that Eve, when she left it, furtively took away a fig-apronful of apples.

Luncheons, however, curtailed firmly to the forty-five minutes allowed midday by the big store, had been all the attentions accepted by Helen from Mr. Hanecy Garrett. He made two or three tentative dinner invitations. She refused — curtly and decisively. Whereupon, each time, he had glanced down, with a half-suppressed slight smile, at her one plain gold ring. Whereupon a bit of pink flared in her cheeks. But she said nothing and he, with a comprehending expression, asked no questions.

She liked that silent, ready acceptance of the situation. It seemed to leave matters in her hands. And she felt that her hands were decorous. She admitted to herself that what she was doing she would unhesitatingly condemn in another woman; nay — in the past had scathingly condemned on Irene's part, though that uncaring lady had merely an ex-husband to cast the shadow of undecorum on her more or less casual friendships with men more or less casually met.

But Helen fiercely told herself that life had given her a raw deal; in requital she had a right to — to eliminate some of the rawness. And lunching occasionally with a pleasant, kindly man was as harmless a bit of requital as one could find. If there had been children — there would have been a difference. But there were none.

"I'm certainly glad you've woke up!" commented Irene candidly. "Believe me, *I* get all out of life I can get."

Helen did not reply because she was involuntarily making mental comparison between the man whom she had just left, well-garbed, alert, radiating from his sleek head to his quick well-shod feet that air of success that the modern clever business man wears as nonchalantly as he wears his hat, and the man for whom she would cook supper five hours hence — shabby, dull, depressed.

That night she noticed dislikingly that Frank was beginning to stoop. Also his thin face had more wrinkles than it ought to have — at his age. She wished angrily that he would straighten himself — throw his shoulders up and out with the insolent assertion that some men display.

"What are you looking at, Helen?" he asked, with a faint smile. "My stubble?" passing a hand apologetically over his cheek and chin. "I forgot to shave last night — musn't let it go another day." He went into the bathroom and she could hear him stropping his razor.

On the dining-table — which in eight years had begun to betray its cheap wood — she leaned her elbows and propped her chin moodily in her cupped hands. She wondered what Hanecy Garrett was doing at that moment. He, too, had not been garrulous about his life, but several times he had mentioned his club. She visioned him there now, dining at a polished table, clean-shaven, immaculately groomed, satisfied. Abruptly she rose, washed the dishes rapidly and went to bed.

The next day she was crisply insolent to customers, but she felt impelled to throw courtesy to the winds. Life had been discourteous enough to her! Irene, passing, raised sleek, blackened eyebrows and murmured warningly, "Say, you can't care much for your job today! That's old Mrs. Deweybilt of the Lake Shore Drive ——"

"What do I care!" mutinously returned Helen, and defiantly watched the bejeweled, velvet-clad old lady sail wrathfully toward the elevator leading directly to the superintendent's office.

And she said coldly, "What do I care!" when that evening Frank remarked distressfully that the wooden supports of the back porch were rotting; eight years had told; they would demand replacing in another six months.

He laughed, with sudden sense of humor. "Well, I hope," quizzically, "that the house hangs together till we get it paid for, anyway. Tired, Helen?"

"I am always tired!"

And as on the preceding night, she rose abruptly, washed the dishes rapidly and went silently to bed.

The next night — Helen Hatmann did not eat supper at home. Instead, she had dinner downtown with Hanecy Garrett. She stipulated for a small unmodish restaurant, giving as excuse her store attire.

"Do you know, I don't at all like you in black," Garrett made her excuse an excuse for him to say softly, with a smile. "It isn't your color. You," judicially, "ought to wear fussy, fluffy, bright things that would enliven your skin and eyes."

"Indeed!" Her smile was wry and dry.

"Of course I know the black is obligatory at the store — what color do you wear most at home?" he asked tenderly as he took the menu card from a waiter.

"Gray," grimly.

"Ah! I'd like to see you in gray. Soft, pale gray ——"

Helen smiled — mirthlessly. She was stifling an impulse to laugh hysterically. That gray percale kitchen dress! And the irony of it was that this very week she needed a new one, seventy-nine cents! and couldn't afford it.

"A blue-eyed woman can certainly wear gray," went on Hanecy Garrett, with a positiveness that carried its own undertone of admiration for the blue-eyed woman with him. "But," again leisurely conning the card, "I'm frightfully fond of pink, too. I'd like," softly, index finger on the wine page, "to see you in pink. Filmy, pale pink."

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Which is Bound to Supersede the Old

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Formulas Perfected by a Thousand Tests.

Any Van Camp dish of nowadays is a revelation in scientific cookery. But the supreme creation, probably, is Van Camp's Pork and Beans. The Van Camp kitchens are now directed from a model laboratory. The Van Camp cooks are college-trained scientific experts. The formulas used are elaborate and exacting. Every detail is minutely specified. With some of this it has taken years to attain the superlative flavor. Materials are selected by analysis. Seeds and soils are studied to produce the best.

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This means that scientific methods are at last applied to cookery. Guesswork is abandoned. Every detail is developed to the pinnacle of excellence. And the final result is a thrice-better dish than the old methods ever developed.

Any new Van Camp dish, when you try it, will mark an epoch in your home. It will win you to scientific cookery. One dish will urge another. You will gain a new conception of what perfect cooking means.

Those delights will be perpetual. The dishes never vary. So these same flavors, these same qualities are always at your command. Please learn, for your own sake, how they differ from the ordinary foods.

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Van Camp's Pork and Beans

For 25 years our sovereign dish has been Van Camp's Pork and Beans. See what scientific cookery does for that. The beans are grown on rare soils, extra-rich in nitrogen. Each lot is analyzed before we start to cook. Thus we know exactly how to treat it. The water used is freed from minerals. Ordinary water makes digestion difficult.

The baking is done by super-heated steam, which does not touch the beans. Thus a high heat is applied, and applied for hours, without crisping or bursting the beans.

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PORK & BEANS BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE

Also Baked Without the Sauce
THREE SIZES

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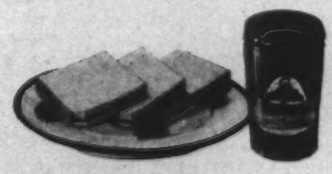

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Made in Italian style, but with a flavor far excelling any Neapolitan creation.

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It's that thin inner layer of soft cotton that feels so good to the skin. It's the thin outer layer of fine wool that keeps you warm. And the wool layer absorbs bodily moisture from the cotton layer, evaporates it and keeps the garment *soft* and *fresh* and your body *dry*. The *air space between* provides *healthful ventilation*.

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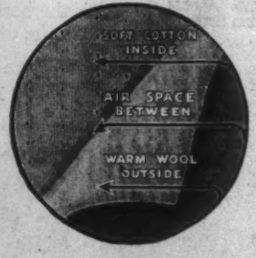

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"Indeed!" murmured Helen, trying to keep all undertone of bitterness out of her voice.

But the dinner was good. She had never known that a meal could be so good. And the wine was a tonic. She went home immediately it was finished, however, declining theatre, cabaret and a motor ride. Mr. Garrett patiently put her on the "L."

At home, "Have to work?" abstractedly inquired Frank. Seated at the dining-table he was figuring with the stub of a pencil on the back of the envelope which had contained the semi-annual water-bill. Helen's lips curled. She knew just how petty and how small were the sums that he was jotting down; twenty-five cents for a hair-cut; ten cents to a contribution for funeral wreath for someone at his office; thirty-five cents for two pairs of socks — and Hanecy Garrett had carelessly advised his sister to pay one hundred and ten dollars instead of ninety-five for a handful of Georgette crêpe that would bear scarcely three wearings! She felt a surging contempt for the inefficiency of the one man — so she termed it; she felt a sullen, reluctant admiration for the capability of the other. And the truth of the evening hung on the tip of her tongue. Frank would have to know sooner or later — he might as well know now.

But she did not tell Frank. She could not.

"I kept some coffee hot," he said, half-looking up. "Why didn't you refuse to stay, Helen? Lord, it's bad enough keeping you on your feet all day ——"

Helen flushed and hastily made her way upstairs.

But in the bedroom she shrugged her shoulders impatiently as she slipped off her blouse.

That night — for the first time in several years — she examined curiously her bare neck and arms as revealed by the sixteen-by-eighteen mirror of the cheap golden oak dresser which she and Frank shared. She was a little bit surprised to note that life, after all, hadn't made them deteriorate. They were still white, well-shaped, soft. In pink ——

She suddenly turned red. Frank had come upstairs and was looking at her. In the mirror their eyes met. There was a peculiar expression in his face. A dogged expression, a look of panic. Involuntarily Helen stiffened for argument or reproaches or quarrel. After all, though, even if he knew what could he say or do? Leave her, or order her to leave him — an ugly smile curled her lips at the alternatives. Why, either would be acceptable to her!

"Helen," stepping slowly into the room, "I might as well tell you what I found out three days ago ——"

"Well!" defiantly.

"I — I meant to wait till morning," in a low voice. "It's mean to spoil your night's sleep. But I've — just got to tell you right away."

"Well!" haughtily.

He paused, as though getting breath to continue, then broke out hoarsely: "After all we've paid on this house and lot, it seems our title is no good! We stand to lose — every cent."

"What? Why, I thought you meant —" Then she bit her lip.

He did not notice her confusion. "Yes — lose every last dollar," with despairing bitterness. "It's — it's rotten luck."

"Why — how ——"

He explained dully. There was a small omission in the papers; he had never noticed, and now the Wulson Home Real Estate Company, Inc., was taking advantage of it.

"They wouldn't dare!" she objected, incredulously.

He said dully that one of the fellows at the office had told him that the firm had long been known to be in the habit of doing this sort of thing — quite unscrupulous and too clever to be haled into court and punished. Oh, of course, he'd see a lawyer and fight it — as well as he could with no money; maybe they wouldn't lose ——

Helen glanced oddly around the room. Its too few pieces of furniture seemed even fewer by the economical light of one gas-jet. The window curtains, cheap écru scrim, needed laundering. The faded tan walls, too, needed cleaning.

To lose that room — would the loss seem great? And likewise the other rooms, with their too few pieces of furniture —

Oddly she looked at Frank. He was undressing with nervous haste, bending over to unlace his shabby shoe. She was surprised and shocked as she realized that she felt so little concern for him — for his loss. For *his* ——

More surprise, greater sense of shock came over her at the realization of her unconscious choice of the possessive pronoun. *His* — not *their* loss; not *hers* and his.

She could not change her feeling of detachment from him and the threatened loss. She had a certain sense of swelling hatred for Wulson Company, Inc. Thieves! How dare they! They ought to be punished — somehow. But this hatred seemed impersonal.

"And in five years more we'd have it all paid for," said Frank, bitterly.

"Five years!" said she. "Good God!"

"I'm going to see them — I'm going to get a lawyer," said he, nervously.

Again Helen looked at him oddly. Involuntarily to her mind came a vision of the other man meeting such an occasion. And her lips curled. Hanecy Garrett would not be nervous, or mournful, or in a panic. He would be insolent, resourceful. She could see him stalk into the offices of the Wulson Company and snap his fingers and demand what was coming to him. Why, in the first place, Hanecy Garrett would have seen that in the beginning there had been no vital omission of legal phrase! Something wrong with the papers — *why* hadn't Frank made it his business — why hadn't he been efficient enough, shrewd enough to see that the papers were right?

In the dark, on her pillow beside him, her blue eyes smoldered with rage at him, with contempt for him.

"Don't *you* worry, though, Helen," said he, after a while. "I'm sorry I told you. I'll get things fixed somehow."

The smolder of her eyes became a sneer that it was as well the dark hid. Worry! She — over losing that house! — that house to which they had been chained for eight years! It was on the tip of her tongue to assure him sarcastically that he needn't fear!

DURING the following evenings, and mornings too, Frank talked continually of the catastrophe; talked restlessly, nervously. He did not seem to notice that Helen had practically nothing to say.

"Of course I may be wasting my time worrying," he kept repeating. "It may be all right — a chap at the office told me of a lawyer who would find out the exact situation — I'm pretty sure that a big well-known firm like the Wulson Company can't afford to do a thing like this ——"

Helen was glad to escape from him mornings and get to the store. And she waited rather impatiently for Hanecy Garrett to telephone or send a messenger with another luncheon invitation.

When it finally came, four days later, she felt that she could not have waited another day. She wanted some tangible assurance that there are a few roseate facets to life's stone. And Hanecy Garrett's smiling, clever eyes were that assurance.

She smiled back.

"That's the way to look at a man," he commented, softly and significantly. "D'you know, this is about the first time you've ever really looked at me the way — the way a man likes to be looked at?"

Her cheeks grew pink. "D'you know, I'm hungry!" she countered.

"Are you? That's good. I'm celebrating today, anyway," genially.

"Celebrating what?" she asked idly, her eyes appraisingly on a blouse on a woman at a near-by table.

"Just learned that I stand in a fair way to make a few unexpected thousand dollars," with a chuckle. "Not many — but a few. And if I hadn't been wide-eyed, I'd have missed 'em." His alert voice had the tang of self-jubilation. He snapped his fingers at a waiter who moved with celerity at the snap.

Admiration of him flared into Helen Hatmann's eyes. Involuntarily she cried to herself, "This is the way of some men! They snatch opportunity as it passes! They know how to handle life —" A deeper contempt for her husband swelled in her heart. A stupid, frightened fellow who couldn't defend the title to a poor, bought-on-instalments seven-room house! Oh, Frank deserved scurviness from fate.

Garrett leaned toward her, across the table, apparently forgetting his lightly mentioned profits. Even before he spoke, Helen flushed, knowing about what he was going to say. With a half-idea of postponing it, she arose, pretending that she had finished her salad.

"Sit down!" he ordered, with a smile.

"I really must go. Time-clocks, you know, wait for no one ——"

"Sit down — a minute."

She obeyed, half-smiling, more than half-willing.

Garrett's clever eyes laughed into hers. "Tell me," he said, determinedly, "how

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much longer are we going to stay at this pleasant but not-as-pleasant-as-it-might-be degree of acquaintanceship?"

She tried to assume a certain incomprehension. "Shall we not — not meet again? I've not told you — but I'm married," slowly.

Smiling still, he shrugged his shoulders. "I surmised it. What of it? Perhaps I am, too."

That startled her. And unpleasantly.

"In that case — " resentfully.

"But I'm not," quickly he assured her, reading her thoughts. "But — These luncheons together are awfully nice, my dear girl. And so are dinners. But I think it is about time we are seeing more of each other." He hummed, too low for a waiter hovering near to hear, but distinctly enough for Helen's pink ears,

> "If you love me as I love you,
> No knife can cut our love in —"

"Perhaps I don't," evaded Helen.

"Then you've deceived me, woman!" with a mock tone of tragedy. "And it wasn't fair ——"

"Oh! —" She blushed, smiled, put away evasion and subterfuge. "I — I know. But — I — I don't — know."

He seemed to understand the opposing hesitant statements.

"How about dinner tomorrow night?"

"Oh — I don't know — I ——"

"But I do know!" smiling insistently.

For a long fraction of a minute Helen Hatmann played with her coffee-spoon. Then ——

"Very — well," in a low voice.

HER own words, "Very — well!" with the bitter resolveful little pause between them, hummed in her ears all afternoon while she deftly held out gowns for customers' inspection. She felt a certain sense of relief at having given her word. As for Frank ——

He was on the train that she took that night. Seeing her, he wedged a difficult way down the jammed aisle till he was beside her. At once he began to talk dully about the house. He had telephoned the Wulson office and demanded an appointment with someone the noon-hour of the next day. And he would tell the whole firm — interminably his tired voice droned on as the "L" train jolted around curves and on — just what honest people thought of such doings. He would tell them ——

Helen finally ceased to listen. Nothing that he was saying seemed to concern her. The house! Oh, let them take it, keep it, sell it for junk. What did it matter to her? She was glad to get rid of it. For once she forgot to feel exhausted as she swayed from the strap; for once her arm didn't ache. Tomorrow night — very well ——

They had left the car and were walking the ten blocks before she finally became conscious that Frank had several times asked her a question: "Will you come with me, Helen?"

"Come where?" sharply.

"Tomorrow noon to the Wulson offices," dully.

"Why should I accompany you?" impatiently.

He hesitated. Her lips curled. She could not picture Hanecy Garrett, clever, efficient, insolently sure of himself, asking a wife of his to accompany him, as bolster, helper, sustainer, on such an errand! Oh, the weakness of this husband of hers! She told herself fiercely that she despised him.

"I'd like to have you come," quietly. "Perhaps they'd show some mercy to a woman ——"

"Mercy!" she flared contemptuously. "Why crawl for their mercy when you're only asking for your rights ——"

"Oh — rights!" flared he bitterly. "A lot they care for anyone's rights! Firms like that — with plenty of money ——"

"Well, I won't go with you," curtly. "I don't care one bit, in fact, about the matter. I don't care if they take the house. I hate it — every room of the seven. I hate that sickly row of shrubs that you planted in the front yard. I hate this long ride mornings and nights. I hate — everything connected with it." All this she said slowly and carefully. Then she looked at him to see how he took it.

"I know," said he quietly. "You're tired, Helen. It's the grind and the poverty that put you in this mood."

She shrugged her impatience at his denseness. He would not understand. Very well! She got supper silently and they ate silently.

That he did not understand she realized afresh in the morning.

"I wish you'd meet me at noon and come along," he repeated, appealingly.

Helen almost snapped refusal again, but a sudden impulse stayed her. After all — why not? She could afford to do him this last service since that night's dinner perhaps would end their life together.

"I'll — I'll meet you at twelve-thirty," she agreed slowly, and turned away, pretending to straighten her hat at the mirror, from the great gratefulness that lighted his eyes.

But it was taciturnly that she walked beside him that noon, down the crowded street. She regretted her yielding. After all, why had she come? She could do no good — and she felt small interest as to whether any good could be done!

They entered the cool white marble foyer of an office building whose walls, pillars and gilded elevators bespoke the *dernier cri* of comfort, glaze and luxury in modern business temples. It was the first time since eight years before that Helen had visited the Wulson Home Real Estate Company's offices. Then the firm had been in less pretentious quarters. So! It had prospered — that unscrupulous firm. Well! — she shrugged her shoulders — she, too, would take the path that led to prosperity.

They entered the first room of the suite — 1216-1224. It was luxuriously furnished — that suite; mahogany desks, ornate brass-barred booth for the cashier, expensive rugs. Helen, however, paid little attention to the furnishings. She was wishing impatiently that the whole business was over. Again she wished that she had never come.

The dapper spectacled cashier, the same to whom they had made that first payment, came forward, out of his booth. "What can I do ——"

"Nothing," said Frank. "I talked to you over the 'phone. Now I want to see someone higher."

"I can take care of any matter," objectingly.

"You're a set of scoundrels," chokily began Frank ——

"None of that!" ordered the cashier. "You're under a misapprehension — as I tried to explain the other day. Wulson Company," suavely, "is not profiting by the error. We also stand to lose, unfortunately ——"

"Wulson Company got my money!" objected Frank.

"And simply passed it on to other hands," smoothly. "It is too bad ——"

"Get someone out here to talk to me," said Frank, gesturing toward the closed frosted-glass door leading to an inner room, "or I'll smash the door!"

Malevolently the cashier started toward a push-button. Helen surmised that it was for assistance in ejecting herself and Frank. Distastefully she moved toward the outer door. Frank's course of action was futile! Only a lawyer could do anything. And if a lawyer, too, proved futile — she had a feeling that the smooth cashier and the smooth Wulson Company in the end would have things as they chose.

But at that moment the door of the inner suite opened suddenly and a group of smiling, chattering men issued from it. They eyed Frank inquiringly.

"Which of you is the head of this company?" he demanded insistently. "I know well enough Wulson isn't his name — it's only a convenience ——"

From the center of the advancing group one man flung an insolent:

"Why?"

A second later this man saw Helen Hatmann. She was standing rigid, one hand on the knob of the outer door. And it was at that moment that a slim, sallow woman, in the thirties, with temperish, small lips, whose tailored tweed had a beauty of line from thin shoulder to thin hip seldom achieved west of New York, glided through that outer door and approached Mr. Hanecy Garrett, manager of the Wulson Home Real Estate Company, with an intimacy of manner that only a wife can manifest.

Quite a while afterward, when Helen Hatmann's mind had recovered a certain subjectivity that enabled her to distinguish the humor of the situation from the pathos (and from the bathos) she made a confidante of Irene Budds—whose delicate, oldish face did not always wear an expression of pure cynicism.

"I'd like to tell somebody," observed Helen, plaintively. "I've *got* to tell somebody," with a soft laugh, "how funnily

petrified that bright business man looked when he saw me and his wife in the same room and then found out Frank's errand and also that I was Frank's wife. Do you know, I believe for a minute he thought that I was going to show him up — as if I were that kind of a woman!" Her cheeks flamed red at recollection.

"Did you ——"

"No — I never told Frank," coolly. "I couldn't think of any real reason for hurting him. Frank," with another little laugh, "thinks that he threw a scare into the whole Wulson Company! I don't think," with an indulgent, amused shrug, "that Frank's power of intuition will ever change the world's orbit. But at that," with proudly tilted chin, "he doesn't go around picking up a 'few thousands' that don't belong to him!"

Irene's interest was candidly keen. "And his wife ——"

Helen smiled slowly. "No — *he* didn't see any real reason for hurting *her*, either," significantly. "He bustled her into that inner room on the plea of awfully important business, and then he assured Frank that the matter would be satisfactorily arranged at once — oh, instantly and right away at once! Far was it from the Wulson Company to take advantage of any little slip in any little paper!" Her eyes flashed contemptuously in recollection.

But then they softened as she went on musingly: "Say, Irene, wasn't it queer — all along I thought I hated that house and Fr — and the long ride and everything — and suddenly I knew I didn't hate 'em at all! All at once I realized I didn't want to lose them. Frank's thin, worried face — Say, I was fighting mad at Hanecy Garrett! You know," with a grin, "a place is like an old kimono; the older it is, the more attached to it you are ——"

"Isn't it the truth!" sighed Irene, shifting her weight from one slim foot to the other as she warily scanned the section for customers.

"And we'll have it all paid for in five years," said Helen, calmly. "That won't be long."

Do you like stories of every-day people? McClure's does, and it thinks its readers do. We have other yarns as realistic as this by Miss Evans

The Bunk About Bad Luck

[*Continued from page 20*]

doctrine that I could never succeed through my own efforts, that there was something malign and hostile to me, outside myself, and that, no matter how I might try to shape my life, the vague thing called bad luck would pursue me. Moreover, I believed other men when they said the same thing about themselves.

This was my state of mind when my father, a successful man in "general merchandise" in the thriving town back home, suggested that I open a drugstore.

"You know how to talk to people," he said. "You know what will please them. Your medical knowledge will be a tremendous asset. So many people go to a druggist for medical advice — free! — while they buy a dime's or a dollar's worth of something. It brings business."

That caught my fancy. He put up the money for the stock and the rent on a good corner. He put up enough, also, to employ a registered pharmacist at $75 a month to look after the prescriptions, a clerk, a girl cashier and a soda-fountain boy. What I had picked up about salesmanship and management by having been in my father's store off and on up until I was twenty-two would stand me in good stead.

The drugstore got off to a flying start. The change in employment did me good. The location of the place was such that people were almost compelled to patronize it. In the first months, my father dropped into town every two weeks and helped me immensely. Besides, there is an enormous profit in drugs and soft drinks if the business is run properly. According to the showing of the first three months, I would clear about $8,000 that year.

My luck had changed, I told myself with jubilation. I had hit the right thing. I regretted bitterly the years I had wasted as a physician. Seeing all that money coming in, I decided that I could afford to get married. I got married. Mary and I spent many happy hours dwelling on the fair prospect that unfolded itself before us.

Nevertheless, I still tapped on wood whenever I indulged in optimistic statements about the future. The "13" obsession still had me. I see now that I was just as much a believer in bad luck then as I had ever been. In spite of prosperity, there was, back somewhere in my head, the fear, the expectation, that bad luck would hit me again. I was not believing in myself half as much as I was in "luck." To all intents and purposes, the lightning-rod for calamity remained towering toward the sky.

I cleared $7,000 the first year, took another clerk, cleared $8,400 the second year, and — in the third year my profits were only $6,000. At the end of the second year the pharmacist who had started with me went to a better job. In the meantime, however, I had passed the requisite examination and had become myself a registered pharmacist. Consequently, I took over the prescription work, employing another clerk at a low salary to make up for my services that were lost to the front of the store.

But I could not see that this change accounted for the drop in profits. I went on through the fourth year — and the profits dropped even more. This time they were only $4,100. What was the matter? Of course, I knew. I was still the child of misfortune. I had no luck. But, under the promptings of my wife, I unearthed some things that would have thrown light on the situation if I hadn't been so unlucky.

Anybody familiar with medicine or drug-store detail will be surprised by the following:

One day there were two calls for strychnine tablets, 1-40 of a grain, and I had none in the store.

On another occasion, a woman in a great hurry rushed in to buy a hot-water bottle. The last one had just been sold three minutes ahead of her.

One night there was a call for veronal powder. I had veronal tablets, but no veronal powder.

Once more, my supply of a rather popular brand of tooth-paste ran out before I noticed it.

These things would have had no particular financial meaning in the long run, but they were powerful in building up the impression that the store could not be relied on, that the stock was incomplete, and that the place was slip-shod in its management and service. That this idea got abroad, was emphatically illustrated at the end of the next year. The profits were exactly $1,900. My store had come to be regarded as out-of-date, third-rate, a place where the poorer people congregated. It lacked the thing that comes from efficient management and good salesmanship.

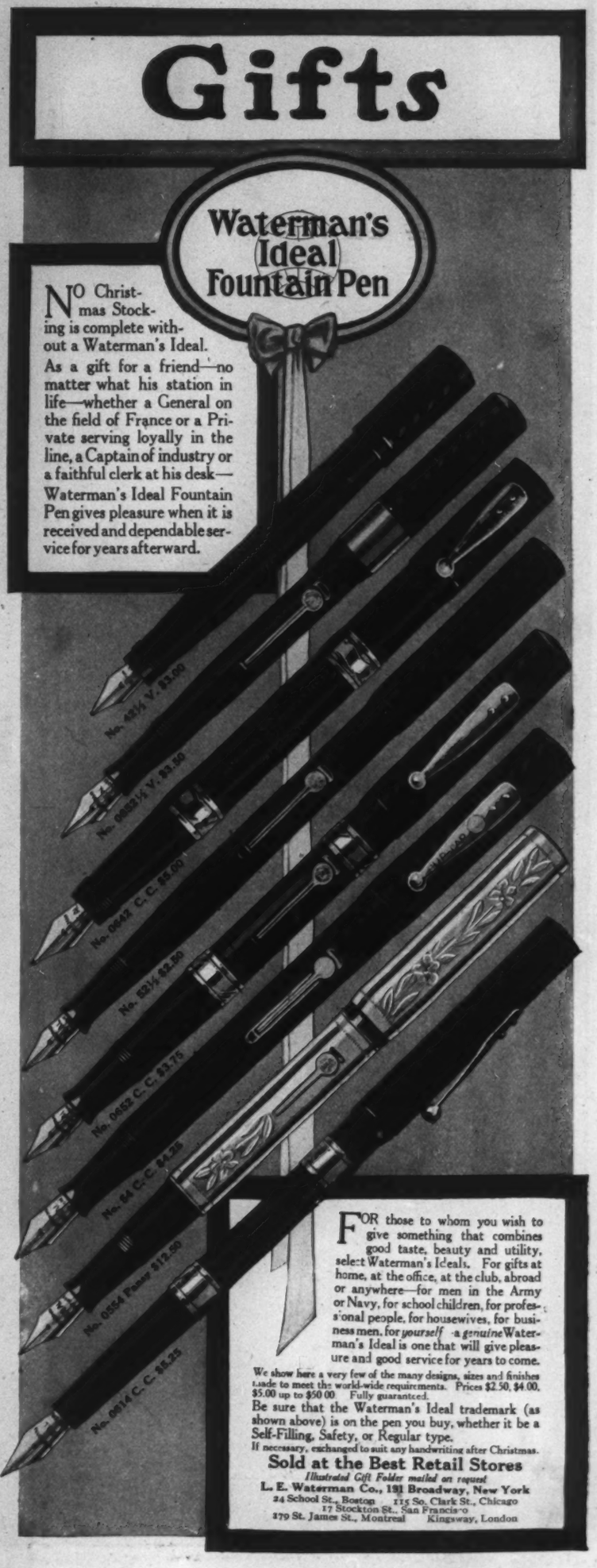
In a few more months, I was down and out. The stock was gone and I was without a store and without a job.

If I had needed anything to clinch my belief that bad luck was a vague, powerful, incessant enemy against which I could not struggle successfully, my plight then would have done the clinching.

I was thirty-four years old, I had had a tip-top education, I had enjoyed unusual opportunities, I had money back of me, I had tried two different professions, I had been industrious and ambitious — and yet, there I was, a total loss, a failure, with nothing to look forward to at all. Talk about bad luck! There was nobody who could show a record to equal mine in that regard. I was doomed, had been doomed ever since babyhood.

Gloom took possession of me. I was like a thing wrapped up in a shroud and cerements The morning I left the store for the last time I had no more courage than a squab, no more "come-back" to me than a fish. Life had intimidated me, terrorized me. I didn't have a chance on earth.

We talked it over, my wife and I, she optimistic, cheerful, trying to be inspiriting, I dejected, cowardly, incapable of a smile. I did the only thing there was to do. I looked for a job as a prescription clerk. My father had died the year before, and I had used up the patrimony while he was alive. I took that job in a downtown store because it was up to me to go through the motions of providing food and shelter for Mary. But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my heart was not in it. I *knew* now I would never amount to anything.

We struggled on through that year, living in a cheap, dingy boarding-house. There was only the $75 a month. I had saved no money. I worked from eight in the morning until eleven at night, with a little time off for meals. To Mary, the life was grueling, but she never complained. I tried not to grumble before her, but at the store I adopted a whining, beaten air. I talked to the other clerks about bad luck. Some of them were as unlucky as I!

Frequently, I thought of suicide. Your bad-luck artist has that as one of his obsessions. The world is against him — then, why shouldn't he destroy himself swiftly instead of letting life do it in a torturing and ugly manner! It's the old argument that is never carried to a conclusion.

At the end of my fourth month in the store, the owner put me on the all-night job. He figured, doubtless, that I was of not much help in the daytime. I was too gloomy, too "draggy." On the night-job, I began at eleven o'clock and got off at seven-thirty in the morning. The work, of course, was easy. After one in the morning, there would be hours when there were no calls at all. I merely had to stay awake and show that the store was open.

My attitude now was one of complete surrender. I had adopted the philosophy of the unlucky for keeps. I was one of the unchosen. I was lucky to keep body and soul together. The idea of trying to redeem myself never even occurred to me. Almost in so many words, I abandoned myself supinely to the death-in-life, the living without ambition, without hope for better things. You can see that kind of man every day — pale, futile, weak, combativeness utterly lost.

Purely as a recreation and not at all with an eye to the future, I fell into the habit of getting books from the public library and reading them while I was on duty. Because of my training, my interest went naturally to medical subjects, and I drifted into an absorbed reading of the books that had to do with nervous and mental diseases. Anybody who has looked into this subject knows its commanding interest.

By the time a year and a half had rolled round, I was saturated with the learning on the subject. I had devoured the works of DuBois, Freud, Pfister, Jung, Adler, Jones, White, Brill and a lot of others. I had done it because they had compelled my attention. They had been far more interesting to me than ordinary novels and magazines. I began to tell Mary about them. She, too, saw their interest and fairylike beauty. She, in her turn, studied them.

Finally, she came to me with this suggestion:

"Why don't you start out as a nerve specialist — a specialist in nervous and mental diseases?"

I laughed at her, but she insisted. I began a long rigmarole about my bad luck. At that, she lost her temper completely. This was not the first time she had lost it. The wives of the bad-luck men finally grow irritable. A woman, with her fine psychology, senses soon enough the exact meaning of the bad luck bunk. She knows it for what it really is — character weakness. And it galls her to recognize this weakness in the man upon whom she is dependent. It was so with Mary.

"Bad luck!" she cried in fine scorn. "Don't talk to me about bad luck. It's bad work! That's the truth of it. Bad work, not bad luck, has brought us where we are."

Several months later she told me one morning when I got home from the store:

"I'm going down into the country to spend a couple of months with my mother. My brother has lent me two hundred dollars. Here it is." She handed me a roll of bills. "I know that, when I come back, you will be on the road to success."

And she left for her mother's home that evening. The thing was very plain to me. In this way, my wife had served notice on me that she had grown weary of my worthlessness. However, she had given me a last chance to make good. I could not get away from that thought. Luck or no luck — regardless altogether of bad luck, misfortune and poor breaks — I was up against my last chance.

A month after she had left, I went to see Dr. Maury Wilnam, a man of about my age. He was a nerve specialist. I had known him during my medical activities. Contemplation of that last chance had put into me something that was a cross between hope and desperation.

I told him I had given up the practise of medicine several years before and had gone in for nervous and mental diseases. I explained to him what I knew about psychology; the influence of worry on the nervous make-up, and the terrific amount of mental suffering and nerve-strain caused by the habit people had of concealing their troubles and of refusing to confide in their physicians.

"You have your bromides, your electrical treatments and your hypnotism," I told him. "Now, I'm offering you a fourth element — the application of real psychology to those of your patients who need it, my analysis of their suffering and my enlightenment of them so that they may live their lives properly and be well, normal persons. You doss them — and I'll talk to them, teach them the absurdity of fear."

I told him what fees should be charged for my part of the work and what percentage of the fees he should get. I was not unreasonable in that regard. What I wanted was to go to work in his office. The upshot of the matter was that the proposition made a big hit with him. Within another week we had signed our agreement of partnership, and my little brass plate was below his just outside the door of his office.

When Mary returned I was a "specialist in nervous and mental diseases."

During my thirty-sixth year I managed to lose all interest in the question of luck. Two things brought this about. One was the psychology of hopefulness and right living which I preached to my patients. The other was my sense of well-being, my pride in having at last won through to something worth while. By the time I was thirty-seven the bad-luck bogey had vanished into thin air forever.

Today I enjoy a lucrative practise. I am respected and beloved by the men and women I have helped. Mary has all the comforts and most of the luxuries of life. And I am an optimistic, self-reliant, confident man.

This is why I say there is no such thing as bad luck. Bad luck is nothing but bad work. A man's misfortunes are really nothing but his mistakes. If there is ever a "curse" on him, it is entirely the curse of his own cowardice.

Here are three suggestions you might follow before you decide that a man is the victim of bad luck and worthy of tearful sympathy:

If he complains about his business misfortunes, find out how he runs his business.

If he whines about his health, ask him what he has eaten, how he has eaten, and how he has exercised, during the past fifteen or twenty years.

If he mourns because his children have not turned out well, inquire into how much care and supervision he gave them when they were young.

"Bad luck," she cried in scorn. "Don't talk to me about bad luck. It's bad work—"

Bad luck is often the harvest grown from neglect.

I have mentioned my boyhood loss of the debater's medal by one vote. I know now why I lost it. It was because I relied on the contents of my written speech and did not take the trouble to develop my delivery, the enunciation and the gestures. I did not make a finished job of it. Likewise, my failure in anatomy and materia medica was due to laziness, a laziness caused by my dislike of those two subjects. I was not unlucky about them. I merely refused to work hard enough on them.

Again, my erroneous diagnosis of the man's painful knee was entirely unnecessary. If I had looked up the information on that before I treated him instead of stumbling on it after I had treated him, all would have been well. That was not bad luck. It was criminal neglect. And the reason I failed to hear the telephone calls from that wealthy family was that I wanted to get my sleep rather than be waked up. If I had been mentally anxious, even in my sleep, to be called out, I never would have slept while the bell rang.

It was the same thing in running the drug-store. I always disliked detail. That was why the time came when my customers heard the words that are the crack of doom for any retail business:

"We're just out of that."

My ruin came not from bad luck, but from bad management, bad business, bad work. Like every believer in bad luck, I was slipshod and careless. Similarly, I failed as a seventy-five-dollar clerk. I showed no energy, no push, no get-up-and-get. All through those years of failure, it was the same story: Inefficiency, lack of interest, loose methods. In the language of the golf player, I did not "follow through."

The whole business about bad luck can be summed up thus: The "unlucky man" is the man who does not measure up to the world's standards of work; and the "lucky man" is the one who is such a hustler and so wide-awake that he is a little superior to the average standards.

Now, how did I reverse my position? How did I cease to be a child of misfortune and, to all effects and purposes, swing around and ride upward on the very neck of adverse circumstances? I did it because I had received such a mental jar that I had no time to sit back and brood on my bad luck.

I was put squarely up against the fact that, if I did not accomplish something, I would lose my wife, the one person who was dear to me in the world. I glimpsed the stark truth that, while I had been thinking of how the world took things from me, I had really been taking from myself the one thing I needed and wanted. I saw myself as the burglar of my own happiness, the destroyer of my own life.

That was what took the "bad luck" bunk out of my mind. I have seen that, and things similar to it, do the same for other men. They had been willing to drift along on the easy tide that leads to destruction, just so long as they had a few physical comforts or soul consolations left. Threatened with the loss of those, they developed a resourcefulness which astonished them.

To believe in bad luck is an attractive cowardice for a large class of men. It is a beautiful excuse for failure. It is a perfect defense against hard work. It is even a means of securing a morbid sympathy — and these men revel in that sort of sympathy and coddling from their wives and friends.

I have already said that the bad luck fetish hurts one's health. Naturally. He who is always expecting the worst in one thing generally expects it in all things. His mind and body are set to receive the worst. It is astonishing how a poor bank account and poor health go together. The greatest medicine in the world is optimism. The worst toxin is gloom.

Once more, by way of a final jab: There is no such thing as "bad luck." The belief in it is a gross superstition.

Here is a glaring illustration of the nonsensical talk about luck:

It is claimed that there is a lot of luck in poker. My observation has been that the man who wins at poker consistently is merely the best player of poker. There are some who have a "run of luck." But, if that "run" lasts three months, the opposite "run" generally lasts equally long. If the good luck holds up for a year, the bad luck appears during the next year.

Any habitual card-player, unless he is a very poor player or an unusually good one, will tell you that his winnings and losses just about counterbalance. In poker, as in life, the final determining factor is skill, knowledge of the game, patience, taking advantage of opportunities.

If you have a premonition that you are going to fail in an undertaking, you are promising yourself disaster in advance, you are merely saying to yourself: "I know I'm not equal to that. I'll fall down on it sure." Dismiss the premonitions. Throw away the "charms" and talismans. Get on the job!

The "Comer"

The bright eye—
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is chosen by thousands of "coming" men as their regular table beverage, not only for its delightful flavor, but because it is free from harmful ingredients, such as caffeine, the drug in coffee and tea.

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Of course you will want to help the Government in the work of conserving food supplies by having one or two meatless days each week. For your meatless meals you will want food that supplies as much nutriment as meat at a lower cost—food that is ready-to-eat and easily digested.

Shredded Wheat Biscuit

contains all the body-building material in the whole wheat grain prepared in a digestible form. It is 100 per cent. whole wheat—nothing wasted, nothing thrown away. The whole wheat contains every element needed for building healthy bodies and for furnishing energy for the day's work. It contains more real body-building nutriment than meat, eggs or potatoes and costs much less.

Two or three of these crisp, brown little loaves, of cooked whole wheat with milk or cream make a nourishing, satisfying meal for any time of day at a cost of a few cents. Delicious with sliced bananas, stewed prunes, baked apples or other fruits.

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The White Morning

[Continued from page 10]

DURING the next five years she wrote many short stories and essays, and four plays. Her work appealed subtly but clearly to the growing rebellion of the German women; she was too much of an artist to write frank propaganda, and the critics were long waking up to the object of her work. Her first three plays were failures, but the fourth ran for two years and a half, and was played all over Germany and Austria. It was a brilliant, dramatic, half-humorous, half-tragic exposition of the German woman's enforced subservience to man as compared with the glorious liberty of the somewhat exaggerated American co-heroine.

There was talk of suppressing this play at first, but Countess Niebuhr brought all her influence to bear, and as the widow of one esteemed junker and the daughter of another far more important, her argument that her daughter merely labored to make the German woman a still more powerful factor in upholding the might of German Kultur caused the powers to shrug their shoulders and dismiss the matter. After all, was not the play by a woman, and were not the German women the most thoroughly disciplined in the world? Besides, the play was amusing, and humor destroyed the serious purpose always. Humor made the Americans the contemptible race they were—fortunately for the future plans of Germany. They took nothing seriously. In time they would!

Those who have not lived in Germany have not even an inkling of the deep, slow, secret revolt against the insolent and inconsiderate attitude of the German male that had been growing among its women for some fifteen years before the outbreak of the war. They ventured no public meetings or militant acts of any sort, for men were far too strong for them yet, and the German woman is by nature retiring, no matter what her independence. Their only outward manifestation was the hideous reformkleid, a typical manifestation in even the women of a nation whose art is as ugly as it often is interesting. But thousands of them were muttering to one another and reading with envy the literature of woman's revolt in other lands. When one of their own sex rose, a woman of the highest intelligence and an exquisite style, who although she signed herself Gisela Döring was said to be a rebellious member of the Prussian aristocracy—their own vague protests slowly crystallized and they grew to look upon her as a leader, who, one day, maybe, would show them the way out of bondage. Her correspondence grew to enormous proportions, but she answered every letter, fully determined by this time to accomplish something more than a name in letters while incidentally amusing herself with stirring up the women and annoying the men. But, although clubs were formed to discuss her work and letters, they were still unsuspected of the arrogant men who controlled the destinies of Germany. And as the German woman is the reverse of frank, as little indication of the slow revolution was found in the home.

Then came the War.

II

GISELA, like all the women of Germany, flamed with patriotism and righteous indignation. Russia and France, with no provocation from Germany had crossed the sacred frontiers of the great Teutonic Empire. A French aviator had dropped bombs on Nuremberg, one of the artistic treasures of Europe, although, mercifully, his bombs had been inadvertently filled with air. Then followed the even more indefensible act of Great Britain, whose only object in joining forces with paper allies was to aim a blow at the glorious commercial prestige of Germany, the object of her fear and hate these many years.

Gisela immediately entered the hospital opened by her mother in Berlin and took a rapid first-aid course, concentrating upon the work all the fine powers of her mind and strong young body. Literature, fame, propaganda among women, all were dismissed. Although victory was certain in a few months, there would be many thousands of wounded and she was filled with a passionate desire to tend and to serve these heroes and martyrs of foreign hatred. She quite forgot her personal experience of the German male, forgot herself. Her beloved Fatherland was attacked and the German male in his heroic resistance, his triumphal progress, was become a god. Dienen! Dienen!

She had no time to ponder upon the violation of Belgium, and knew nothing of the curious liberation of medieval psychology from the superficial harness of modern time. She was engaged in hard menial labor during those first weeks and it was sufficient to know that Germany had been violated. It is true that her warrior parent had sometimes boasted of the day when Germany should rule the world, but he had been careful to say nothing about a war of aggression, and Gisela, like every other civilian in the Central Empires, had been too accustomed to the evidences of a great standing army to give them more than a passing thought. Were they not, then, surrounded by envious and powerful enemies, situated in the very middle of Europe? What more natural than that they should ever be on the alert? That Germany herself would strike at the peace of Europe, a peace which had brought her unexampled prosperity and eminence, never had crossed Gisela's mind. Nevertheless, knowing the German male as she did, she was quite sure that the officers reveled in the new complexion of Europe as much as the civilians in the reserve detested it. She could see Franz Nettlebeck barking out his orders for the irresistible advance, and Georg Zottmyer grinding his teeth in the trenches and suffering acutely from dyspepsia.

Until the Summer of 1916 she was very busy in her mother's hospital and then in one started by a Socialist friend, Johanna Ganz, in Munich. She glanced at the English papers sometimes, but assumed that their versions were for home effect, and smiled at their occasional claims of victory. Poor things!

When she was ordered to take charge of a hospital in Lille in June of the second year of the war she had forced herself to accept the state of Europe with a certain philosophy. After all, war was its normal, its historic, condition. Following a somewhat unusual interval of peace, owing to the beneficent reign of the German Emperor, the war microbes of Europe, cultured in the Balkan swamps, had, through some miscalculation, after a deplorable assassination, swept over practically the entire continent instead of being localized as heretofore. Men were men and kings were kings and war was war.

The sinking of the *Lusitania* and other passenger ships had filled Gisela with a horror that might have developed into protest had she not been assured that the U-boats had purposely waited for a calm sea not too far from shore that the passengers might have every opportunity for escape, but that they had been the victims of the explosion of contraband ammunition, badly adjusted life-boats, panic among themselves, and utter inefficiency and selfishness of the officers and crew.

These excuses sounded plausible to a young woman still too occupied to ponder, but during her journey through Belgium and the invaded districts of France her mind grew more and more uneasy. Surely an army so uniformly victorious, an army which only forebore to press forward in a battle, like that of the Marne, for sound strategic reasons, should have found no necessity to destroy whole towns with their priceless monuments of art, level countless insignificant villages and reduce their inhabitants to abject misery.

In Lille she met Elsa, who had been in charge of a hospital for a year, Mimi Brandt and Heloise von Erkel, whom she had known intimately in Munich. She found all three horrified and appalled at the atrocious cruelties, the persistent and needless severities, the arrogant and swaggering attitude, accompanied by countless petty tyrannies, unworthy of an army in possession; the wholly unmodern and dishonorable treatment of a prostrate and wretched people. Above all, the deportation of the young girls of Lille, torn from their families, driven off in herds to God knew what horrible fate, had shaken them to the core.

All three had thought their German army an army of demi-gods while serving far behind the lines, and all three were bitterly ashamed of their countrymen and disposed to question a government which not only encouraged

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There will be a shortage of really good chocolates and confections, so we suggest that you see *now* the dealer near you who is your Whitman agent, usually the leading druggist, and arrange for your own gifts at home or abroad.

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the Saddist lust of its fighters and seemed unable to feed its civilians properly, in spite of the great leakage through neutral countries, but which persisted in calling themselves victorious when they were either on the defensive or in the act of being beaten, despite their first irresistible rush. The Somme Drive had not begun, but every nurse in Lille knew the truth about Verdun.

"And believe me, as the Americans say," remarked Mimi Brandt, "when the German people know the truth, particularly the German women, there will be some circus!"

Mimi had been far more of an active rebel than the Niebuhr girls, possibly because her life stream was closer to the source, patently to herself because she had a magnificent voice which needed but the necessary technique to assure her a welcome in any of the great opera houses of Germany. Adroitly persuaded by her parents to marry when she was not quite seventeen, she had conceived a positive abhorrence of the rodent-visaged young burgess who had been her lot; not only was he personally distasteful to the ardent romantic girl, but he would not permit her to cultivate her voice, far less study for the stage. Her revenge had been a cruel disdain, to which he had responded by lying under the bed all night and howling. Twice she had run away, visiting prosperous and sympathetic relatives in Milwaukee, and both times returned at the passionate solicitation of her parents; not only outraged in their dearest conventions but anxious to be rid of the small rodent born of the union.

Her last return had been but a month before the outbreak of war, and Hans Brandt, to his growling disgust, was promptly swept off by the searching German broom. He was as much in love with his wife as a man so meagrely equipped in all but national conceit may be, for Mimi was a very handsome girl with a buxom but graceful figure, and a laughing face whose golden brown eyes sparkled with the pure fun of living when they were not sombre with disgust and rebellion.

Gisela had always looked upon Heloise von Erkel as the most tragic figure in Munich. She had distinction rather than positive beauty, for although her features were fine her complexion and hair were faded and there were faint lines on her charming face. She was a blonde of the French type and her light figure, although indifferently carried and always clad as inexpensively as possible had an indefinable elegance.

In heaven knows what moment of youthful madness Frau von Erkel, born Heloise d'Oermont, had married a young German officer, and although both fancied themselves deeply in love the breach began soon after they had settled to the routine of the frontier town where he was stationed, and had widened rapidly in spite of the fact that she produced six children as automatically as the most devoted and detested hausfrau of her acquaintance. Shortly after the birth of the sixth the breach became a chasm, for the chocolate firm, inherited from her bourgeoise mother and the source of Frau von Erkel's wealth, failed through the rascality of one of the partners, and the haughty Bavarian aristocrat was forced to keep up his position in the army, as well as his growing family, on an income, accruing from chocolate investments, that should have been reserved for pleasures alone. However, there was no help for it. He renounced cards and such other costly amusements as he could without lowering his standard as a gentleman and an officer, and of course the real suffering was borne by the women of the family.

When Gisela met them, Frau von Erkel and her three daughters (all well-on and unmarried) were living in an old and small but respectable house with one beer-sodden maid to relieve them of the heavy work, and bake the cake for the Sunday "coffee."

Colonel von Erkel and his three sons lived in bachelor quarters and called on the women of the family every Sunday afternoon at precisely four o'clock. In full uniform, and imposing specimens of the German officer, they sat stiffly on the uncomfortable chairs for some thirty minutes and then simultaneously escaped and were seen no more for a week.

At first Gisela was intensely amused at vagaries of the Erkels, but when she saw the four narrow beds in a row in one small monastic room (the first floor was let to lodgers who paid the rent) and still more of their almost hopeless contriving to hold to their position in Munich society, to say nothing of sufficient food and clothing, her sympathies, always more deep than quick, were permanently aroused. But they were confined to the girls. Charming and graceful as the old lady was it was evident that if without the arrogance of her German husband she was afflicted with the intense conservatism of her race. It had taken Aimée, the oldest of the girls (she was thirty-odd) three years of persistent begging, nagging, arguments, tears, and threats of abrupt demise, to obtain permission to move her piano, a bookcase and three chairs up to the garret and have a room she could call her own. Frau von Erkel was scandalized that a French girl (she systematically ignored the German infusion in her daughters) should wish for hours of solitude. But Aimée had the national genius for pegging away, and her mother finally succumbed.

After that it was comparatively easy, although there were several notable engagements, for Heloise to become secretary to Gisela Döring. She never dared admit that she received a generous monthly check for her services, but as Gisela was a favorite with the old lady (always sitting placidly with her hands in her lap, a faint ironic smile on her still pretty face) and as her literary style was said to be impeccable (Frau von Erkel never even read a German newspaper), the new connection was harmonious, and Heloise at last knew something like real liberty in the little garden house of the parterre apartment of Gisela Döring.

THERE is little time for nurses in the war zone to meet and talk, but even nurses must rest and take the air, and during the month before the frightful rush of wounded after the British offensive on the Somme began the four girls, all in different hospitals, maneuvered to obtain leave of absence at the same hour, early in the evening. They promenaded desolate by-streets arm in arm, their heads together, relieving their burdened souls. There was no idea of treason in any of those rebellious minds, for they still believed their Fatherland to have been on the defensive from the first, the victim of a conspiracy.

But being women, and women who had thought for themselves for many years, they must talk, and when too overcharged to trust their comments to the narrow streets, they retired to a hillock outside the city which no spy could approach unseen. However, nothing was further from the minds of the German men of war than that the well-trained women of their supremely organized land would presume to criticize methods which had, to their best belief, terrorized the world.

"But we are not the only ones," said Heloise grimly, as they sat on their refuge one dusky evening. "All but the sheep have a word to say now and then. Of course there always will be women who will grovel at the feet of men merely because they are men, but look out for the others when this accursed war is over. God! How I hate men. To think that once I dreamed and hoped, like the silly romantic girl I was, that some man would marry me in spite of my poverty. Now I would not marry one of the Kaiser's sons. And I am a German girl, too. France has never had any call for me. It is Marie who would be all French if she could. Poor little Marie, with her ugly face, her poverty, her dynamic body, mad to marry; and climbing out of the window when Mother is asleep to go to Socialist meetings and scream off her pent-up passions. What a hideous world!"

She sprang suddenly to her feet and flung her arms above her head and glared at the unresponsive stars, her body rigid. "Oh, God!" she prayed. "Deliver us! Deliver us from war and deliver us from men." Then she whirled about upon Gisela. "You — you — why don't you lead us out? You have more mind than any woman in Germany. You have more influence. I have always placed my hopes on you. But now — now — you are doing nothing but nurse disgusting men like the rest of us ——"

"Hush! You are talking too loud. And you are carrying your revolt too far. These poor deluded men you nurse are only to be pitied, and if they merely revolt you, you have no vocation ——"

"When did I ever pretend to have a vocation for nursing? Like all the rest I felt I must do my part, and heaven knows it is better than sitting at home and watching my mother weep — and slowly starve. If I had rolled one more bandage I should have gone mad."

"Well, dear girl, as far as I am concerned, remember that the time for women to battle for their rights is when their country is safe, not in mortal danger. Be sure that when this war is over ——"

She fell suddenly silent. A little flame

leapt in her brain. She extinguished it hurriedly, but it burnt her fingers, and as she stared at Heloise, lovely in her Red Cross uniform against the evening light, her tragic face once more searching the heavens, it struggled to life again and again. She loved Heloise, and she felt a sudden inclusive love of her sex, an overpowering desire to deliver it from the sadness and horror of war; a profounder emotion than anything it had inspired in those far-off days of peace.

Gisela, like many women of dominating intellect and personality, had exhausted her power of love for man with her first unfortunate but prolonged passion, and although she had no hatred of his sex, and indeed liked many men and needed their society, she gave her real sympathies and affection to her women friends. Her closest friends were all women, partly because there was no question of love-making, which mocked and depressed her, partly because they had so many more interests in common, and consequently a deeper bond. Tonight she was filled with an irresistible pity, and a longing to set them free. But her hands were tied. She dared not even go to headquarters and protest against the terrible fate of the young girls of Lille. She would have done no good and become an instant object of suspicion.

For many months she did her duty doggedly, her indignation routed by the unbelievable fact that the Germans were retreating from the Somme, inch by inch, but still retreating. Once she might have been satisfied with grandiose phrases and scornful assurances. But the long attack on Verdun had ended in a failure that the most resourceful vocabulary was unable to translate into anything else. More than half a million young Germans had fallen, and for what? That France, disdained these many years by the mighty Teutonic Empire and numerically inferior, might demonstrate that she was the greater military genius of the two!

What was it all for? What of the ever receding fields of peace, grown green and fat again?

But to attempt to answer historical enigmas while working day and night over the mangled victims of the Western offensive was beyond her powers. It was not until she broke down, and with Heloise von Erkel and Mimi Brandt, obtained leave to spend a month at St. Moritz that she found her answers.

III

THE three girls went to a little hotel that had been a favorite resort of Gisela's in times of peace when she had felt an imperative need of the high solitudes and eternal snows. They anticipated a week's complete rest, and a fortnight or more of mountain climbing, dismissing the war from their minds as far as possible. But their gentle plans were upset on the eighth day after their arrival, when at the end of an hour's hard skating, clad in the bright caps and sweaters of old, they ran into Ann Howland Prentiss, and Kate Terriss, now Mrs. Tolby. Kate had married an American whose business kept him in London, and her path and Gisela's had never crossed since her finishing days in Berlin, although she had corresponded with Lili for two or three years and knew the family history in vague outline. She had been nursing behind the British lines in France since the outbreak of the war, and her old friend, Mrs. Prentiss, had joined her a year since.

In the excitement of meeting, the three forgot the gory chasm that divided them. They were excited and exhilarated and feminine; and when they dropped suddenly at a chance word to a present that gripped even these glittering snow fields with its red, insatiable fingers, Kate, as ever, was equal to the formidable moment and cried out, snapping her fingers at the blue ether so tranquilly aloof from warring hosts:

"Forget it — for today, at least. Introduce me to your friends. Ann, what do you mean by staring at Gisela so queerly and calling her Fräulein Döring? That is only her pen name. She is Gisela von Niebuhr, representative of Prussian junkerdom in its most acute form. But not today."

When the real status of the former governess was explained to Mrs. Prentiss, she was as much astonished as Kate at the American adventure of the "queerest of the Niebuhr girls." After her surprise had vented itself and her curiosity was satisfied she grew thoughtful. She had read the works of Gisela Döring and had the profoundest admiration for her genius, and she knew the power this writer wielded among the women of Germany.

That evening after the others had gone back to their hotel she and Kate Tolby put their heads together. The result of this serious conference, during which a methodical program was worked out with every date at command and every fact in damning sequence, was that none of the five went to bed on the following night, but sat about a large oval table in the sitting-room of the Americans, their maids on guard in the corridor, and wrangled until dawn.

The challenge was given by the Americans and accepted by the Germans, whose curiosity had been carefully pricked; and all had agreed that no matter how intensely distasteful any argument might be they would not separate for at least eight hours, and that there should be as little "hot stuff" (quoting Mimi Brandt), as possible.

The avowed object of the Americans was to prove conclusively that Germany, carrying out a deliberate program, had precipitated the war in 1914 believing Russia to be deliquescent, France riddled with syndicalism, and Britain on the verge of internal revolution; consequently that the exact moment had come for the swift execution of her scientifically wrought plan for world dominion.

During this long debate Gisela sat at the head of the table, rigid and watchful, when she was not fiercely arguing. Mimi Brandt sprawled in an easy chair, satirical and slangy; Heloise, very pale and the first to be convinced, sat with her little clenched hands hard against her cheek bones; Ann Prentiss, a keen, gray-eyed, square-jawed young woman who had taken an intelligent American woman's interest in the war from the first, remained unshakenly cool, quick, and precise, while the more brilliant Mrs. Tolby flashed her beacon light into recesses darkened these three years by systematic lies, but incapable of final stupidity.

That long argument need not be reproduced here. All the world has made up its mind about Germany, knows her far better than as yet she knows herself. It was the deliberate effort to force these three intelligent Germans, one of them a leader of the first importance, to realize that their country stood to the rest of the civilized world for lying, treachery, cruelty, brutality, degeneracy and bad sportsmanship; above all, that she had forfeited her position among modern nations. When these facts had been hammered in, Mrs. Prentiss proceeded to the two supreme truths for whose elucidation the rest had been the mere preamble: that the Central Powers were beaten and knew it but were determined to go on sacrificing the youth of the country, reducing their people to the ultimate miseries of starvation rather than yield; and that the only hope of obtaining mercy from the Allies in the inevitable hour of surrender was to dethrone the Hohenzollerns and establish a Republic. Otherwise as a nation they would cease to exist and their last fate would be even worse than their present.

Gisela's mind was complex and subtle, but it was also honest. When it yielded a point it yielded audibly. It was during the earlier part of the discussion that she exclaimed: "It is true — certain things come back to me — Mimi, open the window. The air is blue, and we are all hardy and can stand the night air —— It was after the Agadir incident in 1911 that I felt a change. I say felt because I was so absorbed in my work that I had no inclination for politics and never discussed them. But after Agadir — it seems to me now that I can look back upon a slowly rising muttering tide, recall that even in Bavaria the old serenity, the settled feeling had fled, that war was discussed as a possibility as it never had been before."

The fact which impressed the Germans and reduced all that had gone before to a heated academic discussion, was that Germany was beaten, and that the United States embargo would reduce Germany to actual starvation, not merely dispiriting subnourishment; combined with their own knowledge that the Teutonic Powers would go on fighting, sacrificing hundreds of thousands of loyal German boys, and plunge countless more families into hopeless grief.

The two Americans had a deeper purpose in forcing this long argument than hammering the truth into the Prussianized minds of these three girls whom they otherwise liked and respected. As the hours wore toward the dawn they observed with satisfaction that Gisela's face grew whiter and grimmer, until finally it set itself in rigid lines. Her mouth was hard, her eyes expanded as if they saw far beyond the white mountains glittering before the open window. Her mass of dark hair had fallen and Mrs. Tolby whispered to Mrs. Prentiss that she looked

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like the Medusa in the Glyptothek of Munich, lovely but relentless.

Gisela was no longer the radiant beauty whom Ann Howland had often observed with a disapproving eye at Bar Harbor, particularly when the Freiherr von Nettlebeck was in attendance. These years of war, during which she had known hard physical labor and often insufficient nourishment, more rarely still, a full night's sleep, had taken away her lovely curves of cheek and bust, her brilliant color.

Mimi was the first to speak after an interval of silence. "You've got me, all right. I've been digging up a few more things. We're up against it for keeps and it's get out or starve out. I've a notion to sneak off to my relations in Milwaukee. Mrs. Prentiss, I'll go as your maid ——"

"You'll do nothing of the sort!" Gisela's voice cut through the ripple of laughter which always greeted Mimi's redundant slang. "You'll go back to Germany with me and help me put an end to this war." All but Heloise half rose, but she sat staring at that hard drawn face as if in telepathic communication.

"Can you do anything — really?" gasped Kate. "We have been hoping for a revolution but had given up the idea — until after the war. Your socialists seem to eat out of the Kaiser's hand, and all the able-bodied men are at the war front ——"

"But not the women! And now," said Gisela rising, "I shall go for a walk; and I shall go alone."

IV

MRS. PRENTISS and Mrs. Tolby placed a large amount of money to Gisela's account in a Swiss bank, and this she transferred to her own bank in Munich. As she had collected large sums for war relief, and directed several charities, no suspicion was excited. There was to be no printed matter nor correspondence, but an army of lieutenants, who on one excuse or other would travel all over Germany "back of the front," and practically make a house-to-house campaign.

She went almost immediately to Berlin and laid her plans before her family. Countess Niebuhr, whose love of intrigue had not diminished with the years, and who had known more of the Pan-Germanic mind than her naïve husband had ever guessed, undertook to win over many women of her own class who had suffered death and disillusion. Mariette was ripe for revolution. Her lover had been killed and her husband had not.

Gisela, obtaining a commission to inspect the leading hospitals of the country, visited each of the states in turn and addressed thousands of women in groups of two or three hundred at a time, gathered under the eyes of the police in the name of one of the many war charities in which all women were engaged. The lieutenants prepared these women, and Gisela, inspired, crystallized, cohered. The timid she shamed with the example of the Russian women (and German women despise all other women); the desperate she had little difficulty in convincing that there was but one egress from their insupportable agony. Victory under her leadership, if they stood firm, was inevitable. She had the gift of a fiery torrent of speech, a clear steady eye, even when it flashed and blazed, and a warm and irresistible magnetism that convinced the individual as well as the mass that she had but one object, the liberation of the miserable women of her country, and that she was wholly lacking in personal ambition.

Gisela, who had been staring across the Königinstrasse at the heavy branches that hung over the wall of the park, her mental vision too actively raking the past to spare a beam for the familiar picture, suddenly switched her searchlight away from those milestones in her historic progress and concentrated it upon a suspicious shadow opposite. Surely it had moved, and there was not a breath of air. The night was very still; there was not a footfall on the pavement or even a breeze from the Alps.

She did not move a muscle, but narrowed her gaze until it detached the figure of a man from the dark background of wall and trees. Always apprehensive of spies, she leapt to the conclusion that she was under surveillance at last, and her heart beat quickly. She who had believed that the long strain, the constant danger, the incessant demand for resource and ever more resource, had transformed her nerves into pure steel, realized angrily that on this last night when she had permitted herself an hour's idle retrospect before commanding sleep, her nerves more nearly resembled the strings of a violin.

She stood up, revealing herself disdainfully in the moonlight that lay full on her window, then went quickly out into the vestibule and unlocked the house door. Her only fear was that the man would have gone, but if he were still there she was determined to walk boldly over to his skulking place and pretend she believed him to be a burglar or a foreign spy. In these days she carried a small pistol and a dagger.

When she had stepped out on the pavement she glanced quickly up and down the street. Not even a polizediener was in sight, for this aristrocratic quarter was, in peace and war, the quietest part of an always orderly town. It was evident that the man spied alone.

Holding her head very high, she started across the street, but she had not taken three steps when the shadow detached itself and walked rapidly out into the moonlight. She gave a sharp cry and shrank back. It was Franz von Nettlebeck.

"You——" she stammered. "They sent you ——"

"They? And why should I alarm you? Am I so formidable?" He gave his short harsh laugh and lifted his cap. His head was bandaged, there was a deep scar along the outer line of his right cheek. His face was gaunt and lined; and his shoulders sagged until he suddenly bethought himself and flung them back with a deathless instinct.

Gisela smiled and gave him her hand with a graceful spontaneity. "The sense of being watched always shakes the nerves a bit, and I have felt up to nothing myself for a long time. Why did not you come up to the window when you recognized me?"

"I was so sure of a welcome! And yet as soon as I was fit to travel I came here to see you. I intended to send in my card tomorrow. But I could not help haunting your window tonight, and when I had the good fortune to see you sitting there — with the moon shining on your beautiful face ——"

"My face is no longer beautiful, dear Franz ——"

"You are a thousand times more beautiful than ever ——"

Something else vibrated along those steel nerves, but she said briskly: "Standing so long must have tired you. Come in and rest. It is late; but if there are still conventions in this staggering world I have forgotten them."

Her rooms were always prepared for a sudden visit of the police. If a firing-squad were her fate it would not have been accomplished through the common channels. Even the firearms to be worn on the morrow were in cellars of citizens so respectable as almost to be nameless.

He followed her through the common entrance of the apartment house and into her *saal*. She drew the curtains and lit several candles. It was too hot for electricity; moreover — she acknowledged it with a curious exultation — those manifestly sincere words of Franz had given her vanity a momentary resurrection. Her suspicions were by no means allayed, even when she met his eyes, blazing with passionate admiration, but why not play with fire for an hour? What better preparation for the morrow than to relax and forget? To be young for an hour once more!

"Poor Franz!" Her voice was the same rich contralto whose promise had routed the Howland millions of years ago. "Our poor gallant men! When will this terrible war finish?"

"Ask your United States of America!" And he cursed that superfluous country roundly. "We had some chance before. Not much, but still some. Now we shall be beaten to our knees, stamped into the dust, straight down to hell." He threw himself into a chair and covered his face with his hands.

"But when?" Gisela watched him warily. If these were tactics they were admirable.

"Years hence, no doubt — if we continue to hold the Social-Democrats in hand and drug the people. We'll fight on until our enemies' might proves that they are right and we were fools. That is all there is to war."

Gisela sat down and let her hands fall into her lap with a little pathetic motion of weakness. "Sometimes I wish the Socialists were strong enough to win and end it all," she said plaintively.

"Oh, no, you don't. You are junker, for all your independence and playing with democracy, and trying to put some of your own nerve into the women. I read you with great amusement before the war. But no one knows better than yourself that the triumph of democracy in this Empire would mean the end of us."

"I do not see that we are enjoying any

WHY MESS WAS LATE

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Let the times temper your giving that the spirit of Christmas may be carried to our soldiers over seas.

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CONCRETE FOR PERMANENCE

privileges at present — unless it be the privilege to lie rather than be lied to. And when our enemies do win we shall be pried out root and branch. So why not save our skins at all events?"

"Better die and be done with it. And there is always hope ——"

He sprang to his feet, and before her mind could flash to attention he had caught her from the chair and was straining her to him, his arms, his entire body showing no evidence whatever of weakness.

"Let us forget it all," he muttered. "We are young still, and I am free. I was a fool once, and believe me when I tell you that I would beg you on my knees to marry me even if you were Gisela Döring. . . . I have leave of absence for a month . . . let us be happy once more ——"

"It was a long while ago . . . all that . . . do you realize how long?" Gisela stood rigid, her eyes expanded. To her terror and dismay she was thrilling and flaming from head to foot. This lover of her life might have released her from one of their immortal hours but yesterday. But although she had to brace her body from yielding, her mind (it is the curse of intellectual women of creative powers that the mind never, in any circumstances, ceases to function) realized that while the human will may be strong enough to exorcise memories, and readjust the lonely soul, so long as the soul does stand alone, its most triumphant acts may be annihilated at the physical contact of its mate. Unless replaced. Fool that she was merely to have buried this man in the depths of her being by an act of will. She should have taken a commonplace lover, or husband, extinguished that flaming midnight torch with the practical light of day.

Her mind seemed to be darting from peak to peak in a swift and dazzling flight as he talked rapidly and brokenly, kissing her cheek, her neck, holding her so close she could hardly breathe. Suddenly it poised above the memory of an old book of Renan's "The Abbess Juarre," in which that eminent skeptic had somewhat clumsily attempted to prove that if the world unmistakably announced its finish within three days its inhabitants would give themselves up to love. Well, her world might end tomorrow. Why should she not live tonight?

Her arrogant will demanded the happiness that this man, whom she knew now she had never ceased to love for a moment, to whom she had been unconsciously faithful, alone could give her. Moreover, her reason working automatically, side by side with her imperious desire, assured her that if he really were spying, and, whatever his passion, meant to remould her will to his and snatch the keystone from the arch, it were wise to keep him here. It was evident that he had no suspicion that the revolution was imminent. And it was years since she had felt a woman, not a mere intellect ignoring the tides in the depths of her being. The revelation that she was still young and that her will and her intellect could dissolve at this man's touch in the crucible of her passion filled her with exultation. She melted into his arms and lifted hers heavily to his neck.

"Franz! Franz!" she whispered.

V

GISELA moved softly about the room looking for fresh candles. Those that had replaced the moonlight hours ago had burned out and she did not dare to draw the curtains apart. It might be too near the dawn. She had no idea what time it was. But she must have light, for to think now was imperative, and her mental processes were always clogged in the dark.

She found her electric torch and with its aid discovered the old box of candles and placed four in the brackets and lit them. Then she went over to the couch and looked down upon Franz. He slept heavily, slightly on one side, his arms relaxed but slightly curved. She went down the hall to her bedroom and took a cold bath, made herself a cup of black coffee, and dressed herself in a suit of gray cloth, straight and loose, that her swiftest movements might be unimpeded. In the belt under the jacket she adjusted her pistol and dagger.

In half an hour she returned to the couch and once more looked down upon the unconscious man. How long he had been falling asleep! She had offered him wine, meaning to drug it; but he had refused, lest it inflame his wounds. She had offered to make him coffee, but he would not let her go.

It was in the complete admission of her reluctance to leave him even after he slept and while haunted by the fear that the dawn was nearer than in fact it was, that she stared down upon this man who was more to her than Germany and all its enslaved men and women. He knew nothing of her plans, but he had vowed they never should be parted again. He had great influence and could set wheels in motion that would return him to the diplomatic service, and procure an appointment to Spain, where good diplomatists were badly needed.

It was an enchanting picture that he drew in spite of the horror that must be their background; but to the horrors of war they were both by this time more or less callous, although he was mortally sick of the battlefield; and Gisela, who did nothing by half-measure, had dismissed the morrow and yielded herself to the delights of the moment. What she had felt for this man in her early twenties seemed a mere mixture of romance and sentiment fused by young nerves compared with the mature passion he had shocked from a long recuperating sleep. He was her mate, her other part. Her long fidelity, unshaken in spite of time, her own temperament, and many temptations, were all proof of that.

She glanced at her wrist watch. It was only three o'clock. If she could but be sure that he would sleep until dawn! But he had told her that he never slept more than three hours at a time, no matter how fatigued. If he awoke before it was time to leave the house and renewed his lovemaking, her response would be as inevitable as the automatic progress of life itself. If she attempted to leave the house, on no matter what plausible excuse later on, his suspicions would be aroused, for she had told him that she had been given a week's rest. For the same reason she dared not awaken him and ask him to go. She was utterly in his power. He had mastered her and she had gloried in her submission, gloried in it still.

Gisela was cast in the heroic mould. She belonged to the old race of goddesses of her own Nieberlungenlied, whose passions might consume them but had nothing in common with the ebb and flow of mortals. Great brains are fed by stormy souls, and in the souls of women there is an element of weakness unknown, save in a few notable instances to great men in the crises of their destiny; for women are the slaves of the race.

If he awakened! . . . There was little time for thought. She must plan quickly. If she left the house he would follow her, possibly learn too much before the first blow was struck. And he would search the apartment first: Mimi Brandt, and Heloise and Marie von Erkel were asleep in rooms at the end of the hall. . . . She had a mad idea of binding him hand and foot and locking him in. . . . Either he would hate her for the humiliation — an insufferable affront to a man of his class who held even the dearest woman as the favored pensioner on his bounty — or she would be consumed with remorse . . . it was positive that she must visit him and not leave him to starve . . . nor keep him bound . . . and once more she would be his slave . . . and a second interview might well be fatal. The first blow of a revolution is after all only its first. There is always the danger of a swift reaction. Unremitting vigilance, work, encouragement, are the part of its leader for weeks, possibly months, to come. All revolutions are dependent for their ultimate success upon one preeminent figure. . . . .

Franz stirred uneasily under the unconscious fixity of her gaze and changed his position, lying on his back. She hastily averted her eyes. Her hands clenched and spread. Even tomorrow if this man found her . . . one soft moment . . . when she needed every faculty, every ounce of her energy, her fire, for the millions of women who would follow her straight out to meet any unit the Kaiser might detach in the vain hope of subduing an army far outnumbering all that he had left of men.

Nothing but a miracle could halt the initial stage of the revolution, for the interior wireless plants were all operated by women in her service, and no telephone message had advised her of discovery. No matter what her defection at this moment the revolution would begin at dawn; but although Germany happily lacked the disintegrating forces of Russia, comfortable as she had been for two generations, and proud in her discipline, that very discipline would dissolve its new backbone without the stimulating force of one inexorable will. It was a woman's revolution.

These women worshiped her, believed in her as a super-being created to save them and their children; but if she betrayed them, proved herself the merest woman of them all,

the very bones would melt out of them, and they would prostrate themselves in the ashes of utter despair.

Spain! Franz! For a moment her imagination danced. Then she smiled ironically. Happiness? Four-walled happiness? Hardly for her, even without the blood of murdered thousands soaking the doorstep. Love, for women like her, must be episodical no matter how enduring. Life forces the duties of leadership on such women whether they avoid them or not. They must take their love where they find it as great men do, subordinated to their chosen careers. . . .

Even if she won Franz over, her power would be sapped; not for a moment would he be out of her consciousness. Her mind flashed back to those three years when he was an ever-rising obsession — personifying love and completion as he did — before which her proud will retreated again and again, powerless and humiliated. Why in God's name could he not have come back into her life six months hence?

She moved softly from the couch and walked up and down the room, striving to realize her manifest destiny and erect the grim ideal of duty. A wave of humiliation, of insupportable shame swept her from sole to crown, and she returned to her post above the sleeping man. All feeling ebbed slowly out of her, leaving her cool, collected, alert. She was, after all, a woman of genius, the custodian of peculiar gifts, sleeping throughout the ages, perhaps, like Brunhilde on her rock, to awaken not at the kiss of man, but at the summons of Germany in her darkest hour.

She bent over the man who belonged to the woman alone in her, and whose power over her would be exerted as if she were his enemy on the battlefield. He looked a very gallant gentleman as he lay there and he had been a very brave soldier. His own place was secure in the annals of the war, but at this moment, following his triumphant swoop after happiness, he was the one deadly menace to the future of his country.

Gisela opened his shirt gently and bared his breast. She held her breath but he slept on. She took the dagger from her belt and with a swift, hard propulsion drove it into his heart to the guard. He gave a long expiring sigh and lay still. A gallant gentleman, a brave soldier, and a great lover had the honor to be the first to pay the price of his country's crime on the altar of a Woman's Revolution.

Gisela went swiftly down the hall and awakened Heloise, Mimi, and Marie, and told them what she had done. No novelty in horror can startle European women these days. They dressed hastily in their gray uniforms and followed her to the *saal*. With Mimi's assistance she put on his coat, the hilt of the dagger thrusting forward the row of medals on his breast. Marie went out into the street and flitted up and down like a big gray moth, her little gray face tense with rapture. Her devotion to Gisela had been fanatical from the first, but now she begged what invisible power her wild little mind believed in to be permitted to die for her.

In a moment she signaled that the street was deserted. Gisela and Mimi carried the body over to the park and dropped it into the swiftly flowing Isar. The clear chrysoprase green of the lovely river reflected the points of the stars, and Franz von Nettlebeck as he drifted down the tide seemed to be accompanied by innumerable candles determined to watch at his bier. But it was Heloise to whom this fancy came, and she lifted her face and thanked the stars for their silent funeral march.

The four girls walked rapidly over to the Maximilianstrasse and crossed the bridge to the Maximilianeum. The long symmetrical mass with its open galleries filled with the cool starlight, was distorted by a wireless station on its highest point and by a biplane on the extreme left of the roof.

They ran up the stairs and called to the operator from the higher gallery. She answered in a hard and weary voice: "Nothing." Then they walked down the gallery to the open tower-room facing the Alps. For half an hour longer they stood in silence alternately glancing from their wrist-watches to the faintly glittering peaks whose first reflection of dawn would, if all went well, change the face of the world.

VI

THE eyes of the four women traveled to the lofty towers of the Frauenkirche. Its bells rang out a wild authoritative summons. Coincidently the streets filled with women dressed uniformly in gray, big, powerfully built women, sturdy products of the strong soil of Germany. They did not march, or form in ranks, but stood silent, alert, shouldering their muskets.

Involuntarily Gisela and her lieutenants braced themselves against the pillars of the tower. A moment later the walls of the Maximilianeum rocked under the terrific impact of a hundred explosions. The roar of parting walls, the shriek of shells bursting high in the air, the screams of people waving their arms wildly in suddenly opened windows, believing that the enemy was amassed above, the bellowing as of a thousand guns, shook the souls even of those inured to the murderous roar of the battlefield.

Masses of flame and smoke shot upward. The pale morning sky turned black, rent with darting red tongues and lit with prismatic stars. Other explosions followed in rapid succession, some coming down the light morning wind from a great distance. Blasts of heat swept audibly through the galleries of the Maximilianeum.

"What an inferno!" Marie von Erkel for the moment was almost hysterical. "Will Munich be destroyed? Oh, not that!"

"The fire brigades know their business." Gisela looked up to the Marconi station. Even through the din she could hear the faint cackling of the wireless. "If all Germany ——"

But her face was haggard, her eyes wild. If the revolutionists had been as prompt and fearless in the rest of the Empire, every munition and ammunition factory, every arsenal, every storehouse for what gasoline and lubricating oils were left, every shed and factory for aircraft, every frontier railway station with tens of thousands of cars, every bridge, every telegraph line, and miles of track leading to the front had been destroyed. The armies would be isolated, without arms but those they had or could manufacture, in the conquered countries; with no food but what they had on hand. They could not fight the enemy seven days longer.

But had the women of the other states been as prompt and ruthless as the women of Bavaria? She could not be everywhere at once. Women were women, and Germans were not Russians.

And how could it be possible that all traitors had been detected, extinguished, with millions in the secret? Troops might even now be in Prussia, on the frontiers of Bavaria . . . wireless messages may be intercepted . . . How could she have dreamed of accomplishing a universal revolution in a country possessing the most perfect secret service in the world — a country with eyes in the back of its head? What an accursed fool and criminal she had been, what an egotistical dreamer, led on by the extraordinary power she had acquired over the women of her race. . . .

For a moment she clung to the embrasure, so overwhelming was her impulse to hurl herself down into oblivion. In that dark and shrieking uproar she had the illusion that she was in hell . . . in hell with her miserable victims. . . .

But although Gisela's long-slumbering nerves had had their revenge last night, brushing aside all the achievements of her mind and character, her pride in the leadership and her pride in the suppression of her sex life, as lightly as if she had been mere woman personified, they had given up the fight when she had destroyed their only ally, and these last protesting vibrations were very brief. Her eyes fell upon those ranks of women standing in the streets below, undisturbed by the turmoil they had anticipated, calmly awaiting her orders. The obsession passed, and after a brief tribute of hatred to the imagination, which was, after all, one root of her power, she turned and looked critically at her three companions. Marie, looking like a little gray gnome, was dancing about and waving her arms in ecstasy. Heloise, her long blonde hair hanging about her fine French face, was gazing out with rapt eyes and lips firm but apart, as if every sense were drinking in the vision of a Germany delivered. Mimi was standing with arms akimbo, nodding her head emphatically.

"Great work!" she said as she met Gisela's stern eyes. "Better go up to the wireless."

They ran rapidly up to the roof and looked into the little room. The girl who sat there nodded but did not speak. Her face was gray and tense, but there was no evidence of despair. Gisela and Mimi stood motionless for ten minutes longer and then the operator laid down the receiver.

"All!" she said. "Every one!"

Then she rolled up her jacket, and lying down before the door went to sleep. It had been a night of ghastly suspense.

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FREEZE-PROOF
Prevents Frozen Radiators

THE only way you can be positively sure that your radiator won't freeze up is to use a non-evaporating anti-freeze preparation. You can never be sure of Alcohol or any other product which evaporates with the water.

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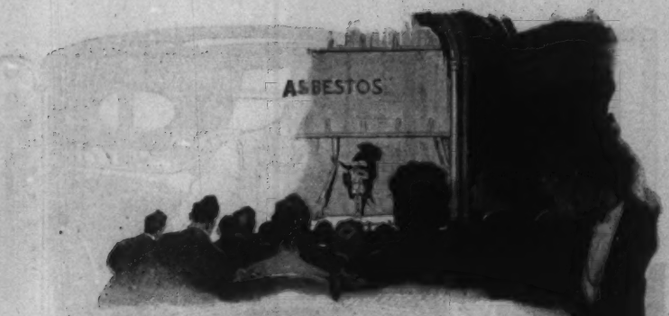

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NEWSKIN CO., NEW YORK

"Fate!" cried Mimi. "The same fate that sank the Armada and drove Napoleon to Moscow. You had the vision——"

"I was the instrument——" Gisela walked rapidly over to the biplane. A girl sat at the joy-stick, looking as if carved out of wood. There was no more expression on her face than if she were sitting in the gallery at a rather dull play. Her lover and six brothers were dead in France. She had watched her little sister and her old grandmother die of malnutrition. No more perfect machine was at the command of Gisela Döring. Whether Germany were delivered or razed to the earth was all one to her, but she was more than willing as a Bavarian, with a traditional hatred of Prussia, to play her part in the punishment of a race that dared to call itself German.

Gisela stepped into the machine and it glided downward and skimmed lightly over the Maximilianstrasse. The compact ranks which had listened unmoved to the roar of dynamite and the detonations of bursting shells, raised their faces at the humming of the machine and broke into harsh abrupt cheering. Then they leaned their muskets against their powerful bodies and unfurled their flags and waved them in the faces of the half-paralyzed people in the windows. It was a white flag with a curious device sketched in crimson: a hen in successive stages of evolution. The final phase was an eagle. The body was modeled after the Prussian emblem of might, but the face, grim, leering, relentless, was unmistakably that of a woman. However humor may be lacking in the rest of that grandiose empire it was grafted into the Bavarians by Satan himself.

Gisela nodded. "The hens are eagles—all over Germany," she announced in her full carrying voice. "Word has come through from every quarter."

She flew down the Leopoldstrasse. It was packed from the Feldherrnhalle to the Siegesthor with cheering women, waving their flags, armed to the teeth. So was the great park of the Residenz, the Hofgarten, where the guards were either bound or dead. It took her but a few moments to fly all over Munich. The narrow streets were deserted, but in all the beautiful squares, with their pompous statues, and in all the wider streets, the women had gathered, relapsing into phlegmatic calm as soon as she had given her message and passed.

Here and there groups of men in uniform lay dead, sword or pistol in hand. Gisela witnessed one or two sharp engagements, and once she flew low and discharged her revolver into the right shoulder of a big officer, half dressed and barely recovered from his wounds, who was keeping off half a dozen women with magnificent sword play. The women gave one another first aid, then lifted and pitched him into his house.

It was not safe to venture too close to the still exploding and blazing structures, but it was quite apparent that the work had been done thoroughly. The fire brigades were busy, and there was little danger of Munich, one of the most beautiful and romantic cities in the world, falling a sacrifice to the revolution. Many lives had been sacrificed, no doubt. The women night workers in the factories, fifteen minutes before the signal from the Frauenkirche startled even the ignorant, had pretended to strike, seized all the hand arms available, and shot down the men who had attempted to control them.

Other airplanes were darting about the city. The greater number were driven by women, directing the fire brigades, but now and again a man, whose monoplane had been in his private shed, flew upward, ready for battle. After a few parleys he retired to await events. Such airmen as were in Munich were too callous to danger of all sorts to take this outpouring of women and mere civilians seriously, in spite of explosions which, to be sure, denoted an appalling amount of destruction. Any attempt to sally forth on foot and ascertain the extent of the damage was met by bayonets and pistols in the hands of brigades of women whose like they had never seen in Germany. They inferred the creatures were Russians, who had managed to cross the frontiers with the infernal subtlety of their race.

Several of the women flew far out into the country, but except where people were gathered about smoking ruins, the land was at peace; there was no sign of a rally to the blue and white flag of Bavaria, no sign of an avenging army. In the course of the morning there were hundreds of these aviators darting about Bavaria, descending to tell the peasants or shop-keepers that Germany was in revolution, the army deprived of all support, and that the Republic had been proclaimed in Berlin. The Social-Democrats had possession of the Reichstag and every official head still affixed to its shoulders was as helpless as if those arrogant brains had been converted into porridge. Every official residence throughout the empire was surrounded by an army of women with fixed bayonets, and before noon every unsubmissive member of the old régime would be in prison.

This news Gisela had received at ten o'clock when she returned to the wireless station on the Maximilianeum. The night operator still slept, but another had taken her place. The Berlin news came from Mariette. There had been far more street fighting in the capital than in Munich, but the women were prepared and the men were not. The recalcitrant had received short shrift.

VII

ON Friday it was practically certain that the Revolution was a success. Britain, France, Russia, Italy, and the United States, with a prompt and canny statesmanship, remarkable in governments, had formally acknowledged the German Republic, and offered terms of peace possible for an ambitious and self-respecting but beaten people to accept. At all events there would be no "war after the war" and they would be given every assistance in restoring their shattered finances, and their economic relations with the rest of the world. The Good German People were flattered in terms that they swallowed whole. Even those least susceptible to flattery reflected that the Entente Allies had proved themselves sportsmen throughout the war, that German prisoners had been well treated, and that before the war there had been no restriction upon German commerce except in the imaginations of men determined upon war at any cost. And as the Social-Democrats now did the talking, and unhindered, it was not difficult to persuade the reluctant that the Military Party had precipitated the war in a sudden panic at the rapidly increasing strength of the proletariat. In every way they had been betrayed and there would be no army to subdue this vast army of German Amazons, even were it able to return, for night flyers had dropped millions of leaflets, signed (at the pistol point) by the most powerful names in the former German Government, as well as by the well-known Social-Democrat leaders; and the moment the men were hungry they would shoot their officers and return home. Their innate subserviency to power would turn them automatically about to the party whose power was supreme.

On Friday night Gisela left her apartment, where she had slept for a few hours after her return from Berlin, and walked out to Schwabing, the "village" on the edge of Munich. She had not forgotten the man she had sacrificed, and several days since she had learned that his body had been caught under the Schwabing bridge, rescued, and placed temporarily in the vault of the little church.

It was a bright starlight night and the old white church with its bulbous tower, last outpost of Turkey in her heyday, looked like a lone mourner for the dream of a Mittel-Europa. Gisela climbed the mound and entered the quiet enclosure. She had met no one in the village although she heard the voices of men still lingering at the tables before the beer houses.

She had sent orders to leave the door of the church unlocked and she entered the barren room, guiding herself with her electric torch to the stair that led down to the vault. Fear of any sort had long since been drained out of her, but it was a lonely pilgrimage that she hardly would have undertaken a week ago.

She descended the short flight of steps and flashed her torch about the vault. It was a small room, oppressively musty and humid. All Schawbing is damp, but the Isar itself might have washed the walls of this dripping sepulchre. The coffin stood on a rough trestle in the center of the chamber, and it was covered with the military cloak, that with his helmet and sword, she had ordered sent from his hotel.

She stood beside the coffin trying to visualize the man who lay within, wondering if the orders still bulged above the hilt of the dagger she had driven in with so firm a hand, and if that symbol of Germany's freedom would be found ages hence in a handful of dust and bones when the man who had taught her all she would ever know

Margaret Matzenauer
of the Metropolitan Opera

Marie Rappold
of the Metropolitan Opera

Anna Case
of the Metropolitan Opera

Arthur Middleton
of the Metropolitan Opera

Thomas Chalmers
of the Metropolitan Opera

Wouldn't you like to have these Metropolitan Stars as your Christmas Guests?

WOULDN'T it be a pleasure to be able to sit down amidst the comfortable surroundings of your own home and listen to Anna Case, Marie Rappold, Margaret Matzenauer, Arthur Middleton, Thomas Chalmers, and the other great singers of the world? That would be a privilege, wouldn't it?

We said *would* be a privilege. But thanks to the genius of Thomas A. Edison it is a privilege which is now within your grasp. So far as the enjoyment of their voices is concerned you *can* actually have this distinguished group as Yuletide guests. You *can* sit in your own home and revel in the beauty of their magnificent voices.

The NEW EDISON

"The Phonograph with a Soul"

reproduces the human voice with such fidelity and accuracy that no human ear can detect a shade of difference between the living artists and the New Edison's Re-Creation of their voices—or instrumental performances.

You will, very naturally, feel skeptical about so strong a claim. But before hundreds of audiences we have conducted our famous "tone tests" in which the instrument was pitted against the artist and invariably the verdict was the same; *no difference could be detected.* In a "tone test," the artist sings in his natural voice; then suddenly ceases, leaving the instrument to continue the song alone. Thirty different great artists have made these tests.

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We have never heard of any sound-producing device whose manufacturer dared to risk so relentless a trial. Until the New Edison was perfected such an achievement was undreamed of.

The actual photographs reproduced on this page depict five Metropolitan Opera Stars singing in direct comparison with the New Edison's Re-Creation of their voices. No listener could detect the slightest shade of difference between the living voices and their Re-Creation.

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We believe that you'd find our literature of interest. It's different from the usual catalog style. Drop us a line and we'll send you copies of our musical magazine, "Along Broadway," of the brochure, "Music's Re-Creation," and of the booklet, "What the Critics Say."

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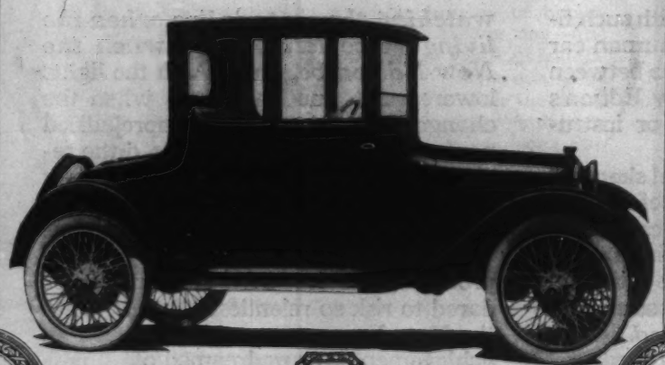

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If Your Eyes Are Not Normal

there is a perfectly safe and natural way of restoring perfect circulation of blood, which is all that weak eyes require.

It is in the nature of a gentle massage given over the closed lids for five minutes at a time twice a day, and for twenty years this method had been successfully used in correcting eye troubles and bringing back normal eyesight to young and old—

Many of those whom it has benefited had very serious eye troubles, too, as is shown by their voluntary letters on the subject.

Just note what leading authorities say on the subject of eye massage — Doctor De Schweinitz, of Philadelphia, Professor of Ophthalmology at Jefferson College, has stated that in treating even so serious a condition as dreaded cataract of the eye, massage of the eyeball "has been followed by improvement in vision and deepening of the anterior chamber." The *Medical Record*, in treating the same subject, says that "the most feasible plan seems to be properly applied massage."

This system of massage to which we refer is fully explained in a scientific book on "The Eyes — Their Care, Their Ills, Their Cure," which may be obtained free on request from the Ideal Masseur Company, 870 Broad St., Newark, N. J., if you will mention McClure's magazine.

The most effective helps for your weaknesses nowadays are often the most simple and safe. Hosts of people have saved themselves from the nuisance of constantly wearing eye-glasses by using this massage (or exercise), so it will probably be well worth your while to at least inform yourself further by writing for the little book which treats the subject so thoroughly.

of love and living was long forgotten. But in a moment these vagrant fancies took flight, her reluctant mind focussed itself and she knelt beside the bier weeping heavily and pressing the folds of the cloak about her face. It was her last tribute to her womanhood. That she had rescued her country and incidentally the world, making democracy and liberty safe for the first time in the history of Europe, mattered nothing to her then. Nor her immortal fame. To regret was impossible. Strong souls are inaccessible to regret. But she hated life and her bitter destiny, for she had sacrificed the one thing that gave her own life its meaning, and she wished that destiny had foreborne irony and presented her gifts to some woman mercifully lacking her own terrible power to love and suffer; and the imagination which would keep forever vivid in her mind the life that had been hers and that she had immolated on the cold altar of duty. She was still young, and the sole glimmer of hope at the end of the interminable perspective was that she would finally lie in the grave beside this man who had been her other part and whose heart and hers she had slain.

But in this last jealous hour of solitude beside his coffin he was wholly hers.

Another war story next month—this time by Harris Dickson. It is called "Little Mother of Rivergift," and it shows how the great War came to a little southern town. A remarkable tale, full of human appeal

Two Wives — *Continued from page 30*

"Emily will come," thought Ethel, "unless she's dead or paralyzed."

And Emily came.

"Well, Miss Ethel, here I am," she said on her arrival. She said "Miss Ethel" quite naturally, although she had always said "Ethel" before. But her tone made it sound like, "Well, kid, here I am. Now let's see what kind of a mess it is you want me to get you out of."

With the aid of a book entitled, "How to Live Well on Little," together they puzzled and contrived.

"The things that have gone on in this kitchen," Emily muttered more than once, as her sharp gray eyes peered here and there, now into drawers and closets, now at the many unpaid bills. "When that cook of yours wasn't grafting she must have been getting drunk on your wine." As the record was unfolded of years of careless extravagance, Ethel would frown and turn away, for it seemed disloyal to pry so deep. Poor Amy was dead and buried.

With Emily she went marketing, and they beat down and bullied mankind. Emily was so good at that. And at home they worked out a schedule of housekeeping on a rigidly economical scale, dividing the work between them. All this was rather pleasant. The trouble came in the nursery, where more than once the face of the stricken woman there made it hard to keep one's mind keen and clear for all the intricate details of the careful mothering in this room, from which barely a sound had ever gone out to disturb the peace of Amy's home.

But it was soon over. The nurse had taken her departure and Ethel had moved to the nursery. And now the routine of her day brought such a change in Ethel's life as deeply affected her future course — though at first she had but little time to stop for self-analysis. At five in the morning she was roused by the low sweet chirrup of Susette, who was peering over the edge of the crib. And her day from that time on was filled with a succession of little tasks, which at first puzzled and wearied her, made her often anxious and cross, but then attracted her more and more. What a change from the month before, from Mr. Greesheimer to Susette! And with her relief was mingled a feeling that now she was finding something real, that at last she was sinking her roots in the new soil of city life. She became engrossed in the washing and dressing and feeding of her tiny charge.

At times she thought of Amy. Why had Amy missed all this? How had she been able to keep away from this adorable child of hers? Ethel saw in the windows of shops the most tempting garments for small girls. And Amy had had money to spend! Susette's wardrobe was "simply pathetic!" And often, sitting in the Park and watching on the road nearby the endless procession of automobiles and the women like Amy so daintily clad, and puzzling and remembering innumerable little things from her first gay month in town — in Ethel's mind the picture of the sister she had adored began to change a little, and to lose its hold upon her. Amy beautiful, indolent toward Susette and the household; Amy tense, with a jealous vigilant light in her eyes, when it was a matter of Joe and her love or the money so passionately desired.

But these recollections she would dismiss with excuses for her sister. "There are two kinds of women," Ethel sagely told herself. "Mothers and wives. And she was a wife. It may be I'm a mother." And little by little, in spite of herself, her worship of her sister changed to a pitying tolerance. The question, "Shall I ever be like that?" — once so full of eagerness — had already been answered unconsciously. "Poor Amy, she's dead. She lived *her* life. I'm going to live *another*."

Just what life it was to be was as unsettled as before. For as she grew used to this mothering, the old adventurous hunger for life welled up again within her. For long periods she forgot the child and sat frowning into space, her mind groping restlessly for ways and means to find herself and get friends of her own, independence, work and gaiety, a chance to grow and "be somebody here!" She had her angry baffled moods.

But from these Susette would bring her back. "What's your life to be, you poor little dear? And if you don't worry, why should I?" And resolutely she would turn to the small absorbing life of the child.

This went on for many months. It changed her feeling toward the town, for now she had a foothold here. It changed her feeling toward Amy, whose picture had begun to blur. But that queer sensation of intimacy, of being in her sister's place, was even deeper than before. For now she was mothering Amy's child — her child and her husband.

Chapter VIII

FOR a time she had seen little of Joe. She had been absorbed in her new work, and Joe in his business troubles. But as he began to see light ahead, again he took notice of things at home; and rather to his own surprise he enjoyed the change that had been made. The simpler ways appealed to him. He and Emily got on famously. He began, too, to notice Susette, to come home early now and then in time to see her take her bath, or to sit on the floor and build houses of blocks. He knew about building houses, and he could do fascinating things which made his small daughter stare at him in grave admiration.

"How dear he is with her," Ethel thought. Although she was barely aware of the fact, her own new tenderness for the child, which had wakened her maternal side, had tightened the bonds between her and its father. His blunt affectionate kindliness appealed to her often in a way that even brought little qualms of doubt. She recalled that time three months before — the beginnings of small intimacies. But she was not so uneasy now. She would look at Joe occasionally in a thoughtful, questioning manner.

For he too was growing — different. He stayed home again in the evenings now; and while she sat at her sewing, often he would look up from his paper or his work to make some brief remark to her; and the conversation thus begun would somehow ramble on and on while his work lay forgotten. In these talks small revelations were made most unexpectedly. They drew closer night by night. But almost always, unknown to them both, the spirit of Amy was in the room, and the influence of her memory was shown in Joe's attitude toward his home. For in spite of his enjoyment of the simpler régime, he revealed a feeling of guiltiness at not being able to give to Ethel the easy lot he had given his wife. As business improved he began to suggest getting back a nurse and a waitress. And it was all that Ethel could do to dissuade him.

"His idea of being nice to a woman," she told herself impatiently, "is to give her

expensive things, and above all keep her idle." She did not add, "Amy taught him that." But it was in the back of her mind.

He often talked of his business. He tried to explain to her the details of speculative building, real estate values and the like. And listening and watching his face, she felt his force, vitality, his doggedness, the fight in him. She recalled Amy's eager faith in Joe as a man who was "simply bound to make money." And at times she said to herself, "What a pity!" For in all her early dreams of the town, those ardent stirring visions in which men had played so large a part, "mere business men" had been left out. Still, it was all rather puzzling. For his talk of the growth of the city, his view of its mighty pulsing life, restless, heaving, leaping on, gripped her more than ever before. And moreover, now that Amy was dead, Ethel soon began to feel another Joe emerging out of some period long ago. With a new and curious eagerness to find in him what Amy had never known (an eagerness she would have disclaimed with the utmost indignation) she began to probe into Joe's past. And in answer to her questions he threw out hints of old ideals in which the making of money had played only a second part. He had meant to be an architect, a builder of another kind. Instead of putting up "junk in the Bronx," he had meant to do something big and new, something bold and very French, "to make these infernal New Yorkers sit up and open their cold gray eyes." At times he rather thrilled her with hints of his early bachelor life in New York and Paris, his student days.

About this time, one evening, he brought his partner home to dinner, but the experiment proved even more of a failure than it had in the past. Nourse made Ethel feel as before his surly jealous dislike of her presence in Joe's home. And Ethel's hostility redoubled. She recalled what Amy had told her of his tiresome worship of work, its routine and its dull detail. No wonder Joe's ideals had died, with such a man in his office.

But Nourse did not come again. And with business dropped out of their talk, she and Joe turned to other things — small happenings of the household, amusing incidents of the day, and little problems to be solved. They were well into the summer by now and Susette ought to go to the seashore. They began to discuss seaside hotels, and chose a place along the Sound. It was decided that Emily should stay here to look after Joe, and that he should run up for his week-ends. In the meantime, as his business improved, he began to bring Ethel little surprises, candy or spring flowers, and to take her out in his car at night. They went to the theatre several times.

And everything which was said or done upon such occasions gave Ethel food for thinking. At the seashore, with Susette on the beach, hour after hour, she thought about Joe and about herself. This thinking was long and curious. It was confused, barely conscious at times, all mingled with the long bright waves that came rolling in from the shining sea. The picture of her sister's face kept rising up before her there — of Amy in her bedroom good-humoredly talking and smiling and teaching Ethel how to get on; of Amy with her husband, throwing swift vigilant glances at him, kissing him, nestling in his arms. In her thinking Ethel grew hot and cold, with jealousy, swift self-reproach and a new alarming tenderness. She thought of Joe, of his every look, his smile, and the tones of his gruff voice; of Joe grief-stricken and half crazed, of Joe awakening, coming back. Again with a hot rush of feelings not unmingled with dismay, she would go over in her mind their talks and the queer almost guilty expression that had often come in his eyes. For Amy had always been in the room.

For this thinking fresh fuel was given by Joe's weekly visits here. There was not much talk of Amy now; her name had subtly dropped away, but Ethel could feel it behind the talk. "It would always be there!" she would cry to herself. "Well, and why not?" she would demand. "Why be such a jealous cat? Would you let that hold you back?" It was all so involved, this Amy part, with Ethel's own earlier visions of happiness and a love of her own. Was this really love — this queer leaping feeling, up and down, hot and cold, uncertain, tense, unhappy, hungry, undecided?

"Oh, if I could only make up my mind!"

When with Joe she had many moods. In some she grew resentful toward him for forcing this upon her. But soon she would grow repentant. Her manner from cool friendliness would change in a few moments, and her eyes would grow absorbed, attentive, now to Joe and now to herself, grave, wistful, sad, and then suddenly gay — though they talked only of little things, of Susette, the beach, the city, the coming winter, household plans, his work, half-spoken aspirations. Anyone watching them in these talks might have thought she was his wife.

Again came that disturbing sense of intimate relationship to her sister who was dead. "I'm stepping into Amy's shoes." But this feeling began to be left behind. It was back in the past; she was looking on. One day, when Susette had bumped her head and her aunt was comforting her, suddenly in a revealing flash came the thought, "I love you, oh, so hard, my sweet! But I want another one all my own!"

When in September she and Susette went back to Joe in the city, all this grew more intense and clear. For he would not give her much longer now; she saw that he had made up his mind. She felt his strength and tenderness, his hunger for her growing. Sometimes it was frightening, the power he was gaining. A touch of his hand and she would grow cold. One evening when she had a headache, Joe bent over and kissed her.

"Goodnight," he said, and left the room — left her burning, trembling. She pressed both hands tight to her cheeks, pressed the hot tears from her eyes.

At other times, she told herself, "Yes, I'm going to marry him. But there's nothing to be so excited about — or scared like this. I know him now, I know just what he is and what he is not. He is not a good many things I had dreamed of, but he's so dear and kind and safe. And I want to have children."

She still felt Amy's presence. Out of the various rooms certain pictures, chairs and vases forced themselves upon her attention. For some time past she had disliked them. It seemed to her at moments as though she could not have them here.

She knew what they were waiting for now. It was nearly the end of October, and the day which both had dreaded was nearly at hand, the anniversary of *her* death. They spoke not a word to each other about it, except once when Joe said gruffly:

"There's a bad time coming for both of us. Let's try not to be morbid about it."

As it drew nearer she felt she must speak. She felt how this unspoken name of her sister would keep rising, rising, between them for the rest of their lives. It was uncanny, it was like a spell, the force of this unspoken name; and she thought, "I must break it!"

And yet she did not speak. She had little opportunity, for she saw very little of Joe that week. When the dreaded night arrived he did not come home until very late. From her room she heard him come in, and presently by the silence she knew he had settled himself to work. She barely slept, rose early and dressed herself with a resolute air. But already Joe had gone.

It was a beautiful morning. With Susette she went to a florist's shop and had the child pick out some flowers. Then they went out to Amy's grave. And a moment came to Ethel there, an overwhelming moment, when something seemed bursting up in herself and crying passionately: "I can't!"

But a little miracle happened. For Susette, who was only three years old and understood nothing of all this, took half the purple asters from Amy's grave and turning back confidingly she put the rest in Ethel's hand — and then saw a sparrow and chased it, and laughed merrily as it flew away.

At night when Joe came home, although he did not speak of the flowers she knew that he too had been at the grave. He appeared relieved, the tension gone.

"Now is the time to speak of her." And Ethel looked up with a resolute frown. . . . But once again she put it off. Soon they were talking naturally.

Weeks passed, and the memory of that day dropped swiftly back behind them. And there came a night when Joe, close by her side, had been talking slowly for some time, his voice husky, strained and queer, and she had been sitting very still. She turned at last with a quick little smile, and said:

"Yes, Joe, I'll — marry you — and — — oh, I'm very happy. Please go now, dear! Please go — go!"

And when he had gone she still sat very still.

From that night the name of her sister was not spoken between them — was not spoken for nearly two years.

[*To be Continued*]

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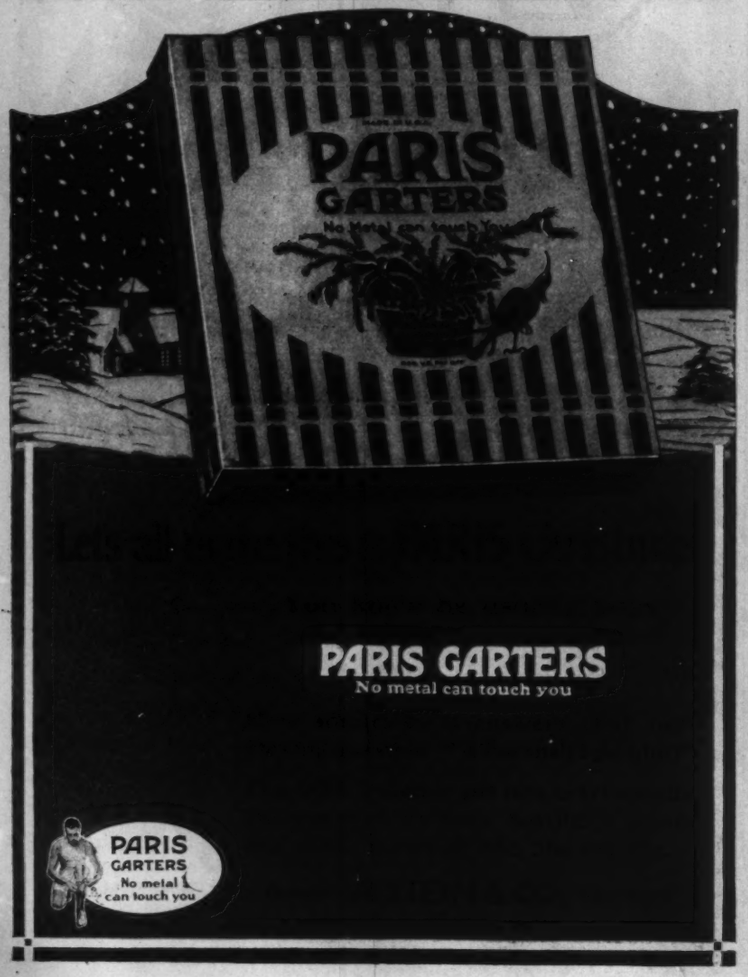


Wild Apples — *Continued from page 22*

darn it, McCulloch! Everybody in town knows that you ain't got the control of your son. Everybody's always known that if there was anything to settle, it was yer wife for it; you daresn't to lay a hand on him. You ——"

"*Daresn't* ——"

The word was a savage snarl. To Julian, standing with his back against the door, looking from one to the other, hearing all as in a dream, it seemed that the world had gone mad, when his father lunged, caught him by the collar, dragged him unresisting forward, reached back for the heavy walking cane he had carried when he came in from outside, missed it, stood a moment clutching for it blindly, shaking him until his teeth rattled, staring into his face with gnashing, animal rage. Then the right hand came forward, a fist, and drove a crashing blow, a short arm jab, yet with force enough behind it to fling Julian out of his father's hold and against the panels of the door with a thud.

As he hung there a moment, half stunned, he heard the stir in the hall where his mother and Thatcher Dye were. The next instant his father had caught breath again, leaped at him, and was dragging him around the room, beating him mercilessly.

Even in that whirling chaos he saw that Willis, open-mouthed, backed silently into a corner away from their struggling figures. Through the din there came to him again and again his mother's scream. That must be Thatch kicking on the locked door. Then through a horror of blinding blows, Julian finally heard Willis choking out:

"My God, McCulloch — you'll — kill him! And after a minute more, "Stop that! Stop that!"

Crash! Thatch's heavy boots threatened to split the panels. And now he began to shout.

"Open this door, Steve McCulloch! Open it — or I'll break it down! By God, I'll get the police!"

"Julian — Julian — Julian!" the gasping screech kept up from the stairway. "My child! They're killing my child in there!"

With a final jerk and blow McCulloch pitched his son from him. There was a moment of half-unconsciousness. When Julian again sensed things, the door was open; he had a glimpse of Thatch in it, his mother's face, white and distraught, beyond. Thatch came running to him, swearing as he came:

"You great big brute! It's a good thing for you you locked that door!" Then as Julian raised his head, dazed, and looked about him uncertainly, "How they coming for you, Jule?"

"I — I'm all right."

Julian looked past Thatch, who bent over to help him, to where his mother still halted, staring at her husband with the face of one who has seen the house dog on the hearth change into a wolf — a dangerous wild beast. As she turned and came toward them, glancing back with eyes in which bewilderment strove with anger, he caught fragmentary words, "A murderous attack. . . . Act the ruffian!" Then she jarred him all through, trying to push Thatch away and get hold of him herself, ordering Dye fiercely, "Let my son alone! Take your hands off him! What are you here for, anyhow?"

"Well — I'll be jiggered!" Thatch gave back a little, staring. "Why, say — I was only trying to —— If it hadn't been for me ——"

Mrs. McCulloch spoke in a low tone, to her husband this time:

"How dared you strike my son?"

"Your son!" McCulloch grunted. He stood puffing a little, settling his clothes, glancing ominously about him. "All right; if you want to claim him now — take him."

Julian had dragged himself up by the leg of the heavy library table. He swayed there clinging to its edge, shaking all over, cringing as a whipped dog cringes and shakes. His plight was almost purely physical, and not so bad but that he could make an effort to pull himself together and put a commonplace face on the situation.

"I'm all right, thank you, Thatch," he gasped, speaking again to Dye.

"Julian," demanded his mother, "what does this mean? Why did your father —?"

She brushed falteringly at his dusty sleeve; her eyes winced. Poor little Willis was looking wistfully for a way to get out.

"It's a girl scrape, Antoinette," said McCulloch brutally. "Guess you'll wish you hadn't put your nib in."

"A — a ——" She drew back, reddening. Her hands dropped to her sides. She looked about her, uncomfortable, ashamed. "I —" she whirled suddenly. "Stephen, can't you turn these men out of here? Haven't you the decency to keep these affairs to ourselves?"

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" Thatcher Dye stood where he was, feet still a little wide apart and stared.

"You shouldn't have waited to be told to go," she said to him, cuttingly. "But I suppose you knew that there was something ——"

"Oh — say," Thatch's tone was remonstrant. "I guess there's a good rule against interfering in family rows. I guess I broke it all right — and I don't care if I did. Neither one of you is fit to have a boy like Jule — or any other kind of a boy, for that matter — or a girl either."

He let this comprehensive statement of their parental unfitness stand for a moment while Julian started to put forward a hand toward him, found his right bleeding, shifted his weight on the table to it and offered a trembling left.

"All right," Thatch repeated in a good loud voice as he took and shook the offered hand. "I'm going to walk myself out of your house now — and never walk myself into it again. But if you take a notion to beat Jule up that way another time, Steve McCulloch — he knows where I am. Don't you, Jule?"

Julian just nodded, silently.

"I'll go with you, Dye," Willis's face was still mottled with terror. "I came here today with the best intentions — and now look — But the law ——"

"Hold on!"

Curiously, as though that word "law" had been magic, Julian saw his parents swing in so that they stood shoulder to shoulder, his mother's hand on his father's arm, shaking it promptingly. Their backs were turned to him as though he had been a foundered horse.

"Hold on," the master of the house repeated, "I've got a word to say to you yet, Willis. You don't want to go to law — any more than we do. We can settle this. Send that Jordan woman to me — at the office."

Willis sullenly pushed on to join Thatch, who waited for him in the entry.

"Dye," McCulloch's voice followed him, "you don't want to do any talking about what you've seen here today."

"Go to the devil," Julian heard Thatcher say good and loud, saw him pick up his hat from the entry floor, and follow Willis.

"He won't say anything. You know he won't," he spoke low to his father. "Good-by, Thatch," he called to where Dye and Willis stopped, drawing the bolts that Stephen McCulloch had pulled in place against the storm.

The men went out into the rain. He was alone with two angry, hostile strangers whose intentions toward him he could not guess.

Chapter XIV — What Now?

THE rug there at his feet lay all wrinkled up. Dully he traced with his eye the little repeated, dim-blue figure that was cut off by the fold. And suddenly his consciousness welled out, took in the whole house — the servants listening, or moving about back there — himself standing silent between his silent parents. He located his father out of the corner of his lowered eye, lurched between them to the door, made his way across the entry, and began crawling, a step at a time, up the stairs, clinging to the banisters. He had a definite objective. He knew of something up there that he wanted. On the landing, his breath gave out. As he hung there, fighting for strength to get on, words came to him from the two down in the hallway — quarreling. First his mother's tones, low, bitter:

". . . Oughtn't to have lived under the same roof with you. . . . Might have known you wouldn't keep your bargain."

"How do you make that out? Let *you* alone, haven't I? Have I ever come whining after you since you threw me down?"

"Oh — Stephen!" as though he had struck her.

"Well — the boy, then. For God's sake,

what did I ever do to him? You've had your way with the poor fish. I ever interfere — before? Nah — I've been the goat. Y' heard Willis bawl me out. And at that he told the truth. . . . Whole town knows it. . . . Wanted to bend a man's face in, more'n once, for the way he kept off the subject with me."

"Well, there are ways—" That was his mother. Again his father, harsh, deriding, mimicking:

"'Ways'—and you've had your way. Got things into a fix that scares you pie-eyed. You're no good—at this. Am I going to 'tend to it—or—am I not?"

"Don't speak so loud, Stephen. You are."

Julian was at his own bedroom door now; he clung to the knob, fighting to hold consciousness, to control the nausea that made him faint, the trembling that went over him in gusts. The voices down there wavered, louder and lower. If he could just get inside his room, and across to the bureau. . . .

The last quarter of that progress was taken blindly. The storm met him when he opened the door. In the confusion his room had been overlooked. Through the French windows that gave on the sleeping-porch the gale rushed in, tearing at everything loose. He barely noticed it, and, once secure from pursuit, lurched over toward his bureau, caught at the handle of the drawer, unlocked it, jerked it open, thrust down a right hand that left a bloody smear on a pile of freshly laundered shirts, and felt about for the bottle of laudanum.

Somehow it was like coming to the end of a lane he had traveled before. This was why he had stolen the drug in the first place. This was why he had kept up what seemed to him a senseless quarrel with his mother over its possession. His fingers found it, chased it for a moment, caught and gripped it, and brought it into view unsteadily. He fumbled at the cork, got it open and raised it to his mouth. In the moment of success one of those gusts of trembling racked him, jerked the bottle about till the liquid in it splashed. He felt himself settling slowly down. He knew at last that he lay crumpled on the floor—still clutching the bottle—for he could feel it spilling over his hand. Then the qualm—the awful blackness. . . .

He heard the mellow din of surf on the little beach at Smuggler's Cove; roused somewhat; no, that was the gong for dinner, sounding in with the rush of the storm. His name was spoken. That sickly odor—the darkness. . . . Oh, it was the beach apple he smelled. The wheel of the Go-devil was under his hands. . . . That must be Lynnie calling:

"Julian! Julian!"

Rattle and whistling of the gale on the windows; he knew he was lying in front of his own bureau in the house at Las Reudas, that it was the spilled laudanum he smelled, and that his mother was shaking his door and calling him in cautiously lowered tones. He didn't answer. Why should he? Why should he ever speak again?

"Julian! Julian!"

He stirred where he lay. She caught the sound, slight as it was, for he heard her breathe:

"Oh, dear God!" then the repetition of his name, "Julian, open this door. Give me that ——"

Yes, he knew what it was she wanted. Languidly he lifted the bottle to look at it. All gone. Why, she was crying out there! He spoke without any particular volition of his own:

"It isn't— I haven't—got it—any more."

"Oh!" A long moment of silence, faint rustlings, then in a more ordinary tone, "Dinner's on the table. Your father's already gone down." She waited after that, but he saw no reason to reply. Finally:

"I don't want any dinner." His voice, raised, monotonous, sounded strange in his own ears. Something about it sent his mother away without him, but she lingered long enough to say querulously, "Well, shut that window—or whatever it is. You'll have the music-room ceiling all drenched."

After she was gone he went over—stepping on the rain-soaked carpet—and closed the glass doors, threw himself across the foot of his bed and lay there.

The door was locked, there was no light, the storm shut him in with a more desperate aloneness; and yet he hid his bruised face against the bedspread with a shrinking even from himself. Now at last when they had beaten him and cursed him—and the gate of suicide had failed to open to him—he was held squarely to the point where he must do that which he had evaded all summer: he must think—he must face his own actions. What had he done—what had he done!

He saw now the cowardice of his trying to get away from a world that was out after him—running like a whipped dog—leaving all the row to Lynnie. That's what it amounted to. If his father beat him like that, how were the Willises treating Lynnie? At the bottom of his heart there was the primitive feeling that she belonged to him. She herself might refuse him; but these others shouldn't deny her to him; it was none of their business; it was between himself and Lynnie.

"I must get out of this!" he muttered to himself in the dark, with no clear idea of what he meant; his own individuality at last beginning to assert itself through blind confusion.

Lying so still he could hear the noises of the house; sounds from the dining-room; then his mother and father leaving it; the to-and-fro of feet as Ishi cleared the table; the clatter of the washing up in the kitchen, the subdued hum of conversation from the library, just beneath. After a while they came upstairs. His mother must have been ahead, for he heard his father adjusting the night latch even as her little rustling tap came on his bedroom door. Then his father's feet were coming heavily up the stair.

"Julian! Julian! Are you awake?"

"Let him alone," McCulloch's tone cut in harshly.

"I just wanted to be sure he was all right," Mrs. McCulloch answered; and her son wondered at her subdued tone.

The footsteps went on; Mrs. McCulloch's light, tap-tapping step to the great front chamber, McCulloch's stronger tread to the third floor.

Sometime late in the night Julian got up, felt his way across the room, and let himself out on the sleeping-porch. He laid a hand on the cot. It was sopping wet. The chair by it—the bedside table—all drenched. Over by the parapet he knelt, crossed his arms on it, and stared into the darkness. The rain was over, but he got the wind upon his hot, stiff face. He strained his eyes toward the hollow back of the house. No light down there. Well—till morning, then.

"I can get out of here, anyhow—hunt up something for myself," he was muttering while he went back inside, groped over to the switch and looked about him at the familiar objects in his room which leaped into sudden life when the lights went on, as though he had never seen them before. He opened his closet door. His winter things were all there. He began choosing out clothes, tossing them on the bed.

Where was the sweater he had bought in San Pablo, and worn home here? He couldn't find it anywhere. He went through the piles on the bed again and again. No, it wasn't there. Ransacking once more the stuff he had left in the closet, he found on the top shelf, where Miamotu must have put them, the books, cards and cigarettes his mother had confronted him with on his homecoming. He reached them down, pitched them into the open fireplace and set a match to them.

When everything was laid out ready he unlocked his door and went to the third floor for suitcases and trunk. For the first time within his memory he made no effort to move softly so that his mother might not hear him go up there. But she must have been asleep when he brought down his trunk; it was only after the second trip for the two suitcases that he heard her foot in the hall, and he was hardly across the room when she was at his door, pushing it open, coming in. Stooping by the piled-up bed, beside the yawning trunk, with his back to her, he looked at her reflected in his bureau glass. She was still the fashionable, artificial woman in her gray kimono, heavy with silver embroidery, the cables of her dark hair falling on each side of her pale, handsome face. It was she who spoke first.

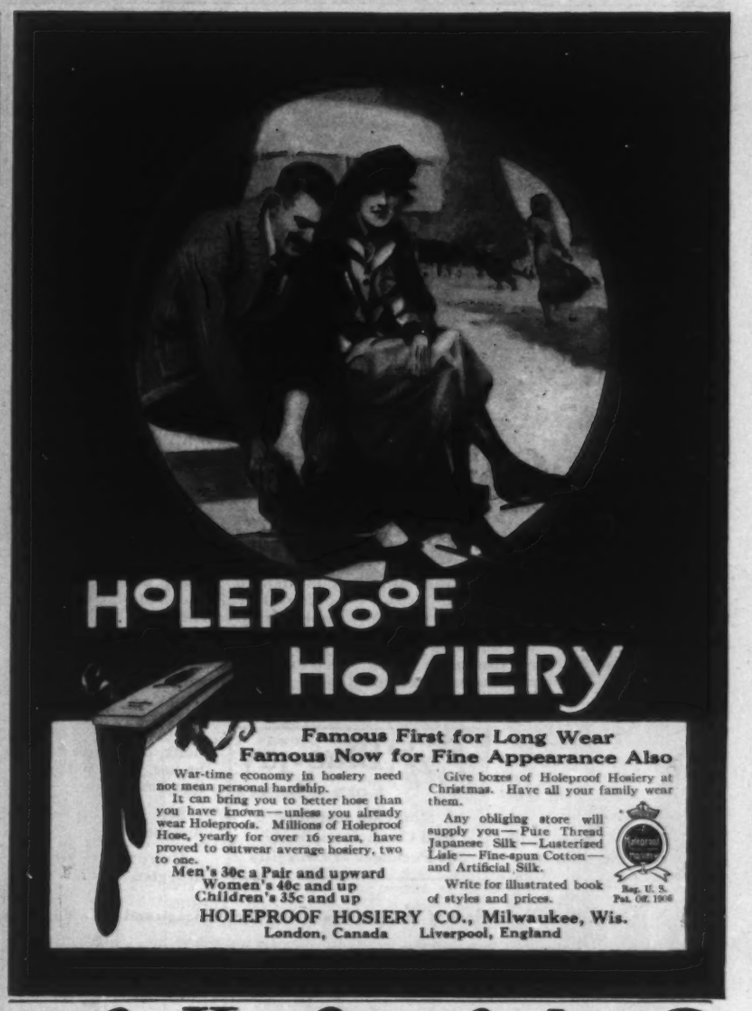
"What were you doing—up there?"

"You can see."

"Is he awake?" Then with a scornful movement of the hands. "Of course not. He'd sleep through anything."

"Excuse me—mother," Julian went on with his work. He could guess how angry it made her. She waited a moment, then burst out:

"I suppose all this rushing around and packing up in the middle of the night means that you think you are going back to the ranch? I don't see how you can concern yourself with such things. Julian—I haven't slept a wink. Why don't you speak?



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Blue-jay is applied in a jiffy. After that, one doesn't feel the corn. The action is gentle, and applied to the corn alone. So the corn disappears without soreness.

Infantile Paralysis

left 8-year-old Evlyn Olson so crippled she had to crawl on her knees. Five months' treatment at the McLain Sanitarium restored her feet and limbs to the satisfactory condition shown in the lower picture. Her mother has this to say:

We feel it our duty to recommend your Sanitarium. Evlyn was stricken with Infantile Paralysis in August 1915. March 1, 1916, we carried her to you. Five months later she could walk without crutches or braces. Words cannot express our thanks.

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Why don't you show some feeling? I never suffered in all my life as I have this night!"

For a long time Julian found nothing to do but bend, silently fumbling with the folding of shirts and trousers and coats, the straightening out of ties. He thought he wouldn't try to answer her. He held back as long as he could. But at last the limit of endurance was reached. Without turning he choked out:

"Do you think what's happened hasn't hurt me enough? Do you suppose I'd have done — what I have — if I'd known?"

"Known?" Now that she had nagged him into speaking she didn't like what he said. She couldn't look him in the face. Red, angry, embarrassed, she hurried on. "You knew well enough that what you did was wrong. Of course you knew — or why did you hide it? Those — those boys you were with when you got drunk — those wretched books — surely there wasn't anything left for you to learn after that."

"See here, mother." He felt himself flushing, but his jaw squared itself; he'd be man enough now to say his say. "You wouldn't keep Calkins as a tutor if you didn't know he was thorough in his work. You changed music teachers because you said Hacker wanted to give me pieces before he'd laid the foundation for it — do you remember that?"

"Oh, Julian! What difference does it make about your music lessons — in the face of a thing like this?"

"Hold on. I'm coming to something." He took her by the arm and led her across to the hearth where the books smouldered. "There they are," he said grimly. "Yesterday you talked as though I hadn't any business ever to have seen such things. Just now you spoke of my learning something from them. It's the same way about the gang I got drunk with; you wouldn't let me go to Alaska because I'd been with them. Now you seem to feel as though they knew more than I did — I might have got valuable information from them — something that I needed to let me know right from wrong. What do you mean by it? Oh, well, you always acted the same way about anything that concerned — that." His gesture toward the books on the hearth was inclusive. "I wanted to know. I suppose all children do. And when I'd come to you, you were scared and insulted — just as you are now."

He stood away from her and looked at her averted profile in sullen silence for a moment, trying to fathom the injustice done him. Shrinking from his eyes, his questions, her glance caught the broken laudanum bottle and the brown stain on the bureau rug. She was across the room in an instant.

"Julian — you've been taking this!" Her hand was at her lips, muffling the words. "What shall I do? You told me you didn't have it in here."

"I didn't get any. It's spilled there — every drop."

"You were trying to take — you were going to! What have you to say?"

Without a word he turned slowly. And now she looked full at him, saw his cheek cut to the bone, swollen and discolored, the dried blood on it and on his right hand.

"Mercy!" she cried. "I didn't know your face was like that. It ought to be attended to. Is it very painful?"

"I forgot about it." He looked at her a moment, before he added, "I'll wash it — as soon as you're gone."

"It's got to be properly dressed." She hesitated toward him, her own face twisting with distaste. "Why, that's an awful cut! You ought to have told — It'll make an ugly scar, if it isn't looked after."

He met and held her off with that wounded left hand; he couldn't help staring at her curiously.

"Mother," pushing her gently toward the door, "I think you'd better go back to bed. I'll take care of myself — some way."

And she went.

Chapter XV — After the Storm

SOMETIME in the night — Julian never knew when — the storm quieted down, died out. His watch told him it was nearly five.

Everything that he was going to take with him out of the house, everything that he felt really belonged to him, was packed.

The imported grand piano downstairs had been a birthday present. Yet it, like the musical skill in his fingers, had been thrust upon him unasked, undesired. It, and the two cabinets full of music, with his name written on the first sheet of each piece — from today they had no owner.

Anything that he felt he really owned, yet did not wish to take with him, had been burned, additions made to the heap in the fireplace, and now there was a queer-shaped mound of lumpy ashes there. He stepped again through the French windows, out upon the drenched floor beside the soaking cot. He remembered Lynnie's saying that her mother made them all get up at daybreak — how strangely the beauty and peace of the stolen days when she had told him so came back in the dismal dawning of this! There was the house, but about it no sign of life or movement. No use going yet. It was far too early for any chance of seeing her.

With the restlessness of misery he must do something while he waited. When he had gotten downstairs quietly, in spite of the bumping trunk on his shoulder, and let himself out into the brick-paved carriage porch at the side, he didn't cross to the garage as he had intended. He set the trunk down in the entry, came back and stood there quite a while looking about him.

Everything was wet. The garden was choking with rain. Along the borders of the drive the shallow stone gutters were full of rose pink and pigeon's blood red berries threshed from the pepper trees. On a sudden impulse, he went down the drive and through the iron gate. The hollow was shut up, sound asleep. The garbage dump, the nameless street, Daggett's Grocery with empty boxes outside where the displays of wilted vegetables were made, a prowling cat slipping in at a cellar window at sound of his footsteps — it all looked even more squalid than usual.

There was the Petty place where Thatch had boarded. Beyond it the Willis gate was primly shut. Julian opened it, went through, and stood in front of the house a few minutes, then circled around and looked at the kitchen windows. Nobody up. He might as well go back and lash that luggage on his machine.

When he walked again in the squalid street whose name he had never known, it was broad day; a man was taking down the Daggett shutters; a little boy was coming out of the Willis gate, a child who looked ahead apprehensively at him — stared with Lynnie's eyes, very much frightened, evidently knowing well who he was, and with half a mind to turn and run.

"Wait a minute," Julian tried hard to think of the child's name. He had heard Lynnie use it. He'd known it, yesterday; but now it wouldn't come. "Wait a minute," he repeated, and then asked in a lower tone, bending close to make the inquiry, "Is your sister Lynnie at home?"

"Yes, sir."

What made the child stare in that fascinated way? Oh, it must be the hurt face. There was a nickel clutched tight in the small hand.

"Well, will you go in and tell her to come here a minute — that I want to speak to her?"

The little boy shook his head and seemed about to cry.

"I — I can't," he protested. "I've got to go to the grocery — for mother."

"When you come back, then," Julian's hand was on the little threadbare shoulder. "I'll give you a dollar if you'll tell Lynnie — when you come back."

At that the little boy gave up all idea of his errand, wheeled and ran, refusing the bribe but shouting as he went:

"Lynnie! Oh, sister Lynnie — come here. There's somebody ——"

He stumbled on the steps, fell and began to cry. Julian had followed as far as the gate. He stopped outside it. The door above opened, and there was Lynnie's mother, a pretty woman still, with her pink-and-white New England complexion, and the narrowed New England mouth.

"What —?" she was beginning, but the little boy sat on the step and cried:

"He wants to see Lynnie!" The woman shut her mouth tighter and gazed at Julian. "He offered me a dollar to tell her to come — but I didn't take it."

Mrs. Willis stepped out.

"Charley!" she screamed, as her husband, a nightshirt tucked into his trousers, a pair of carpet slippers on his bare feet, appeared in the door. "Stop Lynn from coming out here! Stop her, I tell you! The McCulloch boy's here!"

Willis shrank where he stood. He opened his mouth — but no sounds came. Past him pushed Mrs. Jordan, fully dressed, a gingham apron belted on. She set her hands on her hips and looked about her severely. Julian was conscious of two other children — one still in night clothes, the other partly dressed.

Then he forgot them all; back of her

father's shoulder he caught sight of Lynnie looking out at him. He opened the gate and went in. For a moment she stared, her eyes dilating at his hurt face. Then she too came through the door, stumblingly, her hands clutching at one another, looking only at him. They met half way up the walk. She spoke as though they had been alone:

"What — when — how did that happen?"

"I hurt it on the corner of the table. . . . In the library. . . . Yesterday." Julian also made his explanation mechanically as though there were no one present but their two selves. "Lynnie, I came to ask ——"

"Well, you'll not ask anything," Mrs. Willis addressed him. "Of all the impudence! Go back in the house, Lynn. Aren't you ashamed of yourself!" She came down and jerked Lynnie by the arm.

"Eunice, you don't need to —" Charley Willis was beginning, but he never finished. With squabbling and ejaculating, with pushing and pulling, somehow they all got through the Willis hall and into the Willis kitchen. Julian followed them in — though plainly nobody wanted him.

Nobody wanted him there, not even Lynnie! As soon as her mother let go of her she dropped into a chair. He didn't know at the minute he was seeing anything but her little, averted figure. Mrs. Willis wheeled around. She saw Julian's hurt face for the first time. She stood in front of him, crying:

"For mercy's sake!"

"I told you," Willis said.

"Good Land!" Jane Jordan came a little closer, "I didn't suppose it was as bad as that."

It was a crazy kind of business — the whole lot of them looking at one another, then at him and not saying what they wanted to say. Why didn't they speak right out? Finally little Mrs. Willis — she had courage and snap like a terrier — came at him with:

"What were you hanging around this house for? Offering Bertie money?"

"I wanted to see Lynnie."

"Well, you can't — I should think you'd know that."

"Let him see her — now he's here —" Jane Jordan began.

"Shut up — this ain't your row."

Willis, stone-cold sober this morning, and desperately in need of a drink to steady his jumping nerves, put a hand on the shoulder of his little termagant wife, with:

"Ma, ma, how you do speak — to Mis' Jordan, that's done so much for us!" This encouraged the Jordan woman to shoulder in:

"I suppose," (Julian had no experience of police matrons, yet he knew this was the police matron manner) "I suppose you don't deny the gift of those shoes and stockings?"

She waited for reply and got none.

"Well, I know what such things mean. As soon as I ——"

"Bertie!" cried Mrs. Willis, (that was the little boy's name; Julian remembered it when he heard the mother speak it.)

"Bertie, go right out of this room. Go in the bedroom and stay there."

Bertie went as far as the door and stayed there, instead, his little nightgowned sister hanging close beside him, both listening, gazing in, with eyes like saucers.

"As soon as I knew about those things," Jane Jordan held on, "I went through Lynn's trunk like a dose of salts. And I dug out of Siloam with her quick. But 'twasn't till I got her to San Pablo that a friend of mine on the police force went with me and we found where she'd registered at the San Pablo House, the night she said she stayed at Alma Bruckner's grandma's. S'pose that was your doings, too?"

"No," said Julian, "she was there alone."

"How do you know?"

"I sent her there — and went to the Nalbro House myself."

"Oh, a blind? Well, you're sharper than I thought you'd be."

Past the Jordan woman, Julian spoke to Lynnie again.

"Aren't you going to say a word to me, Lynnie?" he pleaded.

She never raised her head.

"No, she isn't." Mrs. Willis got in between them. She looked at Lynnie, then at him, and suddenly began to breathe in little short gasps, throwing her arms around, crying out, "Oh! Oh! Oh! that such a thing should have happened to a child of mine! I'd rather she'd have died. Any mother would. We'll never be able to hold up our heads to go back to Lynn, Massachusetts, again!"

"Now, Eunice — now, Eunice," Willis put an arm around his wife, and she sobbed, turning to him, hiding her face against him.

"Oh, Charley, I'd rather have seen a child of mine in her coffin! But this ——"

"Good morning!"

Sudden silence fell on the shameful racket. Julian turned to see his father in the kitchen doorway. He had pushed it open unheard and now stood there, cool, perfectly groomed and dressed. Mrs. Willis swallowed her sobs, drew away from her husband and began nervously pulling down the folds of her blouse. Jane Jordan sustained his eye for a moment, and then hastily picked up the three-year-old Willis girl from the floor, mumbled something about her being out of bed barefoot, and ran. Charley Willis cringed, as though suddenly conscious of his grotesque garb, before the rich man's neat, careful dressing.

"I — we —" he began, and broke down helplessly into, "how do you do?"

Julian's father stepped into the room and stood beside him in silence. The others squirmed, though Mrs. Willis still kept in front of her daughter. All at once Julian felt the pressure of his father's fingers on his shoulder.

"I want to speak to Lynnie; that's what I came here for," he hung pertinaciously to his demand.

It was queer the way the Willises all looked abjectly to Stephen McCulloch for the word on that. He glanced at Julian, then spoke very definitely and quietly.

"I don't see why you shouldn't." To Willis — ignoring the wife — he said, "Could you have the little girl up at my house about ten o'clock? Jule and I are going back there now — for breakfast. Ten o'clock. If there's any change in the hour I'll let you know. Come, Jule." The fingers tightened on Julian's shoulder. Trying vainly to get a glimpse of Lynnie, he found himself out on the street walking beside his father. It came to him with a shock that never before in his life had he so walked.

THEY went the length of the street in silence. They came to the steep way that led up by the McCulloch place. Julian was aware of his father glancing at him sidewise several times before he said in an offhand manner, speaking as one addresses an equal, man to man:

"Think you made a mistake, Jule, to go down there this morning, trying to deal with those people yourself. Eat you up blood raw. Better let me stand for you."

"I don't know," Julian said heavily. "It seemed to me they were more scared than I was. I never thought of stirring them all up. I just went there to ——"

"Of course. Of course," his father rather hurried in. "I understand. But after all, it's not wise for a boy of your age to try to deal with such people. Willis was a drink ahead yesterday. He won't talk about going to law — today. I want to give them time to get onto themselves. I'm not done with 'em. Shut that Jordan woman's mouth easily enough; offer her the place she wants. Got pull enough with the Police Commission to get it for her. Never was anything yet so bad but what it might be worse."

"Yes, sir."

As they stepped easily along shoulder to shoulder, Julian was still conscious of his father's sidelong scrutiny. Finally, just at the gate of home:

"Made a bum job of that plaster, Jule," he said. There was no apology for the wound. Julian didn't want any. But his father added the friendly, man-fashion offer, "Come on to my quarters when we get in the house and I'll fix you up right."

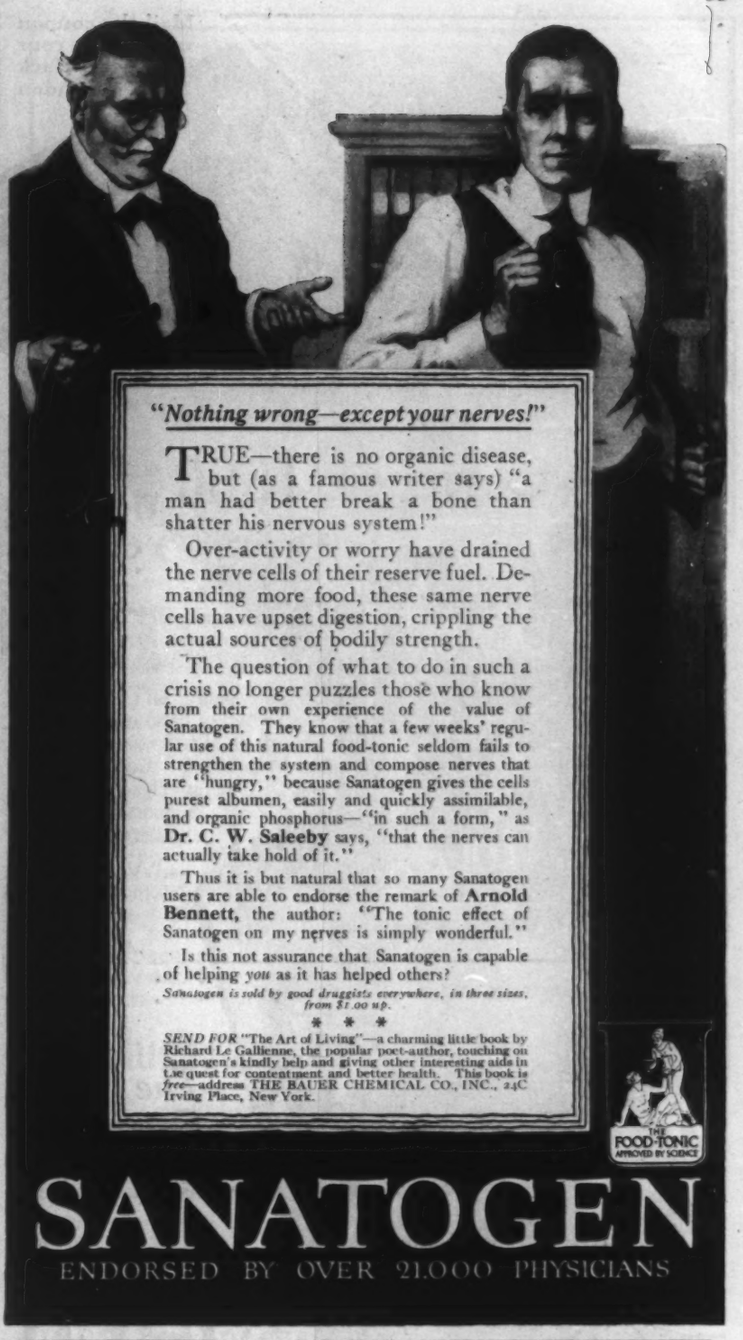
They mounted the stairs together. Julian thought for a moment, just after they passed his mother's door, that his father was going to say something; but he went on without speaking. It was not till they were on the third floor, and he had deftly cut strips of rubber plaster, drawn water from the tap, and was sponging the cut in a thoroughly workmanlike manner that he said:

"Your mother seems to be sleeping this morning. I think it's likely she didn't get much rest last night. Oh, well — women always have nerves. There! Now you look as if you'd taken the count from ——"

"I suppose I ought to tell you, sir," Julian interrupted, "I packed up everything that belongs to me — my clothes, I mean — last night. I'm going to ——"

"Say, son — let's leave all that till after we eat," McCulloch stopped him. "Even then, mightn't it as well wait till we've — till you've seen the girl, and get her point of view?"

Julian looked at him curiously. What did he really mean?



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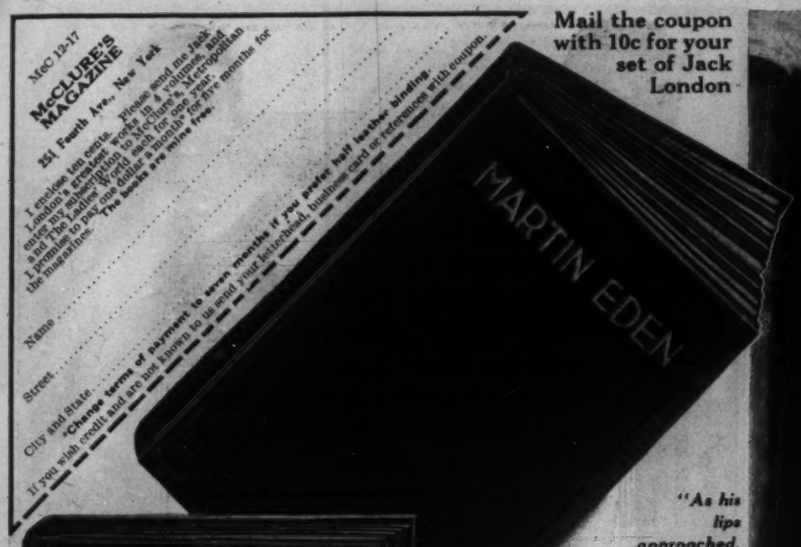
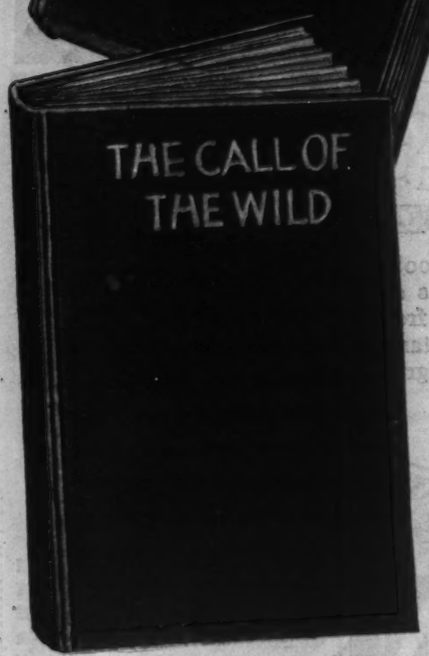
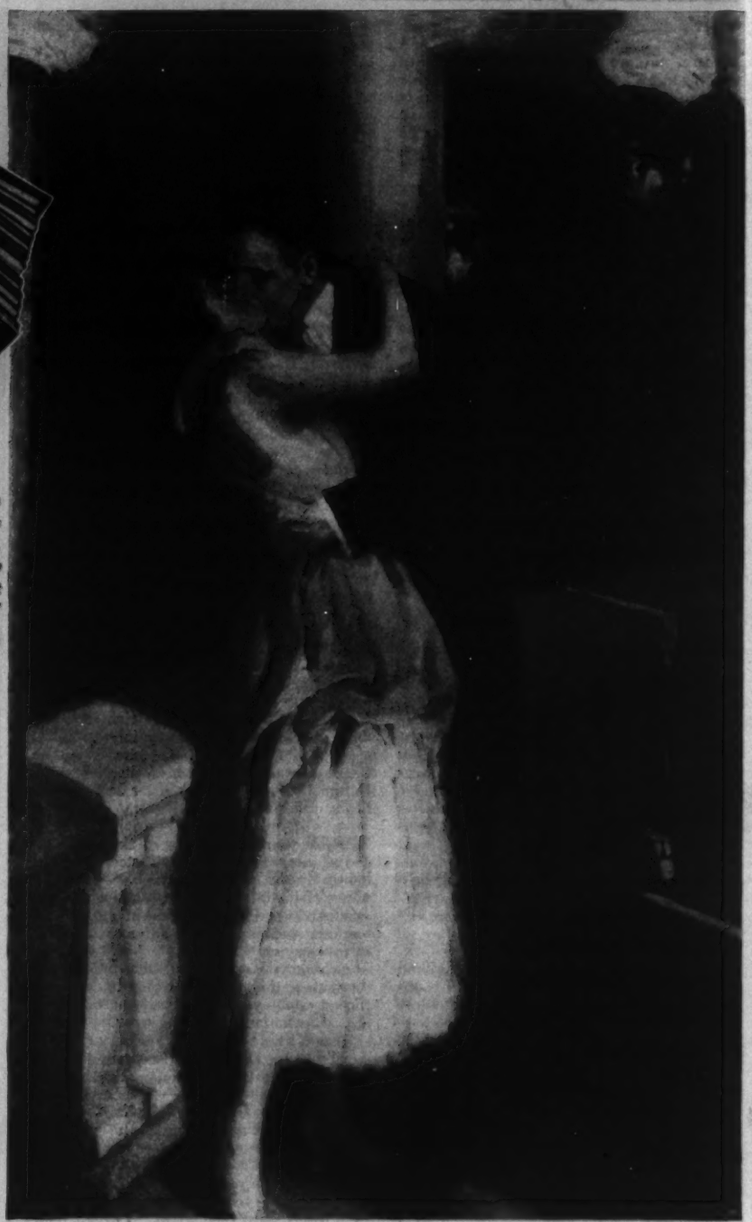




"As his lips approached, hers flew to meet them."

—Martin Eden.



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"Well?" he questioned.

He got up and stood while his father took down the house telephone and ordered bacon and eggs.

"Boiled or fried, Jule? Hard or soft?"

He made answer and began cruising restlessly around the apartment, looking out of windows, taking up things and putting them down.

"That's right — make yourself at home," McCulloch spoke from the telephone. "Go on in the front room there, Jule. You'll find a copy of the *Motor News* on my table, by the bed."

Julian went on in. He found the magazine mechanically, and sat with it in his hand. He was dimly aware of being upstairs in his father's quarters; a suit of odd green and yellow striped silk pajamas on the bed-foot held his eye a moment; that was his father telephoning still. He heard him say:

"Here all right — with me — upstairs." Then, "Oh, piffle!" and the receiver was hung up.

[*To be continued*]

A reader in North Dakota writes: "The story 'Wild Apples' has me fascinated. It is a story that does credit to McClure's. The eternal question, 'Who is the author?' comes to my mind. Perhaps I am inquisitive, but it seems to me the reader has some rights! I continue to live in hopes of one day knowing who this author is." . . . . This only goes to show how interested everyone is in the anonymous author of this novel and "The Straight Road."

One of Ten Million

[*Continued from page 16*]

see? We've got to fight it out and win or we go down — understand, down under the Kaiser!"

She lay and thought for a while before she resumed the attack.

"Bob, is there still time to fill in those blanks and things and give them to the board?"

"I — I think so."

"Then go, go quick, do you hear? Do something, right away. Go to the general manager — go to Mr. Stannard himself — he's got influence with the government; his wife's brother's a senator. He knows you're too valuable a man to lose. Don't waste a minute's time — make him get you off."

"But, Mary ——"

He had arisen and stood irresolute.

"Do you want to kill me?" she screamed, abandoning all effort at self-control. "Don't stand there like a stump!"

Mrs. Braley came fussing into the room with her ineffectual "Hush-hush! There-there!"

Dr. Sherman followed at her heels and proceeded to exert his bed-side authority.

"We mustn't — not at this time," he was saying in his kindly, scolding tone. But Mary checked his admonition with a shrill cry.

"I won't be still! Make Bob promise — make him promise to go straight to Mr. Stannard and ask him to use his influence ——"

"Of course. You'll do as she asks, won't you, Bob?" soothed the physician.

"Yes. I'll ask him," agreed the young husband quietly, and left the room.

DR. SHERMAN gave her a sedative and after a time a pleasant drowsiness began to take the place of raging and hysterics. It must have been very potent, that tiny white pellet she had put on her tongue and gulped down with a glass of water, for it brought a sort of philosophy to a mind which had never known any other motor than its own dull impulses. When her mother came in with the baby Mary reached up comfortably and took him to her. She had a feeling of resting on a kindly Fate, a divinity which she was sure was always a good fellow in the end. She wasn't worried now, and it was with a slow sensuous joy that she drew to her breast the little red curly-fingered thing with the puckery face and the filmy blue eyes. Scarcely had she felt the generous rapture which always came to her when this bone of her bone drew strength from her body than her drowsing senses were aroused once more to the alertness of protective motherhood.

Bob had gone with a half-promise on his lips. Mary Hamilton and her country now stood, as it were, rivals for Bob Hamilton's affections. And the thought that he had so much as contemplated this infidelity to her and her child, filled her with an anguish and a rage. He had told her lightly that, should he choose to put on a uniform and "get in the game," she could go live with her mother. How like a wild schoolboy he had talked — her dear, adorable Bob whom she couldn't bear to have away from her a single night.

"Something ought to be done," she found herself repeating aloud to her mother who stood beside her bed in an attitude of attention.

"Don't worry, dear," said Mrs. Braley, over and over again, voicing the very worry she denied. "He'll go to Mr. Stannard and I'm sure they'll let him off."

"They must, you know," she heard herself insisting in a voice which seemed strangely far away. The comfortable drowsiness was getting control again. And there was something pleasant yet terrible lurking in the shadows of the room. Her baby ceased nursing and slept, curled in a soft ball against her shoulder.

"I'll take him," indistinctly she heard her mother saying, but Mary lifted a hand which seemed strangely heavy and detached.

"No, no. Let me keep him," she kept pleading languidly. "I don't want anything to happen to my baby — to Bob ——"

She permitted her lids to close over unsteady eyes. It was something lighter than sleep which overcame her, for she could hear her mother's shoes squeaking across the room to pull down the shades, and she could follow the fussy swish of skirts and that same squeaking out of the door and into the next room. Softly, without opening her eyes, Mary Hamilton raised her hand to touch the warm little body nestled against her own

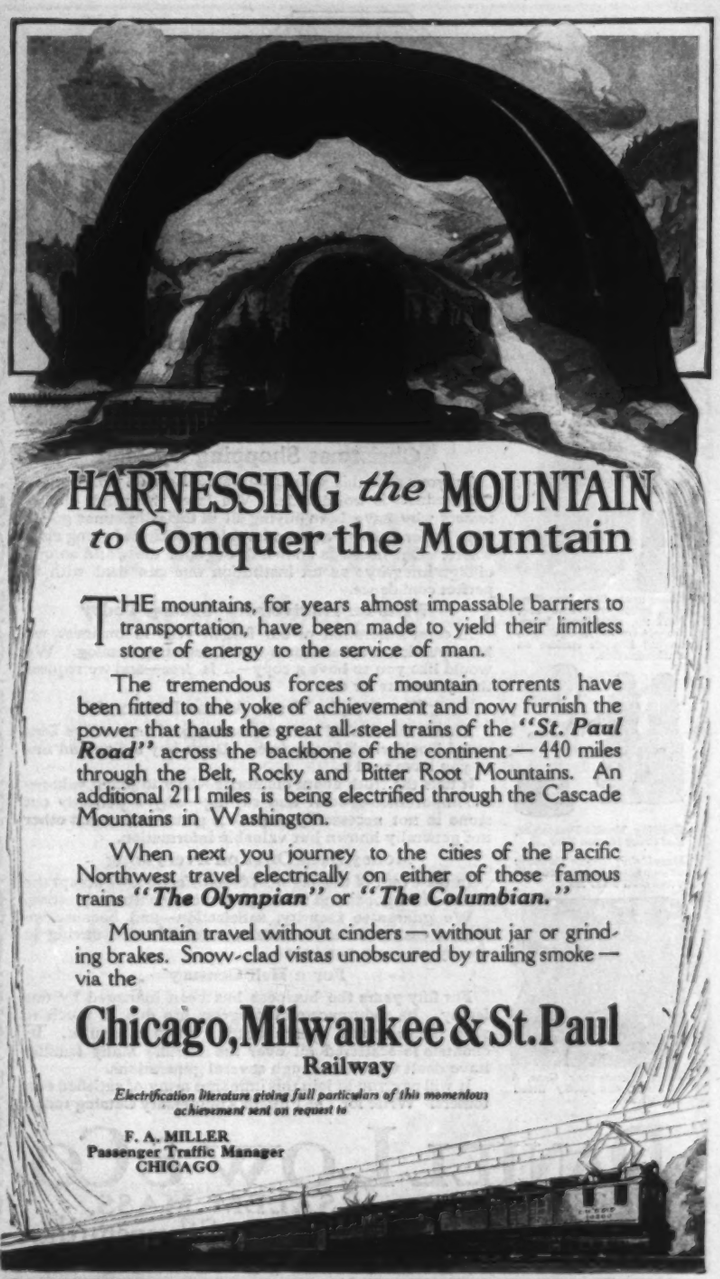
The drug was bearing her, bearing her insidiously as a waveless tide, under the scattering of a million stars, sucks a boat out to sea. She was content to be possessed by its destructive influence which drew her toward something frightful and pleasant, not heretofore experienced. Beautiful swirls of bluish light raced round and round until she became frightened with the movement and half opened her eyes.

She could see the outline of her little bedroom, dim behind the drawn shades. On the bureau she could see her array of toilet silver, collected through many Christmases and birthdays, and the visiting-cards stuck in the round maple frame of the mirror. There were the oval pictures of her father and mother and, between them, the larger one of Bob in his dress-suit, with her hat-pins, stuck in the lace pincushion, making stripes on his beautiful expanse of shirt. Her heavy eyes dwelt on the photograph — Bob had loved her when that was made, soon after they were engaged — and then, with a bitter sigh she turned them away. Her dull gaze strayed to the floor and there — abomination! — encountered the imitation Turkish rug which she had asked her mother time and again to take away. She stared fixedly at that one disagreeable spot; for she saw, in a grayish white blotch in the center of the design, the thing of all things she had been dreading — that newspaper page, decorated with the cartoon of a machine-made Kaiser! The shabby window-shades flapped in a warm dusty breeze from the street and scraped against the stiff, dust-laden lace curtains which hung over them. The noise seemed deafening to Mary, deafening and horrible; it seemed to come from that grayish blotch on the rug.

Waves of sickish heat swept over her, burning her all over with millions of fetid pricks.

"Take it away!" she kept whispering, but the words seemed to impart to the rug and to the paper an appalling vitality; for they rose and floated together directly before her eyes.

She tried to turn her head, to snatch out and tear the thing to bits; then to her



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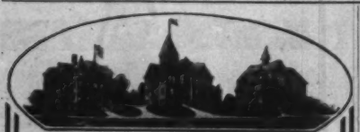

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relief she saw that the cartoon was no longer on the page. It was an indefinite blot of gray, which as she studied it, seemed to grow and grow into a mass that was as wide and as cold as a wintry sky. Gray gray, a color that had power without mercy. She associated this with death, with the hopeless finality of a separation which had no ending.

Awry off in the next room she knew she was hearing the squeak-squeak of her mother's shoes and the scrap of hymn she was crooning under her breath. The gray atmosphere, like a cloud, was hemming Mary about. It was worse than fear that gripped her; it was hopelessness.

THE grayness began taking on form, a writhing, monstrous activity. She hadn't the assurance which comes in nightmares, the feeling that the mere act of awakening would bring her out of all this. The grayness was assuming line and character—something disgustingly familiar to her. And then she saw it, indistinctly as one catches the glimpse of an animate object through a lifting fog. The body was long beyond computation; reptilian miles of it, heavy, base, invincible, stretching away into infinity. Mary Hamilton knew what a dwarf she was to face alone this crushing Force. Indeed, she could see herself distinctly, clad as she was in her night-apparel and holding her baby to her breast as, with the helpless stride of a somnambulist, she groped forward into the phantom.

"Excuse us, my good *Frau!*"

The voice had a mushy, polite, punctilious accent and spoke in German. The vast, serpentine body of the Thing seemed to move with a ceaseless writhing motion, giving forth a metallic creaking and a sound like that of heavy artillery moving over rough ground. There was an aspect of unanswerable power in that obscene thing of steel, framed without her soul and disdainful of pity. It towered over her like an animate Sphinx and she wondered that it should take notice of so insignificant an object as herself. Back and forth it swayed its ponderous, jointed, machine-made neck much as a snake dances before a bird. Then, at the instant, she noticed, looking down upon her impotence, the upturned mustaches, the fox-like nose, the slate-gray eyes and eagle-crested helmet of William the Monster.

Mary Hamilton struggled panic-stricken for threads of memory which would recall the little German she had learned at school. She opened her mouth to speak, but all that came was an inarticulate sound like the croaking of a frog.

"*Meine Frau,*" went on the thick, unctuous German, "excuse us. You are in our way."

She made no attempt to move, for her feet seemed nailed to the soil of Never Never Land.

"How many children, please?" he was inquiring even at that moment. One of his mechanical iron arms — of which he seemed to have more thousands than a super-centipede — came up to a level with his nose and held out an enormous gray note-book. In this he wrote busily with the point of a bayonet.

"Oh, sir!" cried Mary Hamilton, finding her German as she strove to cover her baby with a fold of her nightgown, "I haven't any children."

"Please don't lie," came the smooth warning. "It wastes time. Two things above all else have made our Organization successful: Promptness and Cruelty. Therefore lying is a sin punishable under the Rules."

Again he wrote in his ponderous note-book with his dripping bayonet.

"Oh, what are you writing?" asked she, half guessing the nature of the record.

"The name of your child. This is our War Account Book. See, it is all according to regulations: 'Credit to Mary Hamilton 1 child; sex, male; age, 2 weeks; nationality, American; name, Robert.' Irresponsible foreign writers have called this our Butcher's Book, but the name is irregular."

"You — you are not taking my baby?" asked Mary, trying to cry out in that frog's voice of hers.

"*Ja.* Why not?" The fierce, imperial features of the Monster crinkled into something like a smile. "He is quite satisfactory — in fact, he is a beautiful child."

"What are you going to do ——"

"Stop your nonsense!" For the first time he showed irritation. "I am going to eat him, of course."

"Eat him!" She found strength to retreat a pace, clasping the baby tighter to her breast.

"It is a part of the System which wastes nothing. Animal fats, hair, fresh blood, even bone are all necessary to me in order that I may hold out a little longer. German babies are becoming scarcer as the war advances; the Belgian supply is nearly exhausted; we have used up the Serbian and Armenian babies to satisfy the Bulgarian and Turkish markets. Therefore, dear lady, you can understand our need. And such a fine child!"

He raised two or three of his front paws to his helmet in a horrid military salute and glared hungrily.

"No! No!" was all that Mary Hamilton could say as again she struggled vainly to drag her dead feet after her.

"If it were a girl baby, now, of course she would be given over to our armies," rasped he, stamping hundreds of his feet and giving forth an ear-splitting clangor of steel. "But that cannot be helped. We must look elsewhere."

He snorted pompously and his nostrils belched with the roaring of great guns. The sound seemed to marshal battalions out of the ground — magic, invisible armies, grappling somewhere with the noise of death-struggle. There came first the scurrying of feet, the deep bray of the short bugle, the harsh chuckle of artillery wheels; then her ears were filled with blasphemous prayers, oaths, the thud of falling bodies. The air was abominable with the smell of poison gases, charred bodies, decay. And at the demonstration the Monster writhed in a frightful ecstasy, and his twistings revealed what Mary Hamilton had not before noticed — rust and dents and ragged holes in his armor-plate belly.

"The time is short," he roared out, crawling closer and overcoming her with his awful breath. "Men are hurrying overseas — come, I must have strength."

One of his steel-riveted claws reached out toward her baby, but passed clumsily overhead as she crouched away.

"Unreasonable woman!" he chided. "It is a compliment that I should linger so long over this morsel of flesh when my appetite requires several thousand such every day."

"You Monster — you Kaiser!" she called out; and the epithets seemed to give him pause.

"No. I am not the Kaiser," said he thoughtfully. "I am a composite of genius, created by the greatest minds in Prussia. I am an Idea. I am the Kaiser Thing."

SHE had a crazy thought of prayer, so she sank on her knees before him.

"That is *verboten!*" cried the Kaiser Thing in a shocked tone. "Only I am permitted to pray. That is plainly set forth in the Regulations. If there are any religious ceremonies to be observed, leave it to me, because I *am* Religion. Do you wish *Gott* spoken to?"

He said this almost kindly, at the same time raising his terrible slate-gray eyes toward the smoky, battle-reddened sky and assuming a sort of ecclesiastical whine.

"Gott of the Vaterland," he began, "bless this feast I am about to enjoy in Thy sight. Make the flesh of the child tender for my palate, his blood nourishing to my power and glory. Make this woman reasonable to understand the virtue of our Machine, which was built by infinite wisdom for the destruction of human life. Show her the light and teach her sweetly to understand that she is not Prussian, therefore to be damned forever and forever and forever ——"

At these sacrilegious words Mary Hamilton found herself, as by divine interposition, released from the unseen shackles which had held her. Abruptly she gathered her child into his little, pink blanket and turned to flee.

"Stop!" The Kaiser Thing came out of his religious ecstasy and hooked her into one of his steely claws. He was playing cat and mouse with her and with her one passionate earthly love.

"No!" shrieked Mary Hamilton and beat the Monster's iron joints with her bare hands.

"American woman!" he sneered in a tone of high contempt. "Neither reasonable argument nor holy prayer will do anything with your stubbornness. Now — the little one, please!"

"No!" again she cried, but her defiance was ebbing with her strength. However she still pressed her baby in an embrace

which threatened to crush its fragile life away.

"Very well." The German voice resumed its note of oily diplomacy. "Then I will make a bargain with you."

He twisted his body uneasily, and as he turned she could see how several of his mechanical legs had been blown away, apparently by some tremendous explosion. Also the rent in his armor-plated side seemed to grow larger and, as he rolled over, many broken machine-guns, twisted airplanes, scraps of useless ammunition and myriads of dulled bayonets came rattling and rolling out of the fissure as though he had been disemboweled and his vital parts were falling away.

"Mary Hamilton," he screamed impatiently, "can't you see the Divine Power is with me?"

"Yes, but man-power is against you!" replied she, her heart leaping wildly to the inspiration.

"Then do you want to stop the war right now — today, on the instant?"

"Oh, yes, Sir!" she faltered breathlessly. "It would make me so happy — my husband wouldn't have to go and ——"

"Very well. Then I will make you this promise. I will trade you the peace of the world for your baby. Give him to me and I will end the war."

"You mean," she said suspiciously, "that you will eat my baby, then kill me and gobble my husband?"

"I promise sacredly. See." He tore a leaf from his great Account Book, wrote rapidly with his bayonet and handed her the sheet.

"A scrap of paper!" She tore it into bits.

"Unreasonable again!" his voice held a note of sadness. "Come! Is it not an easy bargain?"

Waiting just a moment for her to break the silence he went on persistently:

"Things cannot be delayed. Enemies are coming overseas, scorning the terrors I have invented. They no longer fear my bogies. I must have strength! Be quick, you fool!"

"No! No! No!" she seemed to say it a hundred times; and the fact that he did nothing to compel her was far more terrifying than if he had again struck out at her with his steel-hooked claw. And then she realized what she had dreaded. He was absorbing her gradually and gently into the mass of his stupendous body.

"I haven't promised!" she shrieked again and again. "Let me go — give back my baby — I'll fight you — I'll make my husband fight you — I'll ——"

MARY HAMILTON opened her eyes upon her little bedroom, stuffy in the midsummer heat. The room was soft with twilight and in the uncertain atmosphere she could see many scared, friendly faces around her bed. Her mother was there, holding the baby bundled against her plump shoulder and Mary was very grateful when the cool hand reached out and touched her gently.

"Where's Bob?" was her first breathless question.

"Maybe you'd better not excite yourself, dear ——"

"I want him. Right away."

"But, darling, hadn't you better rest a little first? You're not very strong."

"I'm strong now," said Mary Hamilton and she smiled when her big, clumsy boy came shambling into the room.

"Bob," she whispered as soon as her mother had gone out and she had pulled his head down beside hers on the pillow, "you didn't do as I said, did you? You didn't see Mr. Stannard?"

"Yes, honey. I saw him."

"And you asked him to get you off?"

"Mary, I couldn't."

His face was hidden, but she could guess the look that had come over it.

"I saw him," went on her husband, "and I tried to ask him to do something. . . . I didn't know exactly what. But he started right in telling me about his own boys. He's got two of them and they've both enlisted. The older one's in the navy and the other's joined the aero corps. He talked to me just like a son — and he seemed so sort of — glorified — that it made me feel ashamed. I just shook the old chap's hand and went away."

"And — and you've decided to go, Bob?"

"Yes, dearie. It just seems to me ——"

"What, Bob?" She whispered it close to his ear.

"That it's up to me to stand between you and our kid and those Huns over there."

"Thank God!" said Mary Hamilton, and lay very still among her pillows.

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Cabaretrogression

(*Continued from page 25*)

loaf of bread,' or 'Miranda, what did you do with that peck of greenbacks I left in the hall last night?" As everybody began to spend more, everybody had to have more. Not that it would buy any more. It wouldn't. Not that it made anybody any happier to have it. It didn't. It was only Old Man Hurry, getting in some more of his good licks. And as they got to be in too much of a hurry to sit down, so they got to be in too much of a hurry to think. People can't think standing up. When people cease to sit, they cease to think.

"But Old Man Hurry was ready for 'em. Seeing that thinking had come to be unpopular and intelligent conversation thereby a lost art, he built theatres for them with a two-hundred-dollar sign outside and a two-dollar show inside. He gave them moving pictures, which involved no thought on the part of anybody, not even the producers thereof. And he revived dancing; not the old, graceful forms of the dance that were wont to be indulged in by the disciples of Terpsichore, but the new forms that appealed both to the Tipsy and the Sick; wherein besotted couples grabbed each other in a sort of Grapevine Twist and cavorted around the floor to music furnished mostly by a steam-heated Nubian and a snare drum.

"It was one of the blessings of this form of dancing that long after people became too inebriated to stand alone, they could still keep erect by hanging onto each other.

"As you have seen, Hurry first crept among us insidiously and treacherously, riding on a bicycle, with a trolley car in one hand and an electric light in the other. With Hurry, naturally, came Excitement; Hurry and Excitement being the original Siamese twins. With Excitement, as with a drug, came a desire for more excitement; our nerves were tense; we couldn't let down.

"In the old days, when evening came, we were quite satisfied to spend an evening in the lamplight, with a book. We were satisfied because we knew there was nothing else to do, except go to bed, and it was too early for that; or go out for a walk, or a call; and there was nowhere to walk, and we'd called on everybody already.

"But with the coming of all these complicated opportunities for excitement, this was changed. There were so many exciting things to do that everybody got all excited trying to decide which excitement they should excite themselves with.

"And it soon became so that the average individual had about as much home life as a hammerhead shark, and lived it in about the same spirit. He tore from cereal to office; from office to lunch; from lunch to office; from office to dinner; from dinner to dance or theatre or card party. His wife, meanwhile, raced madly from breakfast to shopping; from shopping to lunch; from lunch to movie; from movie to dinner; and caught up with husband in a nose-to-nose finish in the stretch! Even the children got it. They couldn't tell you much about Julius Cæsar or Joan of Arc; but you bet your life they knew all about Charlie Chaplin!

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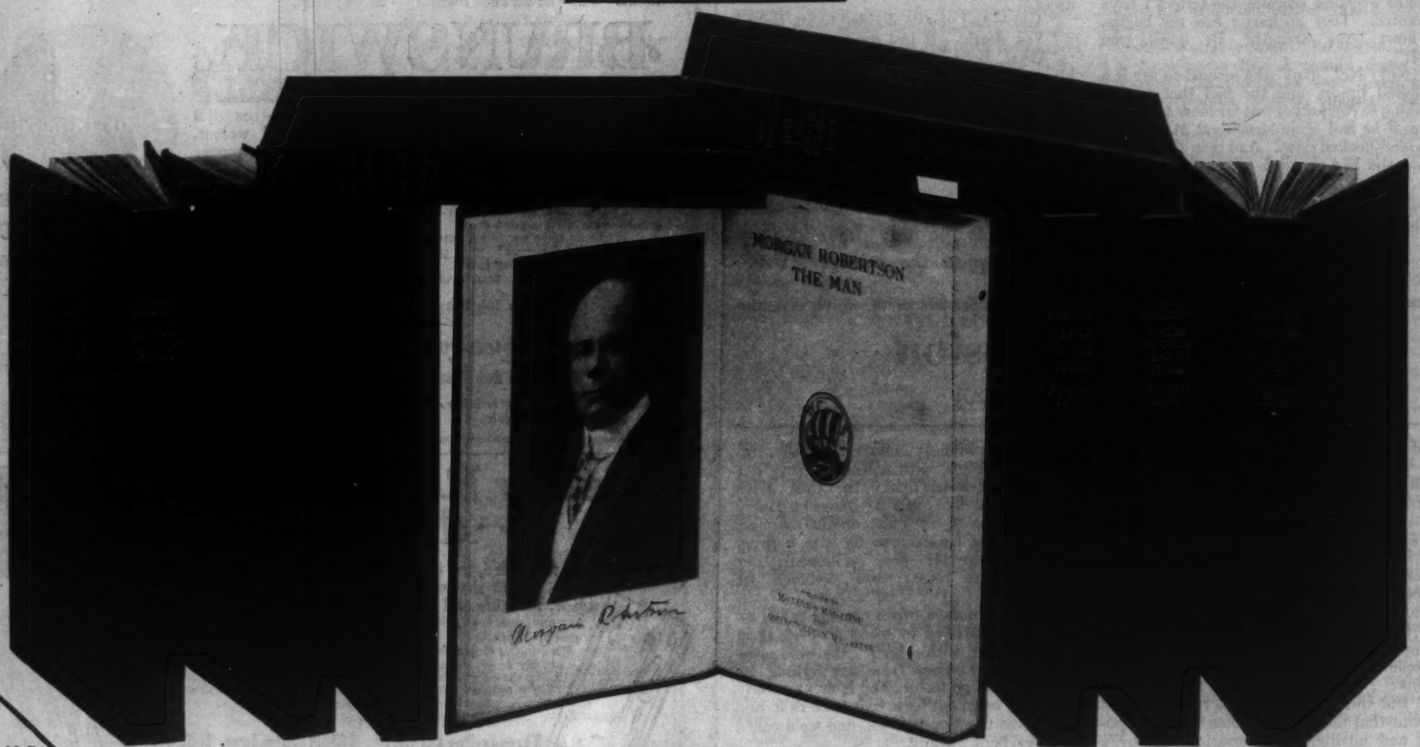

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"And then Old Man Hurry pulled off his chefs d'œuvres, the road-house and the cabaret.

"A road-house is a form of suburban saloon where people go to pay eighteen dollars for a dinner for which they'd fire the cook at home. A road-house is usually composed of four parts discomfort, seven parts electric lights, thirty-two parts noise, and the other fifty-seven parts highway robbery. The proprietor of a road-house is a direct descendant of the road agent. It usually has a highly imaginative and original name, like the Blue Moon, or the Pink Lion, or the Blossom Brae, bestowed, probably, on the same theory that makes people call one of those hotbeds of ignorance an Intelligence Office.

"As for the cabaret show, the least said the better. It is an ideal amusement for people that can't read and write and that have no friends. It would make a great Home for the Ostracized. Provided you've got the price, no questions are asked, and the imitation poison ivy that adorns the ceiling is the limit.

"It must make a first-class restaurant sick at its stomach to see what has befallen its anciently respectable calling.

"In the old days, when one went into a restaurant, one went primarily to eat. If with a congenial companion, a pleasant chat was a desired concomitant of the edibles. And one ate quietly, calmly, happily and discriminatingly.

"But Old Man Hurry fixed this! With the coming of the cabaret, food was the last thing to be considered in a restaurant. As F. P. A. says, he was the boy to take the rest out of restaurant and put the din into dinner!

"The first thing a customer at a cabaret restaurant considers is whether or not he can get a ring-side seat and knows the head waiter well enough to call him by his first name. The second is how much he is going to be robbed for. And if he doesn't have a toe dancer in his soup, a slide trombone blaring into one ear, and a lady with a sandpaper contralto and very little else asking him whose baby he is in the other, he feels that his whole evening has been spoiled. Usually he stays until about two thirty and goes home with a complexion like a shrimp salad. His liver has reluctantly retired about two hours earlier. If his wife is with him, they aren't speaking.

"Concerning the food in a cabaret, enough said is too much. But cocktails composed of one third alcohol and two thirds warm water, with a dash of bichloride of mercury, are supposed to gloss over all shortcomings.

"As regards the show, it is commonly participated in by ladies whose structural defects preclude their being chosen for a regular show. Ladies with prognathous knees, or built along the general lines of a croquet wicket, need never despair as long as cabaret shows are de rigueur.

"Then there is usually a young man with hair carefully coiffed into a resemblance of an imitation sealskin muff, and a Palm Beach suit that has merely a bowing acquaintance with the cleaner. Also Hawaiian girls. They come usually from the lower East Side, and wear much the same costume as does a broom. Beyond that, the above-mentioned cantatrice with the raucous queries anent adolescent possession.

"Between numbers, and of afternoons, when ladies worn and weary of their labors of trying to get a $2.98 shirtwaist for $1.89, stroll in for a bit of feminine refreshment like a couple of boxes of cigarettes and a stein of gin or something, one is brought face to face with one of the lowest-known forms of animal life. It comes just between a microbe and a protoplasm, and is scientifically classified as the professional partner, or instructor, as the case may be; but is commonly called a Lounge Lizard.

"It is a species of vermin usually between five and six feet tall, and wears clothes almost like a man's. It has a face, two eyes, a nose, a mouth, and a skin like that of a fish's belly. It has nothing in the head except a sense of rhythm; like a woodpecker. Its instincts are low and predatory. It preys particularly on young and foolish girls, and why they kill gypsy moths and cockroaches and rattlesnakes and let it live, is a mystery yet unsolved.

"I have often thought that the cabaret, best of anything, exemplifies to what estate we had fallen prior to the beginning of the war, that is, as far as we are concerned.

"The average person had too much of everything except sense. Time he had, and money, and the drugged craving for excitement in all its roots and most of its branches.

"I don't mean to say that all of us were that way. Poverty was still with us, and Respectability, and Wisdom, in spots, and Sedate Age. But, as a usual thing, people had changed. Grandfathers were not as a generation ago. The grandfather of today had become something that the doctors had ceased to fool with only because of what there was in it. While grandmothers were ladies that tried to look like sixteen, and to act like a quarter-past twelve.

"Life had become encumbered of too many complexities, and too many possessions. If you've one suit of clothes, you don't have to worry about what you'll put on. When you have sixteen, it's different. If you have no automobile, you're willing to stay at home. When you have one, you not unnaturally want to go somewhere. When the end of the week finds you broke, you don't worry about where you'll go over Sunday. When it finds you with a full purse, a steam yacht, and a dozen invitations to this place or that, naturally you try to utilize one or more of your possessions. Why stay at home, when there are so many places open? Why read a book when you can go down to the Regent or the Pleasant Hour and watch your amusement for a dime? Why sit and converse when you can dance, or play cards, or go trolley-riding, or motoring?

"That was the trouble. Things were coming too fast for us. We tried to catch 'em all and muffed the bunch. We were like Mark Twain's young man who tried to do too much and did it. We were like a lot of baseball players trying to play the national game with fifteen balls instead of one. It just couldn't be done!

"The war has steadied us a lot; but it still has a long way to go. Cabarets and road-houses and kindred asininities are still with us, and going strong. Waste and extravagance are still rampant; and Folly, though forced to go home at midnight instead of riding back to the flat with the milkman, is still ringing his bells and waggling his points. Gentlemen with floating kidneys are still bravely endeavoring to keep them afloat; and ladies that should know better are giving parties that would keep a Belgian family, children and all, in luxury for a year.

"But war is a great steadier. When death stands above the world with outstretched hand, people go not quite so fast. The false glamour of artificial pleasure loses its glow. Realities, long gloomed, become again distinct. A son, a chum, a brother, cut down by the bloody scythe, and not so glittering the bubbles in the wine, not so funny the alcoholically-pointed jest, not so alluring the blaring music or the shimmering floor. Comes more the sobered brow, the steady eye. Comes more the desire to know the mystery of life. Comes thought — quiet thought, and in the great helplessness of it all, the conversation that lies beyond words.

"It's going to sober up many a thoughtless gentleman to pick up his morning paper and read:

"'31106 Anstruther, George K., Battle Creek, Michigan. Killed in battle.'

"And ladies, in whose wisdom it lay to give their sons a large allowance and a latch-key and trust God to prevent their becoming inebriates or worse, are going to have a second guess coming; one that will turn their champagne to gall, and their cigarettes to dust, and their pretty parties into deep mourning. . . . And God in His infinite wisdom knows the good it will do them!

"It's a horrible thing to think that half the world must be maimed and slaughtered to make the other half think. But if so it must be, can't you who may be left, begin to think now? Or must the slaughter go on to the bitter, bloody end before you realize?"

Porter Emerson Browne will continue to reveal life as he sees it. There has been no more original note struck in the magazine world during the past two years. A long novel from his pen may be expected soon

In extending to the Southern Pacific Company, under the terms of the Panama Canal Act, the privilege of retaining the ownership and operation of the Morgan Line,

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Who's Who in Bonds

by **Paul Tomlinson**

The McClure Financial Booklet

This Financial Booklet is intended for McClure readers who wish general information about financial, insurance and investment subjects. Many readers have written that it is invaluable to them. Requests for this booklet during the past year have assumed such proportions that the Financial Department is obliged to charge a nominal sum of ten cents a copy to partially cover the cost of rinting and mailing. A very attractive library edition bound in leather may be had at a dollar per copy.

Special Service of Inquiry Department

The Financial and Insurance Department is prepared to give general advice on the subject of investments and insurance, also information on standard investment securities. A nominal charge of two dollars per inquiry is made for this special service. The Financial and Insurance Department cannot undertake to give any stock market prophesies nor to suggest speculative opportunities. Address all letters and orders for booklet to McClure Financial and Insurance Department, 25 W. 44th St., New York.

WHEN the first issue of the Liberty Loan was sold the discovery was made that many people did not know what a bond is; they had a hazy idea of the meaning of the term, and nothing more. Inasmuch as there were four million subscribers to the first loan, however, and an even larger number to the second, there is no doubt that more people in this country than ever before know what a bond looks like, and have a fairly clear idea as to what the word means.

Most bonds are secured by a mortgage on real or personal property, or both, and every bond represents a participation in the mortgage to the amount of the face value of the bond. A company may wish to borrow fifty million dollars; probably no one man could lend them that much money, so a mortgage on the company's property is created and bonds up to fifty million dollars in amount are sold in various denominations to a large number of investors, every bond being secured by the same big mortgage. All bonds are not mortgage bonds, however.

First of all, bonds are divided into two classes, coupon and registered. The majority of bonds in denominations of one thousand dollars or less are in coupon form; to the bond itself, upon which is recited the obligation of the issuing company, are attached sheets of coupons, or "interest tickets," every coupon numbered and dated, the last one corresponding with the date when the principal of the bond is due. Interest generally is payable semi-annually, and therefore twice a year one of the coupons, which represents the interest due at that time, is detached by the owner of the bond and presented at the agency of the company for payment. Coupons may also be deposited in your local bank, which will attend to their collection and credit your account with the proper amount when received. When the last coupon is due the bond itself should also be presented for payment. Coupon bonds are usually in "bearer" form, which means that the one who has them in his possession is presumed to be the owner; sometimes, however, they may be registered as to principal and in that case their face value on maturity will be paid only to the registered owner, but the coupons are as negotiable as dollar bills and the loss of one is about as fatal as the loss of the other. Coupon bonds registered as to principal are not negotiable except by the written assignment of the registered owner whose name appears upon the bond; they may be transferred to "bearer" by the written assignment of the registered owner, however, and in that case may be sold and negotiated as readily as any coupon bond.

Registered bonds, that is registered both as to principal and interest, are issued in certificate form like stock and are transferred by written assignment of the owner in the same manner as stock. No coupons are attached to registered bonds, checks for the interest being mailed directly to the registered owner, as in the case of dividends. Not long ago I saw a registered bond for nine hundred thousand dollars; it was one innocent looking certificate and stood in the name of a small boy about eight years of age. It paid interest at four per cent amounting to thirty-six thousand dollars a year; once every six months the small boy's guardian received a check for eighteen thousand dollars and deposited it to his ward's credit. If that certificate had not been registered it would have been represented by nine hundred, one thousand dollar bonds which would have taken up a great deal of space and necessitated the cutting of nine hundred coupons twice a year. To avoid that inconvenience very rich people often have their large bond investments in registered form. Most mortgages provide that registered bonds may be converted into coupon bonds, and when no such provision is made the registered bonds usually sell for slightly less than the coupon bonds.

The various classes of bonds are many. A First Mortgage Bond, as the name implies, is usually a first mortgage on the issuing company's property, though in some cases it may be a first mortgage on only a portion of the property. Care should be taken by every investor to ascertain just what property is covered by the mortgage securing the bond he contemplates buying. It may be, in the the case of a railroad, that the first mortgage covers a branch which has lost its earning power and consequently its value; in that event perhaps the property could not be sold for enough to pay the mortgage. A second mortgage bond is the second lien on the same property covered by the first mortgage and if the first mortgage is for a small amount or the earning capacity of the property is large, may be a very good investment. Similarly it is conceivable that even a fourth mortgage bond might be reasonably safe.

An example may serve to illustrate what is meant by an "underlying bond," a term which is frequently used by bankers and investors. As many of our great railroads have grown and expanded they have absorbed into their systems various smaller roads, and as a condition of sale have assumed the indebtedness of the companies they have taken over. Bonds previously issued by the small railroads on their property have become the obligation of the purchaser. Later on it may be that the large railroad created a mortgage covering all of its property, including that purchased, and bonds were issued against the mortgage. Ahead of the big mortgage, however, or "underlying" it are the bonds which have been assumed and have not matured. Frequently all of the bonds authorized under the new mortgage will not be issued at once, but an amount equal in sum to the total of the underlying bonds will be reserved for later issue in order to pay off the various underlying bonds as they become due. Thus a First and Refunding Mortgage Bond may be a first mortgage on a portion of the properties and will eventually become a first mortgage on all, when the underlying bonds are paid off, or "refunded," as the operation is frequently called. Underlying bonds of many of the great railroad and industrial companies are eagerly sought by investors who make safety the first consideration.

General Mortgage Bonds and Consolidated Mortgage Bonds may be, and usually are, a first mortgage on a portion of the properties owned, and some day they may also become a first mortgage on all the property when the underlying bonds become due, and are paid off and canceled. Improvement Mortgage Bonds are issued to raise money for needed improvements and are generally a mortgage on the improved properties. Convertible Bonds also are sometimes secured by a mortgage and usually are a direct obligation of the company; they may be converted, that is exchanged, for stock at certain prices and upon fixed conditions. A Convertible Bond will fluctuate in price in sympathy with the stock for which it may be exchanged; being a direct obligation of the issuing company, it is safer than stock.

Collateral Trust Bonds are secured by a pledge of stocks or other bonds, or both, the pledged securities constituting the "collateral." Income Bonds receive their interest from earnings; if earnings stop so does the income and the bonds receive no interest. Debenture Bonds are generally a mere obligation of the issuing company and have no security behind them other than the company's credit; it is sometimes provided, however, that they shall enjoy the same lien on property as any mortgage which may be created later.

Equipment Bonds and Equipment Notes are issued to buy equipment such as locomotives, cars and machinery, and are secured by the equipment purchased. As a rule they come due serially, a certain proportion being paid off every year and in many cases are excellent investments.

Bonds may have a great variety of names, and while the name is a partial guide to their character it is by no means final. I recall one instance of a First Consolidated

McClure's Financial Booklet

Eighth Edition

Partial List of Contents

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How to Avoid Worthless Stocks
Safe Investments for Little Sums
Safe Investments for Larger Sums
How to Choose a Broker
How to Send Money to a Broker
List of Sound Bonds
Six Per Cent. and Safety
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Mortgage Bond which was a first lien on only a very small part of the property covered and a third lien on the remainder. The term "first" sounded well and lured many investors into purchasing the bonds; when the company failed these owners awoke to the fact that their bonds were secured by a mortgage more "third" than "first." It is well for every bond buyer to ascertain before it is too late just what property secures his bond and how many liens are ahead of his.

A trust company is usually chosen to be the trustee of a bond issue. In the trustee vests the title to the property securing the bonds and in its keeping is the original mortgage, or it will have the custody of any collateral which may be pledged. Any holder of a bond is at liberty to go to the trustee and examine the original mortgage or deed of trust, and upon request may also obtain from the trustee copies of such documents.

Frequently a mortgage will contain a "sinking fund" provision that a certain amount of money is required to be paid over to the trustee at stipulated intervals to be used for the purchase of bonds already issued. The usual practise is for the trustees to advertise for offers up to the amount of cash in hand, and generally the trustee is limited by a specified figure named in the mortgage as to the price he may pay. Offers then are made by such holders of outstanding bonds as desire to do so; on a certain date the offers are all opened, the lowest naturally being the ones accepted. Usually bonds purchased for the sinking fund are cancelled and destroyed, thus reducing the amount of outstanding debt and increasing the security behind the remaining bonds of the issue. If sufficient bonds are not offered to exhaust the money in the hands of the trustee, he may sometimes draw additional bonds by lot, paying a specified price for them. Sometimes the trustee may purchase other securities with the money in hand and in that case the interest received is allowed to accumulate for further additions to the sinking fund.

Many mortgages reserve to the issuing company the right to redeem the bonds before maturity. On due notice, all or a portion of the issue as the case may be, can be called in and paid off. Usually such notice is given by advertisement from one to six months before the date set; if only a portion are to be redeemed the numbers of the bonds so called, usually chosen by lot, are published. Owners of bonds should be watchful for such notices, otherwise they may present a coupon for payment six months later and find that the bond bearing the corresponding number has been called and interest for the period consequently has been lost.

When a bond is purchased it is bought at the agreed price "and interest." For example, if interest on a bond is payable every six months and it is sold four months before the next coupon is due, the purchaser must add two months' interest to his purchase price. However, at the end of four more months the next coupon will be payable and he will receive interest for the full period of six months, thus being reimbursed for the two months' interest he paid out at the time of purchase.

The subject of bonds is so varied and complex that it would be impossible to cover the entire ground in one short article. Practically every issue of bonds is different from others and to learn about them all would consume more years than are contained in the ordinary lifetime. Unquestionably the shortest cut to knowledge of the subject is to become a bond owner. And remember that oftentimes less than one hundred dollars is required to buy a high-grade bond.

In conclusion let me add one note of warning: when you own a bond do not write your name upon it or mark it in any way. If you do you may find that it is necessary to sell it as an "endorsed bond" and as a consequence its value will be affected.

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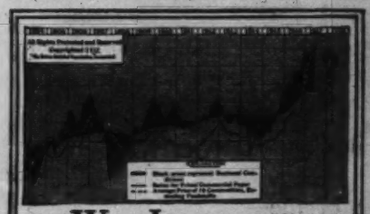

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some new issues of Municipal Bonds yielding from 5 to 6 per cent.

The "Seal of Safety" is the newest booklet issued by S. W. Straus & Co., describing the merits of first mortgage serial real estate bonds. This house also publishes the "Straus Investors' Magazine," issued monthly, in the interest of sound investment, and "Acid Tests of Investments in War-Time." All of this literature will be sent on request to S. W. Straus & Co., 150 Broadway, New York, or Straus Building, Chicago.

The National City Company, 55 Wall St., New York, N. Y., will send upon request an interesting pamphlet, dealing with the war tax service.

"Eleven Fundamental Factors" is the title of a booklet describing the strong economic factors behind public utility bonds. Sent upon request by P. W. Brooks & Co., 115 Broadway, New York City.

Henry L. Doherty & Company, 60 Wall Street, New York, has just issued a new descriptive circular, [free] No. Mc 128, of the Preferred stock of Cities Service Co., the well-known public utility organization.

Peabody, Houghteling & Co., 10 South LaSalle Street, Chicago, have just published a new booklet [free] which describes a wide variety of attractive securities in established sections of the United States and Canada.

The value of First Farm Mortgages on Oklahoma, Texas, Arkansas and Louisiana farm property is very well brought out in a booklet issued by the Oklahoma Farm Mortgage Company, of Oklahoma City, which will be furnished free. Write for list No. 805.

The Babson Statistical Organization, Wellesley Hills, Mass., furnishes weekly reports and charts which help its subscribers to anticipate the larger movement in security, commodity, and labor prices.

The Citizens Savings & Trust Company of Cleveland, Ohio, has issued an interesting booklet giving full details of the plan of Banking by Mail at 4 per cent. interest which is giving satisfaction to depositors in all parts of the world. The company will forward copies of the booklet free on request. Ask for booklet "D."

On account of the unusual situation in the copper market a book just issued for free distribution by L. R. Latrobe & Company, 111 Broadway, New York, which gives capitalization, earnings, dividends, high-low prices, etc., on about 150 different copper companies, should prove of timely assistance to investors.

On the motion of Senator Sterling of South Dakota, Mr. John Muir's analysis of the use of the partial payment plan for the purchase of securities has been printed as a U. S. Senate Document. Copies may be had on application to John Muir & Co., 61 Broadway, New York City.

"How to Invest in Standard Securities by the Partial Payment Method," will be sent upon request by Harris, Winthrop & Co., 15 Wall Street, New York.

The booklet, "We're Right on the Ground," won for E. J. Lander & Co., Grand Forks, N. D., third prize in the contest at the recent St. Louis convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, to determine the best individual piece of financial advertising copy. This booklet, offered free to every reader of McCLURE'S, is distinguished because of the comprehensive way in which the advantages of Farm Mortgages as a safe investment, are outlined.

A very interesting booklet [free] has recently been published by the F. B. Collins Investment Co., Oklahoma City, Okla., regarding their method of loaning money to the farmers of Louisiana. The booklet is very valuable to anyone interested in Farm Mortgages. It gives some idea as to what Louisiana is doing for the nation's food supply.

Perkins & Co., Lawrence, Kans., will be pleased to send upon request an interesting list of farm mortgages. Send for list 718.

William R. Compton Company has prepared for distribution from its various offices throughout the country a revised schedule of the New Federal Income Tax showing exactly what the individual will have to pay under its provisions. The salient features of the tax are carefully explained. A typical example is given which enables the lay reader to understand the working of this law.

No advertisement is accepted for the financial section of McCLURE'S until after careful investigation by trained experts of the personal integrity of the advertiser and of the soundness of the proposition. While we cannot guarantee the result in any particular case, the acceptance of the advertisement by us is evidence of the strongest character that the advertiser is worthy of public confidence.

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FRANK SIMONDS

Writer of the Great War History

This War which out of the commonplace of private life has made great generals, made great statesmen, made heroes by the thousands—has also produced a man whose power of the pen, whose knowledge and understanding is so great that he can tell this mighty story.

His years of study of military strategy, his service in the Spanish-American War, his making of maps have all borne fruit. He who spoke to America has been heard by Europe. He is read by European General staffs, he is welcomed by President Poincaré and by Lloyd George. He has had access to places and documents—he has had opportunity to get material such as make a real tribute to his services. He is the one great historian whom this war has developed.

Once in a generation—or not so often—there appears one man who seems to have a gift for making history vital, lucid, alive—a man like Ridpath or Macaulay—geniuses who combine a natural gift for language, a natural gift for history, a natural gift for facts, with a marvelous technical craftsmanship. All this is Simonds—he is the man of this generation—he is this generation's Macaulay.

And because Frank Simonds has become so great, the whole world is eager to help him with the writing of this story. Therefore, those who know best some individual part of the great conflict—those who have played a part in it—have written of what they know best. One-third of the whole history is written by them—the other two-thirds being written by Frank Simonds. They are the illuminating, picturesque footnotes of his history.

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We do this because it is to our advantage to get some idea of how many sets will be ordered.

It is quite possible that it may cost us twice as much to manufacture the last volume as it does to manufacture the first. But if you order your set now—you get the five volumes on the basis of the present cost of one. The longer the war lasts the higher prices will go and the more that fifth volume will cost. Those who order their sets later will pay the price based on the cost of the last volume.

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Gentlemen: Please send me, all charges prepaid, the first volume of the "History of the World War" by Frank H. Simonds and other famous contributors. If not satisfactory I will return it in five days, but otherwise I will remit $1.00 a month for sixteen months. In return I am to receive the other volumes (making at least five) of this history as soon as they are released from the Press. The set will contain the complete history of this World War from beginning to end.

Name .....
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Questions Concerning Foods and Drugs

Discussed by Lewis B. Allyn

Professor Lewis B. Allyn, of Westfield, Massachusetts, the creator of the Westfield Standard, is Food Editor of the McClure Publications, and will answer, without charge, any question from a McClure reader on foods, beverages, or toilet preparations. Please enclose a stamped envelope for reply, as all questions are answered personally, and not (unless of general interest) through the magazine. Address Professor Allyn, care of The McClure Publications, McClure Building, New York.

Work with Hoover and Conserve the Wheat

IT has been determined by many investigations and by centuries of experience that for general purposes of nutrition nothing can take the place of properly made wheaten bread. The dietary customs of many nations have rendered it almost a necessity, yet it does not follow that for the wheat there are no excellent substitutes. Among these, oats and corn stand pre-eminent.

The following table, based on the findings of Atwater and Bryant, shows in a striking way the particular points of advantage possessed by the various cereals in respect to the four basic nutritive elements: proteids, fats, carbohydrates (starches and sugars) and mineral matter:

Cereals listed in each column in the order of their relative value.

Proteid	Fat	Carbohydrates	Mineral Matter	Fuel value (Calories) per pound
Oats	Oats	Rice	Barley	Oats
Wheat	Corn	Buckwheat	Oats	Corn
Rye	Barley		Rye	Wheat
Barley	Rye	Corn	Corn	Rye
Corn	Wheat	Barley	Wheat	Barley
Rice	Buckwheat	Wheat	Buckwheat	Rice
Buckwheat	Rice	Rye		Buckwheat
		Oats	Rice	

It will be noted that oats lead in building material, also in heat or energy production, since protein performs the double function of tissue building and energizing. To sustain our Allies and our own army abroad it is necessary for this country to ship to Europe 200,000,000 bushels of wheat this coming year, in place of a normal shipment of 80,000,000 bushels. That is why Herbert Hoover says we must eliminate waste of bread and must have one "wheatless meal" each day. It is impossible to view this matter as other than a patriotic duty. Food conservation does not mean using less, but using what we have, wisely.

An excellent food to consider as a flavory, nutritious, and easily prepared substitute for bread is oats, either in the form of oatmeal or oatmeal biscuits. As a food that imparts vim, energy, and endurance, oats have long been recognized as supreme, and in the form in which they can in these days be procured for table use, they excel nearly every other grain food in flavor and ease of preparation. Moreover, there has been but very little increase in the price of oats prepared for table use, whereas many other food products have sold for exceptionally high prices. For example, a most excellent brand of prepared oats has advanced, on the smaller package, only from 10 cents to 12 cents, and on the large, only from 25 to 30 cents. Other goods, for the same nutrition, cost from twice to ten times as much. Even so simple a diet as bread and milk, for the same nutrition, today costs twice as much as oatmeal. The average mixed diet costs four times as much. It is estimated that oats can be used for the table at a cost of about three-fourths of the price of other cereals and foods whose place they fill as well or even better. On a straight calorie basis, bacon and eggs cost five times as much as oatmeal; steak and potatoes five times, chicken six to eight times, pork chops four to five times, leg of lamb seven times.

Digestibility of Fats

I AM *a subscriber to McClure's and desire to take advantage of your offer of free service to the extent of asking you the following question: Which are more easily digested, animal or vegetable fats?* R. F., Connecticut.

Drs. C. F. Langworthy and A. D. Holmes, of the United States Bureau of Chemistry, have recently published the reports of their experiments. We are tabulating for your convenience the general results of their findings.

The coefficient of digestibility is simply a numerical factor representing the amount digested as observed from experimenting on their subjects, in each case normal young men:

Vegetable Fats	Coefficient of Digestibility	Animal Fats	Coefficient of Digestibility
Peanut oil	98.3	Brisket fat	97.4
Sesame oil	98.0	Butter fat in cream	96.9
Cocoanut oil	97.9	Chicken fat	98.7
Olive oil	97.8	Goose fat	95.2
Cottonseed oil	97.8	Fat in fish	95.2
Cocoa butter	94.9	Fat in egg yolk	93.8
		Kidney fat	93.0

From this table it will be seen that the vegetable fats are at least more *thoroughly* digested than the animal fats. The following quotation from the authors leads one to infer that they are likewise more *easily* digested: "The melting points of these fats (vegetable) are considerably lower than body temperature (37° C.) and in accordance with the theory that fats of low-melting points are more thoroughly digested than the harder fats, it has been found that the vegetable fats studied, with the exception of cocoa butter, are utilized practically completely by the body."

Hypnotic

WILL *you please give me some information about a sleeping tablet called Adalin. I imagine they are a coal tar product, but would like to know how they compare with Veronal, and if you regard them as injurious.* C. J. S., Colorado.

Adalin, which is know under the somewhat formidable name of bromdiethyl-acetyl carbamide, is often prescribed as a nerve sedative and mild hypnotic. We do not believe that these tablets should be taken except through the advice and under the observation of a physician. These are said to have about the same composition and effect as Veronal.

The Court Plaster Scare

ENCLOSED *is a package of court plaster which I bought from a man who was peddling them from house to house. I have never opened it but have since heard that such packages were being sold containing dangerous disease germs, by enemies of the government. Probably this story is unfounded, but I would be glad if you would analyze the contents of the package and let me know the results.* Mrs. C. A. B., South Dakota.

We have subjected your sample of court plaster, along with many others from our readers, to a careful bacteriological examination and find no evidence of tetanus germs. There was no indication of contamination, German or otherwise. This much is to be said, however,—it is an unwise procedure to buy court plaster from any itinerant peddler; one should confine his purchase to a reliable druggist who sells the article in a sterile package. Court plaster is very apt to be contaminated with pathogenic bacteria through careless handling and exposure.

IMPORTANT: If you wish a sample tested, send the article to be tested in an original, unopened package to Prof. Lewis B. Allyn, McClure Laboratories, Westfield, Mass., with your name and address plainly marked. Where the article itself is not sent, the trade name, the manufacturer's name, and that of the dealer from whom the article was purchased, should be given. For bulk goods, a sufficient quantity should be sent, as well as the name of the dealer from whom purchased, and date of purchase. All applicants for this service should state whether they are readers of or subscribers to McClure's.

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This is the recipe for making it: Blanch 50 chestnuts, boil 30 minutes, drain and mash. Add 2 cups chopped cooked veal or poultry, 1 tablespoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 2 tablespoons Lea & Perrins Sauce, 4 tablespoons melted butter, ½ teaspoon poultry seasoning.

This famous relish helps also in many other ways toward the enjoyment of the Yuletide Feast. In the oyster-cocktail sauce, the soup, the entree: in the turkey gravy and the salad dressing it lends an appetizing zest and smack that makes of each and every course a feature of the feast.

Send postal for complete directions for roasting turkey stuffed with chestnut dressing described opposite. This and 100 other recipes by Marion H. Neil, in handy Kitchen Hanger, free from

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— SEE PAGE 56 —

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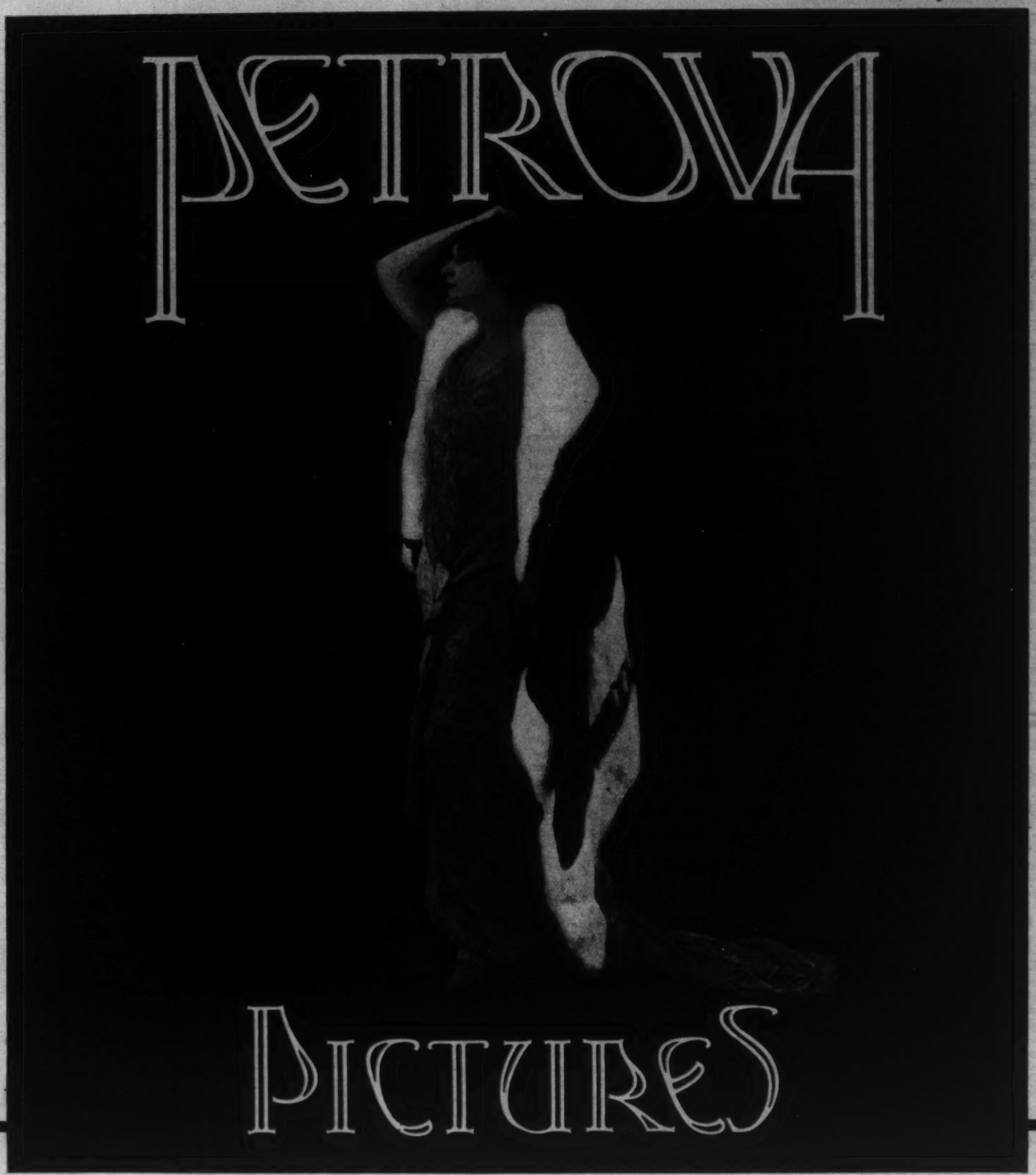

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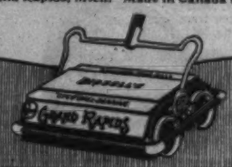

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Lady Broadway

[Continued from page 13]

own plays. Men know men — but they never really understand women. Women know men because it has been their profession, their very livelihood, to study the opposite sex; also they know their own sex, root and core. Therefore from the brain of the woman, writing alone or perhaps in collaboration with a man will come better balanced plays, clearer character drawings and more artistic productions.

Two of the season's successful lady playwrights come from the song-making ranks—Anne Caldwell and Clare Kummer. This may account for the whimsical character of their work for the stage. Miss Caldwell concocts the sort of things that children insist shall start with "Once upon a time." You are quite sure that she still believes in fairies and goes to the circus, religiously, each spring.

Miss Kummer is more elfin in her humor. You feel somehow that she is always poking into closets hung with family skeletons and dragging out the funny ones, with all their foibles — and some of yours and mine. The critics always rhapsodize over her plays the morning after, and then on the following Sunday, sedately analyze them and discover that they are quite improbable and illogical. But who pays two dollars a seat for sober afterthoughts? At the theatre only the diversion and joy of the moment count.

Fannie Hurst is paid more for her short stories than any other woman writer in America. And the reason for this is her marvelous gift of blending heart throbs and laughter. If she transfers this gift to her plays, she will soon be drawing bigger royalties than any other playwright in America.

Miss Hurst was recently asked how she could turn out so many stories, and she answered blandly, "By working! I am up every morning at six, off for a walk, then back to my desk to work until four. And that goes six days in the week."

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF McCLURE'S PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT NEW YORK, N. Y., FOR OCTOBER 1, 1917.

State of New York
County of New York

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Arthur S. Moore, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of The McClure Publications, Inc., publishers of McClure's, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:
Publisher, The McClure Publications, Inc.,
25 West Forty-fourth Street, New York, N. Y.
Editor, Frederick L. Collins,
25 West Forty-fourth Street, New York, N. Y.
Managing Editor, Charles Hanson Towne,
25 West Forty-fourth Street, New York, N. Y.
Business Manager, Arthur S. Moore,
25 West Forty-fourth Street, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.)

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2803 Scarborough Road, Cleveland, O.
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A. S. MOORE, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of September, 1917.

[SEAL] Edwin Brown, Notary Public, Bronx County, No. 35. Bronx Register's No. 915. (Certificate filed in New York County, No. 119.) New York Register's No. 9161. (My commission expires March 30, 1919.)

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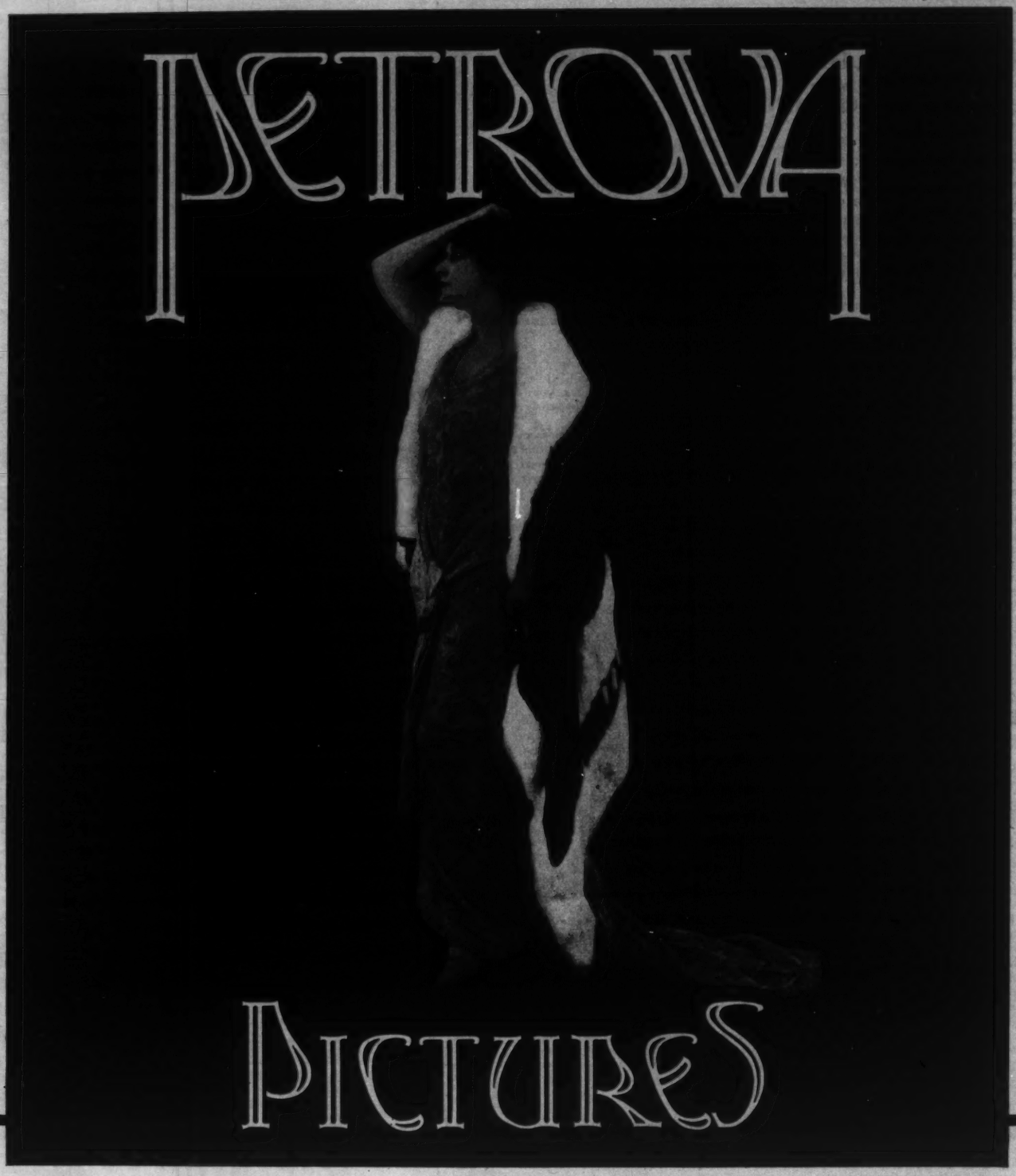

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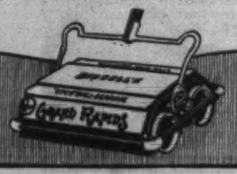

Lady Broadway

[Continued from page 13]

own plays. Men know men — but they never really understand women. Women know men because it has been their profession, their very livelihood, to study the opposite sex; also they know their own sex, root and core. Therefore from the brain of the woman, writing alone or perhaps in collaboration with a man will come better balanced plays, clearer character drawings and more artistic productions.

Two of the season's successful lady playwrights come from the song-making ranks—Anne Caldwell and Clare Kummer. This may account for the whimsical character of their work for the stage. Miss Caldwell concocts the sort of things that children insist shall start with "Once upon a time." You are quite sure that she still believes in fairies and goes to the circus, religiously, each spring.

Miss Kummer is more elfin in her humor. You feel somehow that she is always poking into closets hung with family skeletons and dragging out the funny ones, with all their foibles — and some of yours and mine. The critics always rhapsodize over her plays the morning after, and then on the following Sunday, sedately analyze them and discover that they are quite improbable and illogical. But who pays two dollars a seat for sober afterthoughts? At the theatre only the diversion and joy of the moment count.

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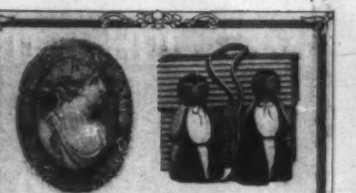

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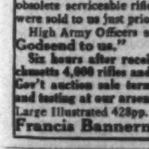

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Orchids — *Continued from page 12*

"I wish you wouldn't keep calling me a 'boy.'"

"Well, you *are*, aren't you?"

"I'm twenty years old," he answered with dignity.

"Oh, *twenty!*"

"Well, how ancient are you yourself?" he demanded.

"Twenty," she answered demurely.

"I thought so!" with intense meaning.

"Oh, there's a great deal of difference between a girl of twenty and a boy of twenty."

Hugh didn't know how to answer that piece of wisdom. There fell between them a silence which gave Cissy an opportunity to remember her task. She shook out her dust-cloth.

"I must get back to my dusting," she observed.

"Why?"

"Because the furniture requires dusting, sir," she answered blithely. "And don't you follow and bother me."

"I won't," he promised so promptly that Cissy gave him a startled glance.

"You evidently don't want to come."

"You know it isn't that, Cissy — I only want to please you."

Cissy shook out her dust-cloth again. "Perhaps you *could* help," she said thoughtfully.

She let him do most of the work, in token of her forgiveness. In the talk about the offense and its forgiveness, it is to be noted that neither of them mentioned the kiss.

After that, Cissy worked her will over Hugh imperially. It was as though she had put him under a spell. Instead of being dictator, as he was used to being, he was a humble serf. He knew it in a vague way, and writhed in the sweet servitude, but he could never understand how he had got there. He had not had enough observance of life to know that in most love affairs, even callow love, one or the other gets the upper hand. He had become unconsciously used to wielding it himself. And now that it had somehow been snatched from him, he was bewildered. She was unreasonable. Yet, what need for reason has a wayward nymph with the spirit of the wind itself in her hair, the shine of the stars in her eyes (not to mention lashes that curl up!); and, at rare intervals, and all the sweeter for the rarity, mute understanding in the touch of her hand?

The magic which can lie in the touch of a hand, Hugh learned for the first time in his life one starry July night, when "the crowd" gave a boating party on Bull Creek. These boating parties figured prominently in the social season of a Cherryvale summer. The big horse-drawn wagonette gathered up the young folks from their homes and then set off on the elm-bordered road which leads to the water-works; scattering strains of the sentimental songs beloved of youth to mingle with the bird-lullabies in the trees.

The melancholy cadences of "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean" thrilled Hugh strangely. The sound of his own bass, somewhat forced, rarely attaining the key, seemed to strike back into his own heart. His eyes rested on the leaves of the elms, shining and shadowed in the sun's level rays, and his being stirred with a sense of mystery.

At the picnic supper on the Pump House lawn, he was one of the busiest workers. With delectable burdens of fried chicken, deviled eggs, sandwiches, gooey chocolate cake, pickles, and bottles of "pop," he ran back and forth from the hampers to the "table" spread out on the grass. The girls held him up as a model to the other fellows, who rewarded him with jibes. But Hugh only whistled and bartered quip for quip. He knew his place awaited him; and he saw, before he really saw it, the upward glance from a pair of dark eyes which always greeted his return.

Finally, in the unmatchable hour which comes between sunset and dark, they all clambered down the rickety wooden steps to the "landing" and onto the launch. It was an ancient gasoline launch, and always smelled horribly. But that smell of gasoline, in many a young heart grown old, would linger fragrant with memories.

A single wooden bench ran the circumference of the launch, and around this, grouped two and two, were ranged the young lovers of that Cherryvale summer. Up near the bow sat Hugh and Cissy. The bench beneath them seemed to heave with the labored breath of the engine; but even this seemed somehow caught and transformed by the spell of Beauty: the Beauty which lay on the darkened water and in the star-rise; which vibrated in the sense of someone near, and in an ineffable song of the spirit. Benediction hovered in the warm soft air, in the smiling stars emerging overhead.

Hugh was moved to voice a fancy which, ordinarily, he would have perished before uttering.

"Look at the stars! Don't they seem sort of like a bunch of good fellows getting together — winking and grinning at each other up there?"

Cissy's gaze followed his and lingered a long moment, adorably meditative.

"Ye—es," she answered slowly. "But I don't know. They strike me as being kind of pathetic. I can't help thinking what millions of miles they are apart. How *lonesome*. No matter *how* hard they'd try to speak to one another, to touch one another's hand, they *couldn't*."

Hugh's hand stole down and found hers; enfolded it. She did not demur. And silent they sat, on the chugging bench, breathing in the divine scent of gasoline, stirred by emotions for which they sought no name. The launch churned on its noisy way. Presently some of the others began to sing again, those sentimental, plaintive-sounding tunes with which youth loves to vent its undefined emotions — emotions which it has no inclination to define, which would be marred with the defining. This time Hugh did not care to join in. He was content to sit silent, her hand quiescent in his. It was no fervent passage of lovemaking; but it sufficed. For Hugh all the treasure of the world lay encompassed by his fingers.

TOO quickly sped the bediamonded days and nights of that unforgetable summer. Perhaps, at times, the boy came almost to realization that something very dear was speeding by, something that would never come again, save in dreams; and the hurtfulness of that knowledge squeezed his heart.

It was the week that she was to go back home, away back East, the last week of August, that, one afternoon, they were out on the side-porch of Hal's house. Cissy had one of her headaches and was lying in the hammock, divinely sweet in her lassitude. Hugh was sitting quietly near by, no" and then re-dampening a cloth in ice-water and placing it back on her forehead. Cissy opened her eyes and smiled her gratitude; then the long lashes fell again on her cheeks, and the color crept home to her eyes.

Suddenly he blurted out, "By *next* summer you'll have forgotten all about me!"

"Hugh!" she breathed reproachfully, not opening her eyes.

"It's so," he insisted heavily.

"More likely *you'll* have forgotten *me*," she murmured, still with closed lids. Hugh was afraid she was going to taunt him again with being a "lady-killer" — he couldn't have borne that. But Cissy went on seriously:

"You'll be going back to college, and filling up your life with football and girls and things. It's easy to forget the old in the new when you're young."

Strange streaks of wisdom had young Cissy! But Hugh, deeply shocked, demurred: "Oh, no!"

"Oh, yes!" She opened her eyes for a fleeting smile. "And then your work — you'll be planning what you're going to do, to become — your life work. What *are* you going to do, Hugh?"

It was the first time they had mentioned such a solemn topic. And Hugh, to tell the truth, was stumped for an answer. Many boys, drifting along, do not know "what they're going to do" till, all of a sudden, they discover they have settled the issue, or it has been settled for them, almost without conscious thought — on their part.

"Oh, I don't know — go in business with Dad, maybe."

"What? Just be in the insurance business in Cherryvale?"

"Why, isn't that all right?" queried Hugh, surprised.

"Oh, it's all right. But haven't you got any *ambitions*?"

"Oh, yes," replied Hugh rather hazily. "Sometimes I think I'd like to read law when I'm through college. But I hadn't thought much of deciding — yet."

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There was a silence while Cissy lay passive. Finally Hugh, perhaps a little nettled, asked in turn, "What'd *you* like to be?"

Cissy answered promptly, not unclosing her eyes. "A queen of society, I think."

"Oh!" Hugh's tone sounded rather alarmed. Quite suddenly, he fancied Cissy, afar, set high and shining, a "queen of society"—with a fashionable husband, like a man he had seen, one afternoon, standing on the platform of a private car, which had been attached to "No. 38" when it passed through Cherryvale. To him there was nothing unreasonable in the suggestion, yet it made him definitely unhappy. Still he did not know he was what is called "in love." That is, he had never put his feelings in so concrete a form; he had just floated along on the tide of his emotions, not analyzing them. And he certainly had never harbored such a definite idea as of marriage. Boys of twenty seldom do. That is one way in which they differ from girls of twenty.

At his monosyllabic exclamation, Cissy had lifted her eyelashes. "Can't you imagine me a queen of society, Hugh?"

"I can imagine you the Queen of England," he returned with sincerity.

"Well, if I ever *am* the Queen of England," promised Cissy, "I'll make you the Knight of the Dance or something, and you can make love to all the prettiest Ladies-in-Waiting. That should please you."

BUT no Ladies-in-Waiting, however pretty or royal, could have soothed the pain in Hugh's heart when Cissy went away. He hadn't dreamed how much her going would hurt him. Feeling as old as he sometimes tried to look, Hugh braved Harriet's half teasing, half-sympathetic remarks, to loiter about Hal's house in the places where *she* had been. The things she had touched he loved after she was gone, inanimate things which couldn't feel, which couldn't remember her, but which *held* her touch forever; and his heart seemed to hold the touch of things blessed by her hands or eyes. And, thus, his heart held *her*, lovely being of sweetness and of grace.

And thus his heart continued to hold her, that next winter in college when, even as Cissy had prophesied, his life became absorbed in work and football — and another girl. Sudden flashes of memory, at disconcerting times, coming he knew not whence or why; vivid mental tableaux:

Cissy at the party in the Fraternal Aid Hall, his violets in her belt — herself a violet to be worn on the heart . . .

Cissy of the gingham apron shaking out her dust-cloth, flouting him with the dust and he setting her high with the stars — a wayward nymph, but with the wind in her hair and the sunshine itself in her eyes . . .

Cissy of the middy-blouse beside him in the launch — the smell of gasoline as sweet as arbutus blooms, her hand in his with tender quiescence, and in her eyes the deep and silent splendor of the stars above . . .

Visions which he could not destroy; nor which he would have destroyed if he could, because of their poignant beauty. For Memory sees the loveliness which the moment brought too close to see.

He remembered her long after he had received the imposingly engraved card which announced her marriage and which silently conveyed the information that Cissy was now to realize her desire and be a "queen of society." He remembered her when he was in love with the next girl after the next girl. Just as, too, at times, he remembered her successor. And he remembered her, on through the vicissitudes, until he met the dear person who became his wife. Nor did marriage kill increasingly intermittent recollection, though this circumstance, you may imagine, he did not confide at the home hearth.

By the time he married, when he was twenty-five, Hugh had long since decided "what he was going to be." His destiny was not contained in a Cherryvale insurance office. Following out his earlier vague surmise, he had studied law after his graduation from college, and secured a berth in an established, influential firm of an inland city. He progressed rapidly, and his wife was in every sense of the word a "helpmeet." She was a daughter of the head of his firm. Her name was Alice, and she was as gentle, as sensible, as loving and as sympathetic as, with that name, she should have been. She made him comfortable in his home, kept an eye on social strings which might be pulled for his benefit, was an irreproachable mother to his two children, and kept magically distant any unpleasantness which might bruise his sore or weary spirit. Altogether, even a "temperamental" man could see she was an ideal angel of the hearth, presiding wisely and serenely from her chosen shrine.

Yet in that very virtue, perhaps, lay a tiny key to the trouble. Perhaps it is not so wise for a woman to allow herself to be *too* securely enshrined. For the husband may become used to thinking of her so; may feel free to leave the domestic rites in her keeping while his own spirit goes a-wandering.

At any rate, that spring when Hugh Wilgus's spirit went a-wandering, seven years of unusually successful married life lay behind him. The winter had been a hard one; he had fought a series of municipal cases to a favorable issue. He felt let down, and unaccountably depressed. And that morning late in February, when a telegram brought word of Harriet's sudden death — pneumonia — it struck him at a time when the whole scheme of existence seemed somehow futile.

"Poor old Harriet!" said Hugh.

In those last seven years he had grown farther and farther away from the folks at Cherryvale. But now, across the distance, he could see the Harriet of old, the gleam in her hair and the snap in her eyes, now teasing and now tender, the picture of her softened by calamity and by his own sense of shortcoming.

"Poor old Hal!" he said.

"You must go to him," said Alice.

But how could Hugh do that? The case, on the issue of which hung so much, was to go to the jury the next day; no one else but Hugh could give the summing up. And that was the day of Harriet's funeral.

"You must go today, then," ordained Alice, quickly calculating. "You can catch the one-o'clock train, and that will get you in a little after seven. You can be with Hal this evening, and catch the midnight express back. It's not being there for the *funeral* that counts."

Thus Alice decided it. That morning Hugh rushed through a feverish succession of details; it was Alice who telegraphed, packed his bag, and saw him off at the station.

When he stepped off the train at the well-remembered Cherryvale depot, a February blizzard bit and stung and slapped at his face. He ignored the cabs, checked his bag in the depot — what did Alice think he wanted with a bag, anyway? — and launched himself against the storm. So that when he reached Hal's house he was all but spent with physical fatigue; that was what he desired, to offset his spiritual lassitude.

At Hal's house everything was extraordinarily unchanged to be so terrifically changed. In the parlor reposed Harriet, in the majestic tranquillity of death. Some of the neighbors he had known were sitting with her. In the back-parlor were stacks of folding-chairs, and flowers, mutely suggestive of the morrow.

But beyond these two rooms, the rest of the house was just the house of last year, of ten — fifteen years ago. The lights were all going — Harriet wouldn't have liked it otherwise, Hal said. Hal himself was the greatest marvel of all; huge, silent, but tearless, trying to hold away the gloom which would have displeased Harriet, he sat upstairs among the relatives and friends gathered there.

Hal was smoking his pipe of old. Uncle Doc was arguing with Cousin Lester Sims over national prohibition; Uncle Doc didn't neglect to emphasize a point with an oath, according to wont. Hugh's father and mother were there; and all the others who might have made up an informal reunion in the past. They chatted together, including Hugh as a matter of course, sometimes even laughed a little, did not hesitate to talk of Harriet, mentioning her as one mentions a dear one, in the next room, who may appear at any moment.

Hugh felt himself slipping uncannily back through the years, and tried to clutch at facts to steady himself. What was the matter with it all? Or was the trouble with himself? Was it his worn-out mental state? or, perhaps, the exhausting walk through the storm?

And then, finally, the door opened, and a figure in a simple, girlish dress entered. It seemed the most natural thing in the world to see Cissy appear in that way. He found himself greeting her as though he had seen her yesterday — instead of twelve years ago. She slipped into the group quietly and naturally; joined in the conversation — her voice a brush of melody which seemed to float out of yesterday.

After a while the group began to disperse. Uncle Doc persuaded Hal to go to his room and lie down, and himself accompanied him. Hugh's father and mother, who were spending the night in the house, got drowsy with fatigue and went to their room. The others scatteringly departed. Cissy promised to stay up with Hugh until time for him to leave for his train, almost an hour.

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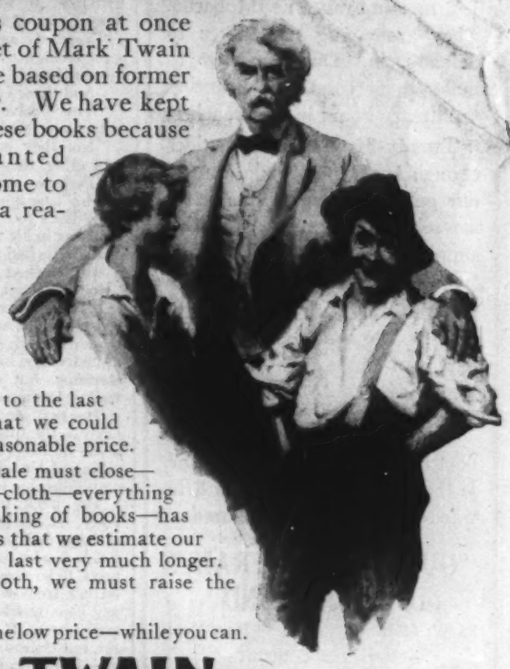

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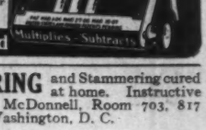

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Strangely, they did not talk much of the happenings of the years in between. When people re-touch, under stress of some fundamental emotion, they are apt to find that the obvious topics of normal occasions do not present themselves. So did Hugh and Cissy dwell, rather, upon what they would have talked about in the old days. They were carried back to the old days. He would have been scarcely surprised to note that she was wearing a middy-blouse.

The short time of waiting sped swiftly by. Hugh rose to go, and Cissy went downstairs with him. He wished they might have talked longer, and, at the hall-door, he told her so.

"Yes," she agreed. "Such a short visit is a provocation. Why, we've really told each other nothing."

"And there's so much to tell," said Hugh.

"Yes—twelve-years' worth. Friends ought not to lose touch with each other like that."

"No, they oughtn't. If they can't see each other, they should at least write."

"Perhaps you'll write to me sometime, Hugh?" she suggested.

"What's your address?" he asked in reply, fumbling in his vest-pocket for a pencil.

When he had put back the card and pencil Cissy reached her arms up to his neck. "God bless you, Hugh dear," she said.

It was a gentle embrace given without consciousness, as a sister might give it. The tender warmth of it lingered in Hugh's heart as he trudged back to the depot. It was still storming, but now he was singularly less weary; less weary in body and mind and soul.

The next week he wrote his first letter to Cissy. By this time she was back at her home in New York. It was a news-letter, telling of his wife and children, his business ambitions, his good reasons for happiness.

The week following that came Cissy's reply. It was the first letter he had ever read of hers, and it made him gasp — it was so much a part of herself. Not much actual news, to be sure; but expressing the reaction on her from what might have been news, gay here, mischievous there, now a second's seriousness. It was not only a charming letter, but charming in just the way that Cissy herself was charming.

He wrote in reply to the charm of it; and then, the first thing he knew, they were corresponding regularly. Her letters never fell short of his anticipations. Through them he became re-acquainted with the girl who had flitted through his youth on gauzy wings; and with the woman who had developed into everything the girl promised to be.

Her letters should have made him happy. They did — yet Hugh was not happy that spring. He won his important case, his wife loved him, his children were adorable. Yet, when the March winds began to die away and there came hints of soft warmth, there would creep upon him periods of surging restlessness. The feeling would leave him only when he was so engrossed in work as to lose all other consciousness; the moment his mind was free, it clutched him again.

Mild weather stole on, but the vague misery seemed to thrive on sunshine. At first Hugh fought it. It was absurd! he thought impatiently, when all his affairs, business and domestic, were rolling on smooth wheels. It never occurred to Hugh that too monotonous good fortune may foster seeds of disquiet.

The letters from Cissy continued to come, rifts in the dull monotony. After reading them, Hugh would fall into reverie, into pleasantly sad dreams of treasured days gone by. He hated to awake from them, even back to the glories of spring around him. The weather would have fitted beautifully in the dreams. But he didn't live in a dream — he lived in inexpressible tedium — and the glamorous weather, in real life, somehow emphasized that fact.

In May Cissy wrote that, the next month, she and her husband were leaving for Maine. She ended: "I wish you were going to be there, too."

Odd, how that little, trite sentence worked in him. He couldn't forget it. Remembrance kept rising: Cissy would like to see him again. And *he* would like to see *her* again. But . . . Of course he couldn't take the family up there. Anyway . . . It would be pleasant to see Cissy, though.

While that suggestion, like some strange bird twittering in his mind, disturbed his rational processes, the days sped on till the week before Cissy's departure from New York. In a letter, she mentioned that her husband had gone ahead to get the house running, but that she was detained in town another week by clothes.

Afterward, Hugh couldn't have told by just what mental route he arrived at the resolve to go to New York on business. True, there *was* business which might legitimately be attended to in person as well as by proxy. And whether he, to himself, made the business or Cissy the first pretext, would be difficult to say. Alice accepted the business motive without question, and set about his packing with deft fingers.

Watching her, Hugh felt surprisingly small compunction. This troubled him a little. He felt he *ought* to feel ashamed. Yet, since he did not, was there any real harm in his going? There *was* the business; and a bit of change would do him good; and if, in addition, he should see the girl who had fascinated him twelve years before, why, what was wrong in that? So, even with Alice's good-by kiss, at the station, he experienced no definite feeling of remorse.

He left on a late afternoon train. He dined early and not very well. Then he returned to his car. He edged a little closer to the window of his section and stared out at the flying landscape. It was not yet quite dark, and hints of mauve and rose lingered from the June sunset. This fact did not prevent the porter, down at the end of the car, from starting to make up a section for the night. The porter was noisy at his work. And some late diners, returning from the dining-car, talked and laughed in loud voices. But Hugh, staring out the window, was conscious of none of them. He was hearing other voices speaking and laughing out in that dusky void; was seeing hands beckon, then vanish. He was alone with the dark chiseled shapes of trees flying past the window, and the occasional bevies of lights which betokened that here, once more, were grouped the joys and aches and restless strivings of innumerable lives.

The mystery and the meaning of all those unknown lives would have, usually, made appeal to Hugh's imagination. But now out in the darkness he was seeing a succession of pictures from the past. . . .

Cissy at the party in the Fraternal Aid Hall, a radiant spirit dancing, his violets in her belt — herself a violet to be worn upon the heart. . . .

Cissy of the gingham apron shaking out her dust-cloth, flouting him with the dust and he setting her high with the stars — a wayward nymph, but with the wind in her hair and the sunshine itself in her eyes. . . .

Cissy of the middy-blouse beside him in the launch — the smell of gasoline as sweet as arbutus blooms, her hand in his with tender quiescence, and in her eyes the deep and silent splendor of the stars above. . . .

And (a newer vision but not less sweet) — Cissy inside Hal's hall-door and the storm raging without, her eyes ashine with tender mist, and her arms, in a gracious gesture, soft around his neck. . . .

WHEN he arrived in New York, in the brilliance of June's late afternoon, Hugh's first act was to telephone her his arrival. Already he had wired her, and she had wired back the name of the hotel — a very famous hotel — where, since her house was already closed, she was stopping.

Three hours later, in a garden dining-room of the hotel, striving to regulate and hide his emotions, he sat opposite her at table. His emotions were not altogether what he would have prophesied; but, as yet, he was not able to analyze his emotions.

He had greeted her in the salon of her suite — a room delicately imposing after the Louis Quinze manner. He had gone up on a sort of emotional tiptoe. Cissy was waiting for him. She was dressed in flesh-pink satin and wore a necklace and earrings of marvelous pearls. A bouquet of orchids was at her belt. Her coiffure looked as though the hairdresser had spent three hours upon it. Never had he seen a more beautiful woman, or a more expensive-looking woman.

"Oh, I'm so glad you came, Hugh! — what *ages* we have to talk over!"

Her upward glance still seemed to catch on those curling lashes. She was delightful — but what was it that he *missed?*

Cissy had elected to dine in the summer roof-garden. It was a fantastically ornate place, with caged birds twittering above in their alcove, and vari-colored lights, and a confused impression of music, food, velvet-footed waiters, and audacious toilettes. Cissy, beautiful and poised, fitted admirably into the scheme. But Hugh looked at her rather helplessly over his cocktail. He had the queer feeling he must make conversation to a stranger.

Cissy made the start:

"Doesn't it seem odd — our being together *here?*" Her hands fluttered in indication.

"Oddly nice," said Hugh.

The waiter intervened, then, with the *hors d'œuvres.*

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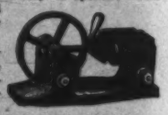

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"What is that piece they're playing?"

"I don't know." (Hugh, despite his question, *did* know.) "Something very popular they're always playing to dance by."

"I suppose you've got the dancing craze?" he suggested presently.

"Oh, so-so!" She made a gesture with a white shoulder. "I'm not mad about it."

"You used to be, I remember."

"Thanks for remembering. But that was—don't you dare remember how many years ago, Hugh!"

Her eyes, in the shaded electric light, were as dark and brilliant as they had been in the Cherryvale starlight. Hugh looked into them and wished he could feel the thrills of those glamorous evenings. He was relieved, somehow, to hear she wouldn't be wanting to dance; it would be a pity to risk spoiling his memories of dancing with Cissy—a fairy in gossamer.

The waiter served the fish, hovered, departed. Hugh sat rather aimlessly eyeing the throng of diners.

"How quiet you've become," she observed.

"Tell me what to say."

"But I want you to know without being told!"

Again a glance in the old way, from under her long lashes. Hugh thought how attractive it made her look; more attractive even, though in a different way, than she had looked in the hammock on Hal's porch.

"You've told me almost nothing about yourself," he reminded her. "And we have 'ages to talk over.'"

"What would you care to hear?"

"I want you to know without being told."

At that they laughed together. But a little pause fell immediately after the laugh. Cissy glanced out over the garden, bowed to an acquaintance, mentioned the name to Hugh.

"There are several well-knowns here tonight," she said. "Would you like me to point some of them out?"

"I want your autobiography!" he insisted.

"Very well . . ."

She told him about her husband, who was a dear and whom Hugh must surely meet; about her lovely home off the Avenue, and her home in Maine, and in Florida, and where-not.

She talked modestly, with gracious charm. Hugh saw that she was really trying to interest him, to please him. Still he felt oddly embarrassed; it was almost as though he were listening to some stranger's confidences.

At last the elaborate dinner was finished. As Cissy preceded him, leisurely picking her way among the crowded tables, he observed how graceful and slight her figure was. And he observed how men turned their heads to watch her passing. Yes, she was easily the most beautiful woman in the room.

In her sumptuous salon, she turned upon him with a little laugh.

"You're disappointed in me, Hugh!—admit it."

"That's absurd!" he protested. "Why, you're a hundred times more wonderful than ever." And as he regarded her posed in an exquisite Louis Quinze chair, he knew he was speaking the truth.

But Cissy's gaze grew thoughtful.

"Perhaps that's the trouble," she said.

"What's the trouble?"

"That I *am* more 'wonderful,' as you say. Perhaps you expected to see me as I—was."

"I came to see *you*, Cissy."

She shook her head. "No, I believe you came to see a memory."

"Cissy!" But in his heart he knew her words were true; he knew, now, that he had come to see a girl in a middy-blouse, in a gingham apron.

"Why not?" She smiled at him frankly. "It's only natural. Just as natural as for the years to pass. It's only sad when we're brought to face the years—their changes. And the knowledge that we've grown apart from old friends."

Hugh didn't answer at once. He was startled. Until then, the possibility that Cissy might be disappointed in *him* hadn't occurred to him. *Was* she? It was as reasonable, more reasonable, than *his* being disappointed in *her*.

Abashed, he observed again what a charming picture she made in her decorative chair. The thought came to him that had he been meeting her for the first time, he would have admired her beyond words. He had known her otherwise—that was the trouble! He had not come to see a worldly beauty. It was all twisted, strange—and funny. But even as he laughed at himself, his heart ached.

When he finally rose to go, they had made an engagement for luncheon next day. Cissy went with him to the door. She lingered with her hand on the knob.

"Cherryvale is too far away, Hugh." Her voice was soft—a brush of melody; her face in shadow, against the light, for a magic moment the face of *his* Cissy. His fingers dropped, closed over hers on the knob.

For a second she held him away, gazing at him curiously. Then, with a fluttering motion, she lifted her arms to his neck.

Out in the hall he was sorry she had done it; she had spoiled that embrace in the hall at Hal's house. In his hand he felt something soft and dampish. He lifted it—an orchid!

In the lobby downstairs he gingerly dropped the crumpled flower behind a chair. If Cissy had known how he disliked, *detested* orchids! She had spoiled his memories. If only she had worn violets! . . .

Next morning Hugh rose early. When he had breakfasted, he wrote a note and placed it in his pocket. Then he went shopping. First he bought gifts for Alice and the children—extravagant gifts they were. Then he visited the elaborate establishment of a much advertised florist on Fifth Avenue, where he ordered a large bouquet of orchids. After the florist's clerk had taken the address to which the exotic blooms were to be sent, Hugh stayed, watching him group them, add sprigs of maidenhair-fern, and, finally, bandage the whole with a crisp strip of mauve silk ribbon. When the bouquet was completed, when it had been laid on a soft cushion of cotton batting and waxed tissue paper, in a box, he drew from his pocket the note that he had written, and tucked it in beside the flowers.

The note told Cissy that a telegram had called him suddenly home.

Dana Gatlin is writing other stories for McClure's.
She is one of our most popular contributors

We Like this Kaiser!

IN the October number of McClure's appeared an article by Booth Tarkington, entitled "The Separating Hyphen." Our readers will remember Mr. Tarkington's strong argument: "All loyal German-Americans want America to win the war against Germany, but all loyal German-Americans have not *said* so; and many of them are declining to say so. Why do they decline?"

From San Francisco came this letter to Mr. Tarkington:

"I am an American citizen born in Hungary. There is no hyphen to my citizenship. Having for many years been an American and nothing but an American I neglected to wear the tricolor in my coat lapel, because I felt I need not make a show of a patriotism which was as true and loyal and intense as that of the best natural-born American.

"Your article in the October issue of McClure's taught me differently. You are right a thousand times: 'Why don't they say so?'

"Yours for a speedy and glorious victory."

(signed) A. KAISER.

We had doubts as to the authenticity of this letter. The signature looked like a practical joke. But it is not so! The editor wrote to the man from San Francisco and this reply came immediately:

"Both your favor of the 28th ult. and Mr. Tarkington's kind note reached me today and the mere statement that I was pleasantly surprised is but an evidence of my poor English vocabulary. The few lines I addressed to Mr. Tarkington were written under the spell of momentary impression and in the humdrum of daily life were forgotten after I had gratified the desire to express my deep appreciation of his fine article.

"If you think that the publication of my letter might induce a single hyphenated American to show his colors, you are very welcome to publish it."

(signed) A. KAISER.

"P. S.: I wish I could change that malodorous name!"

If McClure's never did anything else for our country it would feel that it had accomplished much by getting acquainted with this particular Kaiser. We like him tremendously.

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Good Clothes Makers

A Milkman with Imagination

by

Fred C. Kelly

YEARS ago in the city of Cleveland there was a milkman. There were, in fact, a great many milkmen, but only one of the kind that this little story deals with. This milkman had imagination. He knew that humble though his occupation might be he had a chance to step out of the rut, provided he could perform his simple tasks in a way somewhat better than his competitor. And so he worked a revolution in the milk-delivering industry.

Here was how it came about: One morning as he noticed a housewife running out to his wagon with an apron over her head, and a pitcher in her hand, it occurred to this milkman that customers would like to have the milk delivered right to the kitchen door. He asked another milkman why this was not done. The other man replied that the reason was the best in the world — simply because it never *had* been done.

Shortly after that our milkman with the imagination announced that he would deliver milk in clean, sterilized bottles, thus saving his customers the annoyance of running out to his wagon in all kinds of weather.

When you pick your bottled milk off the door sill in the early watches of the morning — or whenever you do it — remember that milk was not always thus. My impression is that bottled milk was never delivered on a large scale until the practise was started by William E. Telling, of Cleveland, who is the man we have just been discussing. At any rate, he was undoubtedly the first man to deliver milk that way in his own locality. Today he is the head of a million-dollar corporation which sells more milk than any other concern in the Middle West.

HAVING made himself stand out as a better milkman than his competitors, Telling looked about for other industries to conquer. He believed that it is not good for man to depend on milk alone. He wished to sell something else. So he hit on ice-cream.

Now, nearly every person has at least once in his life bought a dish of ice-cream. If you have never bought any ice-cream yourself you may have a friend who has done so. Or, anyhow, you doubtless have at least heard ice-cream spoken of. You know what ice-cream is.

This was true when Telling first began to look on ice-cream as a serious proposition. People knew what ice-cream was, and it was on sale, but just in a desultory way in ice-cream parlors, without making any great ripple in the world of commerce. I myself can recall when, less than twenty-five years ago, if we wanted ice-cream for Sunday dinner, it was necessary to place an order a day or so in advance with a colored man named Voss Washington. Few drug-stores served ice-cream in soda-water. If you cared for ice-cream, you had to go to a regular ice-cream store off some place on a side street. The result was that comparatively little ice-cream was sold. Telling determined to popularize the stuff and encourage its sale in all manner of places, particularly in drug-stores. Today it is no trouble at all to find a dish of ice-cream. Telling is responsible for that, or partly so. At the present time he is not only one of the biggest sellers of milk in the country but one of the controlling forces in the ice-cream industry.

A secret of Telling's success has been a habit of personal neatness. He has a sweet-pea-like complexion and always looks like a man who has just finished stepping out of a fascinating clothing advertisement. Whenever it is practical he wears spotless white flannel suits. Now this habit of neatness did not just happen to Telling. He did it a-purpose. As one of his early customers once remarked to me:

"I felt sure his milk was nice and clean, he looked so clean himself."

Telling knew that customers would think that. And that was one reason why he became so neat.

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